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PETER PINDAR, Esq^R.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING

- | | |
|--|---|
| 13. AN APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT..... | 19. EPISTLE TO A FALLING MINISTER..... |
| TO ODE UPON ODE..... | 20. SUBJECTS FOR FAINTERS..... |
| 14. INSTRUCTIONS TO A CELEBRATED..... | 21. EXPOSTULATORY ODES..... |
| LAUREAT..... | 22. A BENEVOLENT EPISTLE TO..... |
| 15. BROTHER PETER TO BROTHER TOM..... | MASTER JOHN NICHOLS..... |
| 16. PETER'S PROPHECY..... | 23. A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER..... |
| 17. PETER'S PENSION A SOLEMN EPIS ^R | 24. ADVICE TO THE FUTURE..... |
| 18. SIR J. BANKS & THE EMPEROR...
OF MOROCCO..... | LAUREAT..... |
| | 25. EPISTLE TO JAMES BRUCE ESQ ^R |

L O N D O N.

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M.DCC.XCIV.



Peter nobly acknowledged error, confessed an interesting
Devil, and supplicated his Master—He boasted with
paradoxical and most learned **N** A most learned a Latin poem—the
showed much affection for King, illustrating it by a beautiful

APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

varieties—Peter wisely, accused of King-rotting: re-
futed the most violent charge by a most apt illustration—Peter
criticized the blunders of the bard—Peter replied to the
charges brought against him by the World—The illustrious

ODE UPON ODE.

King, having done, and done, and done, and done, and done,
error ever made before—Peter challenged the world to equal
his integrity, and showed his superiority of courage by
giving a delicious tale of the virtues of—Peter answered
the appeal of a voracious World—Dedicated with a dedication

for **FAAD**. **HOAT**. **Principibus placuisse viis non ultima laus est.**

The **BARD** whose verse can charm the **HEAT** OF **KINGS**,
Performeth most extraordinary things!
division—Peter held forth, conversed with a Queen—Peter,
as usual, forthwith sang **FAAD**—He told a strange new relating

to **MASTERY** and **PETER** **FAAD**—Peter apologized for
importance, praise of **FAAD**—Peter intimated that
who was transported for his impudent ballads, which to his
One suggested a royal answer to **ODE** and **ODE** **FAAD**—

Happily illustrated a story of King **CAWAT**, illustrating the
danger of leaving the power of **FAAD** with **FAAD** and
instead of that—Peter concluded with a wise conclusion.

Vol. II. **B**

This novel is, you will, a very good
strongly recommended to the public.

THE ARGUMENT.

PETER nobly acknowledgeth error, suspecteth an interfering Devil, and supplicateth his Reader—He boasteth, wittily parodieth, and most learnedly quoteth a Latin Poet—He showeth much affection for Kings, illustrating it by a beautiful simile—PETER again waxeth witty—Resolution declared for rhyme in consequence of encouragement from our two UNIVERSITIES—PETER wickedly accused of King-roasting; refuteth the malevolent charge by a most apt illustration—PETER criticiseth the blunders of the stars—PETER replieth to the charges brought against him by the World—He displayeth great Bible knowledge, and maketh a shrewd observation on KING DAVID, UURIAH, and the Sheep, such as no Commentatorever made before—PETER challengeth Courtiers to equal his intrepidity, and proveth his superiority of courage by giving a delectable tale of DUMPLINGS—PETER answereth the unbelief of a vociferous World—Declareth *totis viribus* love for KINGS—PETER peepeth into Futurity, and telleth the fortune of the PRINCE OF WALES—He descanteth on the high province of ancient Poets, and displayeth classical erudition—PETER holdeth conference with a Quaker—PETER, as usual, turneth rank *Egotist*—He telleth strange news relating to MAJESTY and PEPPER ARDEN—PETER apologiseth for impudence, by a tale of a French King—PETER, imitating OVID, who was transported for his impudent Ballads, talketh to his ODE—Suggesteth a royal answer to Odes and Ode-factors—Happily selecteth a story of King CANUTE, illustrating the danger of stopping the mouths of Poets with halters, &c. instead of meat—PETER concludeth with a wise observation.



AN
APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

TO
ODE UPON ODE.

READER, I solemnly protest
I thought that I had work'd up all my rhyme!
What stupid demon hath my brain possess'd?
I prithee, pardon me this time:

Afford thy patience through more Ode;
'Tis not a vast extent of road:
Together let us gallop then along:
Most nimbly shall old Pegasus, my hack, stir.
To drop the image—prithee hear more song,
Some *'more last words of Mr. Baxter.'*

A wond'rous fav'rite with the tuneful throng,
Sublimely great are PETER's pow'rs of song:
His nerve of satire, too, so very tough,
Strong without weakness, without softness rough.

What HORACE said of streams in easy lay,
 The marv'ling World of PETER's tongue may say;
 His tongue, so copious in a flux of metre,
 "LABITUR ET LABETUR!"

ODE UPON ODE.

READER, I solemnly protest

I thought that I had work'd it up all my rhyme!

What spirit demon hath my brain possess'd?

I protest, pardon me this time:

Afford thy patience through more Ode.

'Tis not a vast extent of road:

Together let us gallop then along:

Well nimbly shall we Pegasus, my pack, till

To drop the image—quicker hear man's song.

Some, my last words of Mr. Dover.

A word more live with the faithful rhyming

Sublimely great are PATER's power in of song:

His nerve of line, too, is very rough.

ODE without weakness, without idleness rough.

What

R. A.

WORLD! stop thy mouth—I am resolv'd to
rhyme—

I cannot throw away a vein sublime:

If I may take the liberty to brag;
I cannot, like the fellow in the Bible,
Venting upon his master a rank libel,

Conceal my talent in a *rag*:
Kings must continue still to be my theme—

Eternally of Kings I dream:

As beggars ev'ry night, we must suppose,
Dream of their vermin, in their beds;
Because, as ev'ry body knows,

Such *things* are always *running* in their heads.

Besides—were I to write of *common* folks,

No soul would buy my rhymes so strange, and jokes:
Then what becomes of mutton, beef, and pork?

How would my masticating muscles work?

Indeed, I dare not say they would be idle;

But, like my Pegasus's chaps, so stout,
Who plays and wantons with his bridle,
And nobly flings the foam about,

So mine would work—"On what?" my reader cries,
With a stretch'd pair of unbelieving eyes—
Heav'n help thy most unpenetrating wit!
On a *bard* morsel—HUNGER's iron bit.

By all the rhyming goddesses and gods

I will—I *must*, persist in Odes;

And not a pow'r on earth shall hinder;
I hear both * Universities exclaim,

"PETER, it is a glorious road to fame;

"*Eugè Poeta magne*—well said, PINDAR!"

Yet some approach with apostolic face,

And cry, "O PETER, what a want of grace

"Thus

* The violence of the Universities on this occasion may probably arise from the contempt thrown on them by his Majesty's sending the Royal Children to Gottingen for education; but have not their Majesties amply made it up to Oxford, by a visit to that celebrated seminary? and is not Cambridge to receive the same honour?

Indeed,

" Thus in thy rhyme to roast a King!"
I roast a King! by heav'ns 'tis not a fact—
 I scorn such wicked and disloyal act:
 Who dares assert it, says a stand'rous thing.

Hear what I have to say of Kings:
 If, un sublime, they deal in childish things,
 And yield not, of reform, a ray of hope;
 Each mighty Monarch strait appears to me
 A roaster of *himself*—*Felo de se*;
 I only act as Cook, and *disb him up*.

Reader! another simile as rare:
 My verses form a sort of bill of fare,
 Informing guests what kind of flesh and fish
 Is to be found within each dish;
 That eating people may not be mistaken,
 And take, for ortolan, a lump of bacon.

Whenever I have heard of Kings
 Who place in gossipings, and news, their pride,
 And knowing family concerns—mean things!
 Very judiciously, indeed, I've cry'd,
 " I wonder

" How their blind stars could make so gross a blunder!"

- " Instead of sitting on a throne
 " In purple rich—of state so full,
 " They should have had an apron on,
 " And, seated on a three-legg'd stool,
 " Commanded, of dead hair, the sprigs
 " To do their duty upon wigs.
 " By such mistakes, is Nature often foil'd:
 " Such improprieties should never spring—
 " Thus a fine chattering *barber* may be spoil'd,
 " To make a most indiff'rent *King*."

- " Sir, Sir, (I hear the world exclaim)
 " At too high game you impudently aim.
 " How dare you, with your jokes and gibes,
 " Tread, like a horse, on kingly kibes?"

Folks who can't see their errors, can't *reform*:
 No plainer axiom ever came from man;
 And 'tis a Christian's duty, in a storm,
 To save his sinking neighbour, if he can:
 Thus *I* to Kings my Ode of Wisdom pen,
 Because your Kings have souls like *common men*.

The

The Bible warrants me to speak the truth;

Nor mealy-mouth'd my tongue in silence keep:

Did not good NATHAN tell that buckish youth,

DAVID the KING, that he stole sheep?

Stole poor URIAH's little fav'rite lamb—

An ewe it chanc'd to be, and not a ram;

For had it been a ram, the royal glutton

Had never meddled with URIAH's mutton.

What *modern* Courtier, pray, hath got the face

To say to Majesty, "O King!

"At *such* a time, in *such* a place,

"You did a very foolish thing?"

What Courtier, not a foe to his own glory,

Would publish of his King this simple story?

THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

ONCE on a time, a Monarch, tir'd with hooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor, defenceless, harmless buck,
(The horse and rider wet as muck,)
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-ey'd, good, old GRANNY,
In this fame cot, illum'd by many a cranny,
Had finish'd apple dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
'When, lo! the MONARCH, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, "What's this? what's this?
" what? what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did Majesty the dumpling grapple:

'Tis

" 'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed," he cry'd:

" What makes it, pray, so hard?"—The Dame reply'd,
Low curtsying, " Please your Majesty, the apple."

" Very astonishing indeed!—strange thing!"

(Turning the dumpling round, rejoin'd the King.)

" 'Tis most extraordinary then, all this is—

" It beats * Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces—

" Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!

" But, Goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam?"

" Sir, there's no seam (quoth she); I never knew

" That folks did apple dumplings *sew*."

" No! (cry'd the staring Monarch with a grin)

" How, how the devil got the apple in?"

On which the Dame the curious scheme reveal'd

By which the apple lay so sly conceal'd,

Which made the Solomon of Britain start;

Who to the Palace with full speed repair'd,

And Queen, and Princesses so beauteous, fear'd,

All with the wonders of the Dumpling art!

There

* Formerly a great favourite at Court.

There did he labour one whole week, to show
 The wisdom of an APPLE-DUMPLING MAKER;
 And lo! so deep was Majesty in dough,
 The Palace seem'd the lodging of a BAKER.

READER, thou likest not my tale—look't *blue* :
 Thou art a Courtier—roarest, "Lies, lies, lies!"
 Do, for a moment, stop thy cries—
 I tell thee, roaring infidel, 'tis *true*.

Why should it not be true?—The *greatest men*
 May ask a foolish question now and then—

This is the language of all ages.

FOLLY lays many a trap—we can't escape it
Nemo (says some one) *omnibus horis sapit* :
 Then why not Kings, like *me* and *other* sages?

Far from despising Kings, I like the breed,
 Provided *King-like* they behave:

Kings are an instrument we need,
 Just as we razors want—to shave;

To

To keep the State's face smooth—give it an air—
Like my Lord North's, so jolly, round, and fair.

My sense of Kings though freely I impart—
I hate not royalty, Heav'n knows my heart.

Princes and Princesses I like, so loyal—

Great GEORGE's children are my great delight;
The sweet Augusta, and sweet Princess Royal,
Obtain my love by day, and pray'rs by night.

Yes! I like Kings—and oft look back with pride

Upon the Edwards, Harry's of our isle—
Great souls! in virtue as in valour try'd,
Whose actions bid the cheek of Britons smile.

Muse! let us also *forward* look;

And take a peep into Fate's book.

Behold! the sceptre young AUGUSTUS sways;

I hear the mingled praise of millions rise;

I see uprais'd to Heav'n their ardent eyes,

That for their Monarch ask a length of days.

Bright

Bright in the *brightest* annals of renown,
 Behold fair FAME his youthful temples crown
 With laurels of unfading bloom;
 Behold DOMINION swell beneath his care,
 And GENIUS, rising from a dark despair,
 His long-extinguish'd fires relume.

Such are the Kings that suit my taste, I own:
 Not *those* where all the *littlenesses* join;
 Whose souls should start to find their lot a throne,
 And blush to show their noses on a coin.

Reader, for fear of wicked applications,
 I now allude to Kings of *foreign nations*.

Poets (so unimpeach'd tradition says)
 The sole historians were of ancient days;
 Who help'd their heroes FAME's high hill to clamber;
 Penning their glorious acts in language strong,
 And thus preserving, by immortal song,
 Their precious names amidst their tuneful amber.

What am *I* doing? Lord! the very same—
 Preserving many a deed deserving Fame,

Which that old lean, devouring shark, call'd TIME,
 Would, without ceremony, eat;
 In my opinion, far too rich a treat:
 I therefore merit *statues* for my rhyme.

" All this is laudable (a Quaker cries);
 " But let grave WISDOM, Friend, thy verses rule;
 " Put out thine IRONY's two squinting eyes—
 " Despise thy grinning monkey, RIDICULE."

What! slight my sportive monkey, RIDICULE,
 Who acts like birch on boys at school,
 Neglecting lessons—truant, p'rhaps, whole weeks!
 My RIDICULE, with humour fraught, and wit,
 Is that satiric friend, a gouty fit,
 Which bites men into health and rosy cheeks:

A moral MERCURY that cleanseth souls
 Of ills that with them play the devil;
 Like mercury that much the pow'r controls
 Of presents gain'd from ladies *over civil*.

Reader, I'll brag a little, if you please:
 The ancients did so, therefore why not I?
 Lo! for my good advice I ask no fees,
 Whilst other Doctors let their patients die;

That

That is, such patients as can't pay for cure—
A very selfish, wicked thing, I'm sure.

Now though I'm foul physician to the King,
I never begg'd of him the smallest thing
For all the threshing of my virtuous brains;
Nay, were I my poor pocket's state t' impart,
So well I know my ROYAL PATIENT's heart,
He would not give me *two-pence* for my pains.

But hark! folks say the King is very mad:
The news, if true, indeed, were very sad,
And far too serious an affair to mock it,
Yet how can this agree with what I've heard,
That so much by him are my rhymes rever'd—
He goes a hunting with them in his pocket?

And when *thrown out*—which often is the case,
(In bacon hunting, or of bucks the race)

My verse so much his Majesty bewitches,
That out he pulls my honour'd Odes,
And reads them on the turnpike roads—
Now under trees and hedges—now in ditches.

It

Hark! with astonishment, a sound I hear,
 That strikes tremendous on my ear;
 It says, Great Arden, commonly call'd Pepper,
 Of mighty George's thunderbolts the keeper,
 Just like of Jupiter the famous eagle,
 Is order'd out to hunt me like a beagle.

But, eagle Pepper, give my love
 Unto thy lofty master, Mister Jovz,
 And ask how it can square with his religion,
 To bid thee, without mercy, fall on,
 With thy short sturdy beak, and iron talon,
 A pretty, little, harmless, cooing pigeon?

By heav'ns, I disbelieve the fact—
 A Monarch cannot so unwisely act!

Suppose that Kings, so rich, are always *mumping*,
 Praying and pressing Ministers for money;
 Bidding them on our hive (poor bees!) be thumping,
 Trying to shake out all our honey;

A thing that oft hath happen'd in our isle!—
 Pray, shan't we be allow'd to smile?

To cut a joke, or epigram contrive,
By way of solace for our plunder'd hive?

A King of France (I've lost the Monarch's name)
Had, avaricious, got himself bad fame,

By most unmannerly and thievish plunges
Into his subjects purses—

A *deep manœuvre* that obtain'd their curses,
Because it treated gentlefolks like *spunges*.

To show how much they relish'd not such squeezing,
Such goods and chattel-seizing,

They publish'd libels to display their hate;
To comfort, in some sort, their souls,
For such a number of large holes

Eat by this Royal Rat in each estate.

The PREMIER op'd his gullet like a shark,
To hear such satires on the GRAND MONARQUE,

And roar'd—" Messieurs, you soon shall feel

" My criticism upon your ballads,

" Not to your taste so sweet as frogs and fallads;

" A stricture critical, yclep'd BASTILE."

But

But first he told the tidings to the King;
 Then swore *par Dieu* that he would quickly bring
 Unto the grinding-stone their noses down—
 No, not a soul of 'em should ever thrive;
 He'd slay them, like St. BARTLEMEW, alive—
 Villains! for daring to insult the Crown.

The Monarch heard Monsieur le PREMIER out,
 And, smiling on his loyalty so stout,
 Reply'd, "Monsieur le PREMIER, you are wrong;
 "Don't of the pleasure let them be debarr'd;
 "You know how we have serv'd 'em—faith! 'tis hard
 "They should not for their money have a *song*."

OVID, sweet story-teller of old times,
 (Unluckily transported for his rhymes,
 Address'd his book before he bade it walk;
 Therefore my Worship, and my Ode,
 In imitation of such classic mode,
 May, like two Indian nations, have a *talk*.

"Dear Ode! whose verse the true sublime affords,
 "Go, visit Kings, Queens, Parasites, and Lords;
 "And if thy modest beauties they adore,
 "Inform them they shall speedily have more."

But possibly a mighty King may say,

" Ode! Ode!—What? what? I hate your rhyme

" haranguing;

" I'd rather hear a jackass bray:

" I never knew a poet worth the hanging.

" I hate, abhor them—but I'll clip their wings;

" I'll teach the saucy knaves to laugh at Kings:

" Yes, yes, the rhyming rogues, their songs shall rue,

" A ragged, bold-fac'd, ballad-singing crew.

" Yes, yes, the poets shall my pow'r confess;

" I'll maul that spawning devil call'd the Press."

If furious thus exclaim the King of glory,

Tell him, O gentle Muse, this pithy story.

KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES.

A T A L E.

CANUTE was by his nobles taught to fancy,
That, by a kind of royal necromancy,

He had the pow'r OLD OCEAN to controul:
Down rush'd the Royal Dane upon the strand,
And issued, like a Solomon, command—

Poor soul!

“Go back, ye waves, you blust’ring rogues,” quoth he,

“Touch not your Lord and Master, SEA;

“For by my pow’r almighty, if you do”—

Then staring vengeance, out he held a stick,

Vowing to drive OLD OCEAN to OLD NICK,

Should he ev’n wet the latchet of his shoe.

OLD SEA retir’d—the Monarch fierce rush’d on,

And look’d as if he’d drive him from the land;

But SEA not caring to be put upon,

Made for a moment a bold stand;

Not only make a *stand* did MISTER OCEAN,

But to his honest waves he made a motion,

And bad them give the King a hearty trimming:
 The orders seem'd a deal the waves to tickle;
 For soon they put his Majesty in pickle,
 And set his Royalties, like geese, a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,
 Soon did they make him with himself on shore;
 His head and ears most handsomely they dous'd;
 Just like a porpus, with one general shout,
 The waves so tumbled the poor King about—
 No Anabaptist e'er was half so fous'd.

At length to land he crawl'd, a half-drown'd thing,
 Indeed more like a crab than like a King,
 And found his Courtiers making rueful faces.
 But what said CANUTE to the Lords and Gentry,
 Who hail'd him from the water, on his entry,
 All trembling for their lives or places?

" My Lords and Gentlemen, by your advice,
 " I've had with MISTER SEA a pretty bustle;
 " My treatment from my foe not over nice,
 " Just made a jest for ev'ry shrimp and muscle:

" A pretty trick for one of my dominion!—
 " My Lords, I thank you for your great opinion.
 " You'll

- " You'll tell me, p'rhaps, I've only lost *one* game,
" And bid me try another—for the rubber :
" Permit me to inform you all, with shame,
" That you're a set of knaves, and I'm a lubber.

Such is the story, my dear Ode,
Which thou wilt bear—a sacred load !

Yet, much I fear, 'twill be of no great use :
Kings are in general obstinate as mules ;
Those who surround them, mostly rogues and fools,
And therefore can no benefit produce.

Yet stories, sentences, and golden rules,
Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools :

But this unluckily the simple fact is ;
Those rogues and fools do nothing but *admire*,
And, all so dev'lish modest, don't desire
The glory of reducing them to *practice*.

"Then you're a lot of knower, and I'm a lippin."
 "Permit me to inform you all, with honour."
 "And bid me try another—for the rubbin'."
 "Yoo'll tell me, p'raps, I've only told one game."

And therefore can no benefit produce,
Those who surround them, mostly wretches and fools;
Kings are in general odious as much as they are cruel;
Yet, much I fear, will be of no great use;
Which thou wilt bear—a sacred bond—
Such is the story, my dear Ode.

The glory of reducing them to slaves
And, all in dewy slumber, don't desire
That rogues and fools do nothing but admire,
But this unhappily the simple folk is:
Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools:
Yet slaves, peasants, and golden rules.

1000

INSTRUCTIONS

TO A

CELEBRATED LAUREAT;

ALIAS

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY;

ALIAS

A BIRTH-DAY ODE;

ALIAS

MR. WHITBREAD'S BREWHOUSE.

Sic transit gloria mundi!—OLD SUN-DIALS.

From House of Buckingham, in grand parade,

To Whitbread's Brewhouse, mov'd the Cavalcade.

INSTRUCTIONS

TO A

CELEBRATED LAUREAT;

ALIAS

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY;

ALIAS

A BIRTH-DAY ODE;

ALIAS

MR. WHITBREAD'S BREWHOUSE.

On seeing this work I — On my side
From House of Burgesses, in grand style,
To Whitbread's Brewery, now the Castle.

THE ARGUMENT.

PETER's loyalty—He suspecteth Mr. Warton of joking—Complimenteth the Poet Laureat—PETER differeth in opinion from Mr. Warton—Taketh up the cudgels for King Edward, King Harry V. and Queen Bess—Feats on Blackheath and Wimbledon performed by our most gracious Sovereign—King Charles the Second half damned by PETER, yet praised for keeping company with *gentlemen*—PETER praiseth *himself*—PETER reproved by Mr. Warton—Desireth Mr. Warton's prayers—A fine simile—PETER still suspecteth the Laureat of ironical dealings—PETER expostulateth with Mr. Warton—Mr. Warton replieth—PETER administereth bold advice—Wittily calleth Death and physicians poachers—Praiseth the King for parental tenderness—PETER maketh a natural simile—PETER furthermore telleth Thomas Warton what to say—PETER giveth a beautiful example of Ode-writing.

THE CONTENTS OF THE ODE.

His Majesty's love for the arts and sciences, even in quadrupeds—His resolution to know the history of brewing beer—Billy Ramus sent ambassador to Chiswell-street—Interview between Messrs. Ramus and Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's bow, and compliments to Majesty—Mr. Ramus's return from his embassy—Mr. Whitbread's terrors described to Majesty by Mr. Ramus—The King's pleasure thereat—Description of people of worship—Account of the Whitbread preparation—The royal cavalcade to Chiswell-street—The arrival at the Brewhouse—Great joy of Mr. Whitbread—His Majesty's nod, the Queen's dip, and a number of questions—A West-India simile—The marvellings of the draymen described—His Majesty peepeth into a pump—Beautifully compared to a magpie peeping into a marrow-bone—The *minute* curiosity of the King—Mr. Whitbread endeavoureth to surprise Majesty—His Majesty puzzleth Mr. Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's horse expresseth wonder—

Also

Also Mr. Whitbread's dog—His Majesty maketh laudable enquiry about Porter—Again puzzleth Mr. Whitbread—King noteth *notable* things—Profound questions proposed by Majesty—As profoundly answered by Mr. Whitbread—Majesty in a mistake—Corrected by the brewer—A nose simile—Majesty's admiration of the bell—Good manners of the bell—Fine appearance of Mr. Whitbread's pigs—Majesty proposeth questions, but benevolently waiteth not for answers—PETER telleth the duty of Kings—Discovereth one of his shrewd maxims—Sublime simile of a water-spout and a King—The great use of asking questions—The habitation of Truth—The collation—The wonders performed by the royal visitors—Majesty proposeth to take leave—Offereth knighthood to Mr. Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's objections—The King runneth a rig on his host—Mr. Whitbread thanketh Majesty—Miss Whitbread curtsieth—The Queen dippeth—The Cavalcade departeth.

~~THE~~

PETER triumpheth—Admonisheth the Laureat—PETER croweth over the Laureat—Discovereth deep knowledge of Kings, and surgeons, and men who have lost their legs—PETER reasoneth—Vaunteth—Even insulteth the Laureat—PETER proclaimeth his peaceable disposition—Praiseth Majesty, and concludeth with a prayer for *curious* Kings.

INSTRUC.

INSTRUCTIONS, &c.

TOM, soon as e'er thou strik'st thy golden lyre,
Thy brother **PETER**'s muse is all on fire,
To sing of Kings and Queens, and such rare folk :
Yet, 'midst thy heap of compliments so fine,
Say, may we venture to believe a line ?
You Oxford wits most dearly love a joke.

Son of the **NINE**, thou writest well on *nought* ;
Thy thund'ring stanza, and its pompous thought,
I think, must put a dog into a laugh :
EDWARD and **HARRY** were much braver men
Than this new-christen'd Hero of thy pen ;
Yes, laurell'd **ODEMAN**, braver far by half ;

Though on Blackheath, and Wimbledon's wide plain,
GEORGE keeps his hat off in a show'r of rain ;
Sees swords and bayonets without a dread,
Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head :

Although at grand reviews he seems so blest,
 And leaves at six o'clock his downy nest,
 Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, and bolster;
 Unlike his officers, who, fond of cramming,
 And at reviews afraid of thirst and famine,
 With bread and cheefe and brandy fill their holsters.
 Sure, TOM, we should do justice to QUEEN BESS:
 His present Majesty, whom Heav'n long bless
 With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality,
 Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche
 As that old queen, though often call'd old b—ch,
 In FAME's colossal house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's CHARLES—that King
 Indeed was never any mighty thing;
 He merited few honours from the pen:
 And yet he was a dev'lish hearty fellow,
 Enjoy'd his girl and bottle, and got mellow,
 And mind—kept company with GENTLEMEN:
 For, like some Kings, in hobby grooms,
 Knights of the manger, curry-combs, and brooms,
 Lost to all glory, CHARLES did not delight—

Nor

Nor jok'd by day with pages, servant maids,
 Large, red-poll'd, blowzy, hard two-handed jades:
 Indeed I know not what CHARLES did by *night*.

THOMAS, I am of candour a great lover;
 In short, I'm candour's self all over;
 Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe;
 Make it a rule that VIRTUE shall be prais'd,
 And humble MERIT from her bum be rais'd:
 What thinkest thou of PETER now?

Thou cryest, "Oh! how false! behold thy King,
 "Of whom thou scarcely say'st a handsome thing;
 "That King has virtues that should make thee stare."

Is it so?—Then the sin's in *me*—

'Tis my vile optics that can't see;
 Then pray for them, when next thou say'st a pray'r.
 But, p'rhaps, aloft on his imperial throne,
 So distant, O ye gods! from ev'ry one,
 The royal virtues are like many a star,
 From this our pigmy system rather far;

Whose

* Such was the sublime opinion of the Dutch astronomer
 Huygens.

Whose light, though flying ever since creation,
Has not yet pitch'd upon our nation.

Then may the royal ray be soon explor'd—

And, THOMAS, if thou'lt swear thou art not humming,
I'll take my spying-glass, and bring thee word

The instant I behold it coming.

But, THOMAS WARTON, without joking,
Art thou, or art thou *not*, thy Sov'reign smoking?

How canst thou seriously declare,

That GEORGE the THIRD
With Cressy's EDWARD can compare,
Of HARRY?—'Tis too bad, upon my word:
GEORGE is a clever King, I needs must own,
And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaim'st, "G—d rot it! PETER, pray,
"What to the devil shall I sing or say?"

I'll tell thee what to say, O tuneful TOM:
Sing how a Monarch, when his Son was dying,
His gracious eyes and ears was edifying,
By Abbey company and kettle drum:

Leaving

Leaving that Son to death and the physician,
Between two fires—a forlorn-hope condition;
Two poachers, who make man their game,
And, special marksmen! seldom miss their aim.

Say, though the Monarch did not see his Son,
He kept aloof through fatherly affection;
Determin'd nothing should be done

To bring on useless tears, and dismal recollection.
For what can tears avail, and piteous sighs?
Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes:
And what are sighs and tears but wind and water,
That show the leakyness of feeble nature?

Tom, with my *simile* thou wilt not quarrel:
Like air and any sort of drink,
Whizzing and oozing through each chink,
That proves the weakness of the barrel.

Say—for the PRINCE, when wet was ev'ry eye,
And thousands pour'd to heav'n the pitying sigh
Devout;

Say how a KING, unable to dissemble,
Order'd Dame SIDDONS to his house, and KEMBLE,
To spout:

Gave them ice creams and wines, so dear!
 Deny'd till then a thimblefull of beer;
 For which they've thank'd the author of this metre,
Videlicet, the moral-mender PETER,
 Who, in his ODE ON ODE, did dare exclaim,
 And call such royal avarice, a shame.

Say—but I'll teach thee how to make an ode;
 Thus shall thy labours visit FAME's abode,
 In company with my immortal lay;
 And look, Tom—thus I rust away—

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

THIS day, this very day, gave birth,
 Not to the brightest Monarch upon earth,
 Because there are some brighter, and as big;

Who love the arts that man exalt to heav'n:

GEORGE loves them also, when they're giv'n
 To four-legg'd gentry, christen'd dog and pig,*
 Whose deeds in this our wonder-hunting nation
 Prove what a charming thing is education.

Full of the art of brewing beer,

The Monarch heard of WHITBREAD's fame:

Quoth he unto the Queen, "My dear, my dear,

"WHITBREAD hath got a marvellous great name;

"CHARLY, we must, must, must see WHITBREAD
 brew—

"Rich as us, CHARLY, richer than a Jew:

"Shame, shame, we have not yet his brewhouse seen!"

Thus sweetly said the King unto the Queen!

D 2

Red

* The dancing dogs and wise pig have formed a considerable part of the royal amusement.

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,
 To Mister WHITBREAD forth he sent a page,
 To say that Majesty propos'd to view,
 With thirst of wond'rous knowledge deep inflam'd,
 His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogheads fam'd,
 And learn the noble secret how to *brew*.

Of such undreamt-of honour proud,
 Most rev'rently the Brewer bow'd;
 So humbly (so the humble story goes)
 He touch'd e'en *terra firma* with his nose;

Then said unto the page, *bisht* BILLY RAMUS,
 " Happy are we that our great King should name us,
 " As worthy unto Majesty to shew,
 " How we poor Chifwell people *brew*."

Away sprung BILLY RAMUS quick as thought:
 To Majesty the welcome tidings brought,

How WHITBREAD staring stood like any stake,
 And trembled—then the civil things he said—
 On which the King did smile and nod his head;
 For Monarchs like to see their subjects *quake*:

Such

Such horrors unto Kings most pleasant are,
Proclaiming rev'rence and humility;
High thoughts too all these shaking fits declare
Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
Look on the humbler sons of earth,

Indeed in a most humble light, God knows!
High stations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,
Where ships below appear like little skiffs,
The people walking on the strand, like crows.

Muse, sing the stir that happy WHITBREAD made;
Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid

He should not charm enough his guests divine:
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks;
And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make th' apprentices and draymen fine:

Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation,
To treat the lofty RULER of the nation.

Now mov'd King, Queen, and Princesses so grand,
 To visit the first Brewer in the land;
 Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
 In a snug corner christen'd Chiswell-street;
 But oft'ner, charm'd with fashionable air,
 Amidst the gaudy Great of Portman-square,

Lord AYLESBURY, and DENBIGH's Lord *also*,

His Grace the DUKE of MONTAGUE *likewise*,
 With Lady HARCOURT, join'd the raree-show,
 And fix'd all Smithfield's marv'ling eyes:

For lo! a greater show ne'er grac'd those quarters,
 Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the King broad grinn'd, and gave a nod
 To smiling WHITBREAD, who, had God

Come with his angels to behold his beer,
 With more respect he never could have met—
 Indeed the man was in a sweat,

So much the Brewer did the King revere,

HER MAJESTY *contriv'd* to make a dip:
 Light as a feather then the King did skip,
 And ask'd a thousand questions, with a laugh,
 Before poor WHITBREAD comprehended *half*.

Reader!

Reader! my Ode should have a *simile*—

Well! in Jamaica, on a tam'rind tree,

Five hundred parrots, gabbling just like Jews,

I've seen—such noise the feather'd imps did make,

As made my very *pericranium* ache—

Asking and telling parrot news:

Thus was the brewhouse fill'd with gabbling noise,

Whilst draymen, and the Brewer's boys,

Devour'd the questions that the King did ask:

In different parties were they staring seen,

Wond'ring to think they saw a *King* and *Queen*!

Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forc'd themselves (a pretty luncheon)

Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;

And through the bung-hole wink'd with curious eye,

To view, and be assur'd what sort of things

Were Princesses, and Queens, and Kings,

For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!

And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,

Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now MAJESTY into a pump so deep

Did with an opera-glass so curious peep;

Examining with care each wond'rous matter

That brought up water!

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,

A chatt'ring bird we often meet,

A bird for curiosity well known;

With head awry,

And cunning eye,

Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone,

And now his curious M——y did stoop

To count the nails on ev'ry hoop;

And lo! no single thing came in his way,

That, full of deep research, he did not say,

“What's this? hæ, hæ? what's that? what's this?

what's that?”

So quick the words too, when he deign'd to speak,

As if each syllable would break its neck,

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,

Our Sov'reign peeps into the world of *small*;

Thus microscopic geniuses explore

Things that too oft provoke the public scorn;

Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,

By finding systems in a pepper-corn.

Now

Now boasting WHITBREAD serious did declare,
To make the Majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Plac'd side by side, to reach along to Kew:

On which the King with wonder swiftly cry'd,

"What, if they reach to Kew then, side by side,

"What would they do, what, what, plac'd end to
end?"

To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The Man of Beer most solemnly did vow,

Almost to Windsor that they would extend;

On which the King, with wond'ring mien,

Repeated it unto the wond'ring Queen:

On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,

The Brewer's horse, with face astonish'd, neigh'd;

The Brewer's dog too pour'd a note of thunder,

Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.

Now did the King for other beers enquire,

For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrall's entire;

And, after talking of these different beers,

Ask'd WHITBREAD if his porter equal'd theirs?

This was a puzzling, disagreeing question,

Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;

A kind

A kind of question to the Man of Cask
That not ev'n Solomon himself would ask.

Now Majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of asses' skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write—

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chesnuts or potatoes.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer—
Hops grow in Kent, says WHITBREAD, and elsewhere.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?

Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it soon on our small beer—

'Twill save us sev'ral pounds a year.

Mem.

Mem.

To remember to forget to ask

Old WHITBREAD to my house one day,

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,

The Brewer offer'd me, away.

Now having pencill'd his remarks so shrewd,

Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin,

His Majesty his watch most sagely view'd,

And then put up his asses' skin.

To WHITBREAD now deign'd Majesty to say,

"WHITBREAD, are all your horses fond of hay?"

"Yes, please your Majesty," in humble notes,

The Brewer answer'd—"also, Sir, of oats:

"Another thing my horses too maintains,

"And that, an't please your Majesty, are grains."

"Grains, grains," said Majesty, "to fill their crops?"

"Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—yes, hops,
hops, hops?"

Here

Here was the King, like hounds sometimes, at fault—

“Sire,” cry’d the humble Brewer, “give me leave

“Your sacred Majesty to undeceive:

“Grains, Sire, are never made from hops, but malt.”

“True,” said the cautious Monarch, with a smile;

“From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while.”

“Yes,” with the sweetest bow, rejoin’d the Brewer,

“An’t please your Majesty, you did, I’m sure.”

“Yes,” answer’d Majesty, with quick reply,

“I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.”

Now this was wise in WHITBREAD—here we find

A very pretty knowledge of mankind:

As Monarchs never must be in the *wrong*,

’Twas really a bright thought in WHITBREAD’s tongue,

To tell a little fib, or some such thing,

To save the sinking credit of a King.

Some Brewers, in the rage of information,

Proud to instruct the RULER of a Nation,

Had on the folly *dwelt*, to seem damn’d clever!

Now, what had been the consequence? Too plain!

The man had cut his consequence in twain;

The King had hated the *wise* fool for ever!

Reader,

Reader, whene'er thou dost espy a nose
That bright with many a ruby glows,
That nose thou may'st pronounce, may safely swear,
Is nurs'd on something better than small-beer:

Thus when thou findest Kings in brewing wise,
Or Nat'ral Hist'ry holding lofty station,
Thou may'st conclude, with marv'ling eyes,
Such Kings have had a goodly education.

Now did the King admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine;
On which the bell rung out, (how very proper!)
To show it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their Sovereign's curious eye,
Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful frigs,
All snuffing, squinting, grunting in their sty,
Appear'd the Brewer's tribe of handsome pigs:
On which th' observant man, who fills a throne,
Declar'd the pigs were vastly like his own:

On which the Brewer, swallow'd up in joys,
Tears and astonishment in both his eyes,

His

His soul brim full of sentiments so loyal,

Exclaim'd, "O heav'ns! and can *my* swine

"Be deem'd by Majesty so fine!

"Heav'ns! can my pigs compare, Sire, with pigs

To which the King assented with a nod: [royal!"]

On which the Brewer bow'd, and said, "Good God!"

Then wink'd significant on Miss;

Significant of wonder and of bliss;

Who, bridling in her chin divine,

Cross'd her fair hands, a dear old maid,

And then her lowest curt'sy made

For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his Majesty so gracious say

To Mister WHITBREAD, in his flying way,

"WHITBREAD, d'ye nick th' Excisemen now and
then?

"Hæ, WHITBREAD, when d'ye think to leave off trade?

"Hæ? what? Miss WHITBREAD's still a maid, a maid?

"What, what's the matter with the men?

"D'ye hunt?—hæ, hunt? No, no, you are too *old*—

"You'll be Lord May'r—Lord May'r one day—

"Yes, yes, I've heard so—yes, yes, so I'm told:

"Don't, don't the fine for Sheriff pay;

I'll

" I'll prick you ev'ry year, man, I declare :

" Yes, WHITBREAD—yes, yes—you shall be Lord
May'r.

" WHITBREAD, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray ?

" Job, job, that's cheapest ; yes, that's best, that's best.

" You put your liv'ries on the draymen—hæ ?

" Hæ, WHITBREAD ? You have feather'd well your
nest.

" What, what's the price now, hæ, of all your stock ?

" But, WHITBREAD, what's o'clock, pray, what's
o'clock ?"

NOW WHITBREAD inward said, " May I be curst

" If I know what to answer first ;"

Then search'd his brains with ruminating eye :

But e'er the Man of Malt an answer found,

Quick on his heel, lo, MAJESTY turn'd round,

Skipp'd off, and baulk'd the honour of reply.

Kings in inquisitiveness should be strong—

From curiosity doth wisdom flow :

For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,

The more a man inquires, the more he'll know.

Reader,

Reader, didst ever see a water-spout?

'Tis possible that thou wilt answer, "No."

Well then! he makes a most infernal rout,

Sucks, like an elephant, the waves below,

With huge proboscis reaching from the sky,

As if he meant to drink the ocean dry:

At length so full he can't hold one drop more—

He bursts—down rush the waters with a roar

On some poor boat, or sloop, or brig, or ship,

And almost sinks the wand'rer of the deep:

Thus have I seen a Monarch at reviews

Suck from the tribe of officers the news,

Then bear in triumph off each wond'rous matter,

And soufe it on the Queen with such a clatter!

I always would advise folks to ask questions;

For, truly, questions are the keys of knowledge;

Soldiers, who forage for the mind's digestions;

Cut figures at th' Old Bailey, and at College;

Make Chancellors, Chief Justices, and Judges,

E'en of the lowest green-bag drudges.

The sages say, Dame TRUTH delights to dwell,

Strange mansion! in the bottom of a well.

Questions are then the windlafs and the rope
 That pull the grave old gentlewoman up :
 * Damn jokes then, and unmannerly fuggeltions,
 Reflecting upon Kings for asking questions.

Now having well employ'd his royal lungs
 On nails, hoops; ftaves, pumps, barrells, and their bungs,
 The King and Co. fat down to a collation
 Of flefh, and fifh, and fowl of ev'ry nation.
 Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
 That merc'lefs fell like tomahawks to work,
 And fearlefs fcalp'd the fowl, the fifh, and cattle,
 Whilst WHITBREAD, in the rear, beheld the battle.

The conqu'ring Monarch, ftopping to take breath
 Amidft the regiments of death,

Now turn'd to WHITBREAD with complacent round,
 And, merry, thus addrefs'd the Man of Beer :

“ WHITBREAD, is't true? I hear, I hear

“ You're of an ancient family—renown'd—

“ What? what? I'm told that you're a limb

VOL. II. E “ Of

* This alludes to the late Dr. Johnson's laugh on a Great
 Perfonage, for a laudable curiofity in the Queen's library fome
 years fince.

- " Of Pym,* the famous fellow Pym :
 " What, WHITBREAD, is it true what people say ?
 " Son of a Round-head are you ? hæ ? hæ ? hæ ?
 " I'm told that you send Bibles to your votes—
 " A snuffing round-headed society—
 " Pray'r-books instead of cash to buy them coats—
 " Bunyans, and Practices of Piety :
 " Your Bedford votes would wish to change their fare—
 " Rather see cash—yes, yes—than books of pray'r.
 " Thirtieth of January don't you *feed* ?
 " Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head."

Now having wonders done on flesh, fowl, fish,
 Whole hosts o'erturn'd—and seiz'd on all supplies ;
 The royal visitors express'd a wish
 To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes :

But first the Monarch, so polite,
 Ask'd Mister WHITBREAD if he'd be a *Knight*.

Unwilling in the list to be enroll'd,
 WHITBREAD contemplated the Knights of *Peg*,
 Then to his generous Sov'reign made a leg,
 And said, " He was afraid he was *too old*,

" He

* His Majesty here made a mistake—Pym was his wife's relation.

" He thank'd however his most gracious King,

" For offering to make him *such a Terno!*"

But ah! a different reason 'twas, I fear!

It was not age that bade the Man of Beer

The proffer'd honour of the Monarch shun:

The tale of Marg'ret's knife, and royal fright,

Had almost made him damn the *name* of Knight,

A tale that farrow'd such a world of fun.

He mock'd the pray'r* too by the King appointed,

Ev'n by himself the Lord's Anointed:

A foe to *fast* too, is he, let me tell ye;

And, though a Presbyterian, cannot think

Heav'n (quarrelling with meat and drink)

Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly!

Now from the table with Cæsarean air

Up rose the Monarch with his laurell'd brow,

When Mister WHITBREAD, waiting on his chair,

Express'd much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.

E 2

Miss

* For the miraculous escape from a poor innocent insane woman, who only held out a small knife in a piece of white paper, for her Sovereign to *view*.

Miss WHITBREAD now so thick her curtsies drops,
 Thick as her honour'd father's Kentish hops;
 Which hoplike curtsies were return'd by dips
 That never hurt the royal knees and hips;
 For hips and knees of Queens are sacred things,
 That only bend on gala days
 Before the best of Kings,
 When Odes of triumph sound his praise.—

Now through a thund'ring peal of kind huzzas,
 Proceeding some from *hir'd and ~~un~~hir'd jaws,
 The raree-show thought proper to retire;

Whilst

* When his MAJESTY goes to a playhouse, or brewhouse, or parliament, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN provides some poundsworth of Mob to huzza their beloved Monarch. At the Playhouse about forty wide-mouthed fellows are hired on the night of their Majesties appearance, at two shillings and sixpence *per* head, with the liberty of seeing the play *gratis*. These STENTORS are placed in different parts of the Theatre, who, immediately on the Royal entry into the Stage Box, set up their howl of loyalty; to whom their Majesties, with sweetest smiles, acknowledge the obligation by a genteel bow, and an elegant curtsy. This congratulatory noise of the STENTORS is looked on by many, particularly country ladies and gentlemen, as an infallible thermometer, ascertaining the warmth of the national regard.

Whilst WHITBREAD and his daughter fair
Survey'd all Chifwell-street with lofty air;
For, lo, they felt themselves some six feet higher!

Such, THOMAS, is the way to write!
Thus shouldst thou Birth-day Songs indite;
Then stick to earth, and leave the lofty sky:
No more of ti tum tum, and ti tum ti.

Thus should an honest Laureat write of Kings—
Not praise them for *imaginary things*:
I own I cannot make my stubborn rhyme
Call ev'ry King a character sublime;
For CONSCIENCE will not suffer me to wander
So very widely from the paths of CANDOUR.
I know full well *some* Kings are to be seen,
To whom my verse so bold would give the spleen,
Should that bold verse declare they wanted *brains*.
I won't say that they *never* brain possels'd—
They *may* have been with such a present blest'd,
And therefore fancy that some *still* remains;

For ev'ry well-experienc'd surgeon knows
That men who with their legs have parted,
Swear they have felt a pain in all their toes,
And often at the twinges started;
Then star'd upon their oaken stumps, in vain!
Fancying the toes were all come back again.

If men then, who their absent toes have mourn'd,
Can fancy those same toes at times return'd;
So Kings, in matters of intelligences,
May fancy they have stumbled on their senses.

Yes, Tom—mine is the way of writing Ode—
Why listest thou thy pious eyes to God?
Strange disappointment in thy looks I read;

And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,

“ Is this an action, PETER, this a deed

“ To raise a Monarch to the sky?

“ Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the WHITBREAD
“ throng,

“ Rare things to figure in the Muse's song!”

THOMAS, I here protest I want no quarrels
On Kings and Brewers, porter, pumps and barrels—

Far from the dove-like PETER be such strife!
But this I tell thee, THOMAS, for a fact—
Thy Cæsar never did an act
More wise, more glorious in his life.

Now God preserve all wonder-hunting Kings,
Whether at Windsor, Buckingham, or Kew-house;
And may they never do more foolish things
Than visiting SAM WHITEHEAD and his brewhouse!

Far from the dove-like Father be such things!
 For this I call thee, I implore for a friend,
 Thy Father never did an act, and never
 More wise, more glorious in his life, than
 Now God preserve all wood-burning Kings,
 Whether at Windsor, Buckingham, or New-house,
 And may they never do more foolish things
 Than visiting SAM WINTERLAND and his household!
 May such an innocent and good man
 Never be again so much in need of aid!

Yes, Father, I am in need of aid,
 For God is good, and he will aid
 Those who are good, and he will aid
 Those who are good, and he will aid
 Those who are good, and he will aid
 Those who are good, and he will aid
 Those who are good, and he will aid
 Those who are good, and he will aid

CONTENTS

BROTHER PETER

TO

BROTHER TOM.

AN

EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

BROTHER PETER.

TO

BROTHER TOM.

AN

EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

CONTENTS.

PETER staringly expostulateth with THOMAS on his unprecedented silence on the royal perfections in his last New-Year's Ode—Giveth THOMAS a jobation—Instructeth THOMAS in his trade—Talketh of heralds, moles, field-mice, and GENERAL CARPENTER—Telleth a strange story of the General—Commendeth Majesty, and laudeth his love of money, with delicious similes—PETER informeth THOMAS how he might have praised Majesty for piety and economy—PETER's great knowledge of Nature—He talketh of her different manufactures—PETER praiseth the royal Proclamation for leaving off sin, and reforming fiddling courtiers and others—Mistress WALSINGHAM not able to sin on a Sunday—nor my Lady YOUNG—nor my LORD OF EXETER—nor my Lord BRUDENELL—whose excellence in attending on the Rump Royal, PETER highly extolleth—nor the Welsh King WATKYN, whose poor violoncello PETER pitieth—nor my Lord of SALISBURY—Peter intimateth an intended réform among cats and dogs, pigeons, wrens, sparrows, and poultry—Love between the aforesaid animals to be severely punished, if made on the Lord's day—Monday the most decent day—Sir JOHN DICK giveth up Sunday concerts for godliness—Sir JOHN's star his hobby-horse—Lords HAMPDEN and CHOLMONDELEY re-proved for profaning the Sabbath by a full orchestra, while the King enjoyeth only wind instruments—PETER relateth a sad tale of GERMAN MUSICIANS, and concludeth with a pathetic simile of a woodcock—PETER returneth from digression to THOMAS—PETER asketh shrewd questions of THOMAS—Telleth a delectable little story of the King and scratch wigs—Declareth love for Majesty—Praiseth the partnership—PETER denieth all odium towards his Sovereign, for a jealousy of the PRINCE OF WALES, for his rage for HANDEL, and enthusiasm for Mr. WEST—PETER gives two similes—PETER telleth a tale—PETER still insisteth on love for Majesty—Instanceth royal magnanimity—ending with curiosity and national advantage—PETER sheweth the King's superiority to
the

the Prince in the article of books—The royal wardrobe's superiority to the shops in Monmouth Street—PETER expresseth more love for Majesty—A tale—PETER maketh a marvellous discovery of the cause of THOMAS's silence in the article of royal flattery—His Majesty too much bedaubed—The King shutteth up THOMAS's mouth—PETER telleth THOMAS how he should have managed—PETER describeth a devil—Enquireth for Modesty—Findeth her—Giveth a lovely picture of Miss Morning—And her loyal speech to PETER—PETER cannot *exist* nor *subsist* without Kings—PETER citeth the world's opinion of him—PETER finely answereth it—PETER seemeth glad—He asketh a sly question about Cartoons—PETER telleth an uncommon story—Peter continueth talking about Cartoons—Feareth that they are in jeopardy—PETER concludeth with sublime *similes* of trout, eels, whales, goats, sheep, and good advice to THOMAS.

BROTHER PETER
TO
BROTHER TOM.

AN

EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

'SLIFE! Thomas, what hath swallow'd all the praise?

Of royal virtues not the slightest mention!

Strung, like mock pearl, so lately on thy lays!

Tell me, a bankrupt, Tom, is thy invention?

How couldst thou so thy PATRON's fame forget,

As not to pay, of praise, the annual debt?

WHITEHEAD and CIBBER, all the Laureat throng,

To FAME's fair Temple, twice a year, presented

Some royal virtues, real or invented,

In all the grave sublimity of song.

Heralds

Heralds so kind, for many a chance-born WIGHT,
 Creeping from cellars, just like snails from earth,
 Or moles, or field-mice, stealing into light,
 Forge Arms, to prove a loftiness of birth;
 Tracing of each ambitious *Sir* and *Madam*
 The branches to the very trunk of ADAM.

Then why not thou, the herald, TOM, of rhyme,
 Still bid thy Royal Master soar sublime?
 Bards shine in fiction; then how slight a thing
 To make a coat of merit for a King!

Know, General CARPENTER had been a theme
 For furnishing a pretty lyric dream;
 Once a monopolist of nod and smile;
 Of broken sentences and questions rare,
 Of snipsnap whispers sweet, and grin, and stare,
 For which thy MUSE would travel many a mile.

But lo! the General, for a crying sin,
 Lost broken sentences, and nod, and grin,
 And stare and snipsnap of the best of Kings;
 The sin, the crying sin, of rambling
 Where Osnaburgh's good Bishop, gambling,
 Lost some few golden feathers from his wings;

Which

Which made th' unlucky General run and drown—
 Such were the horrors of the royal frown!
 For lo! His M——y most roundly swore
 He'd *nod* to General CARPENTER no more.

Oh! glorious love of all-commanding money!
 Dear to *some* Monarchs, as to Bruin, honey;
 Dear as to gamblers, pigeons fit to pluck;
 Or show'rs to hackney-coachmen or a duck!

THOMAS, thy lyrics might have prais'd the King
 For making sinners mind the Sabbath day,
 Bidding the idle sons of pipe and string,
 Instead of scraping jigs, sing psalms and pray;
 Thus piously (against their inclination)
 Dragooning souls unto salvation.

The MONARCH gave up Mister JOAH BATE,
 With that sweet nightingale his lovely MATE;
 Who with the organ and *one* fiddle
 Made up a concert every Sunday night:
 Thus yielding MAJESTIES supreme delight,
 Who relish cheapness e'en in tweedle tweedle.

For

For NATURE formeth oft a kind
Of money-loving, scraping, save-all mind,
That happy glorieth in the nat'ral thought
Of getting every thing for *nought*:

From Delhi's diamonds to a Bristol stone;
From royal eagles to a squalling parrot;
From bulls of Basan to a marrow-bone;
From rich ananas to a mawkish carrot:
And getting things for *nought*, we all must say,
If not the *noblest*, is the *cheapest* way.

And often NATURE manufactures *stuff*
That thinks it never hath enough;
Hoarding up treasure—never once enjoying—
Such is the composition of *some* souls!
Like jackdaws all their cunning art employing,
In hiding knives, and forks, and spoons in holes,

Lo! by the pious MONARCH's Proclamation,
The courtier *Amateurs* of this fair nation
On Sundays con their Bibles—make no riot—
The stubborn UXBRIDGE, music-loving Lord,
Pays dumb obedience to the royal word,
And bids the instruments lie quiet.

Sweet

Sweet MISTRESS WALSINGHAM is forc'd to pray,

And turn her eyes up, much against her will;

SANDWICH sings psalms too, in his pious way;

And Lady YOUNG forbears the tuneful trill:

And very politic is Lady Young:

A husband must not suffer for a song.

The gentle EXETER his treat gave up,

So us'd upon the sweet repast to sup;

As eager for his Sunday's quaver dish,

As cats and rav'nous Aldermen for fish.

LORD BRUDENELL, too, a Lord with lofty nose,

Bringing to mind a verse the world well knows;

Against sublimity that rather wars;

Which in an almanack all eyes may see:

"God gave to man an upright form, that he

"Might view the stars."

I say this watchful LORD, who boasts the knack,

Behind His Sacred Majesty's *great* back,

Of placing for his *latter end* a chair

Better than any Lord (so says FAME's trump)

That ever waited on the royal rump,

So swift his motions, and so sweet his air;

VOL. II.

F

Who,

Who, if His Majesty but cough or hiccup,
 Trembles for fear the King should *kick up*;
 Drops, with concern, his jaw—with horror freezes—
 Or smiles "God bless you, SIRE," whene'er he sneezes;
 This LORD, I say, uprais'd his convert chin,
 And curs'd the concert for a crying sin.

King WATKYN, from the land of leeks and cheese,
 With sighs, forbore his bass to seize;
 With huge concern he dropp'd his Sunday airs,
 And grumbled out in *Welsh* his thankless pray'rs.
 The bass, indeed, *Te Deum* sung,
 Glad on the willows to be hung.

And really 'twas a very nat'ral case—
 Poor, inoffensive bass!
 For when King WATKYN scrubbeth him—alack!
 The instrument, like one upon the rack,
 Sendeth forth horrid, Inquisition groans!
 Enough to pierce the hearts of stones!

Thus though in *concert* politics the Knight
 Battled with Mistress WALSINGHAM *outright*;
 Yet both agreed to lift their palms,
 Not in hostilities, but singing psalms.

SAL'SBURY was also order'd to *reform*,

Who, with my Lady, thought it vastly odd,
Thus to be forc'd, like failors in a storm,
Against their wills to pray to God.

Thus did the royal mandate, through the town,
Knock nearly all the Sunday concerts down!
Great act! ere long 'twill be a sin and shame
For cats to warble out an am'rous flame!
Dogs shall be whipp'd for making love on Sunday,
Who very well may put it off to Monday.

Nay, more the royal piety to prove,
And aid the purest of all pure religions,
To Bridewell shall be sent all cooing pigeons,
And cocks and hens be lash'd for making love:
Sparrows and wrens be shot from barns and houses,
For being barely civil to their spouses.

Poor Sir JOHN DICK was, lamb-like, heard to bleat

At losing such a Sunday's treat—

Sir JOHN, the happy owner of a *star*—

Which radiant honour on furtouts he stitches;

Lamenting fashion doth not stretch so far

As sewing them on waistcoats and on breeches;

Which thus would pour a blaze of silver day,
And make the Knight a perfect milky way.

Yet HAMPDEN, CHOLMOND'LY, those sinful shavers,
Rebellious, riot in their Sabbath quavers;
Thus flying in the face of our GREAT KING,
Profane God's *resting* day with wind and string;
Whilst on the Terrace, 'midst his German band,
On Sunday evenings GEORGE is pleas'd to stand;
Contented with a *simple* tune alone,
" God save great George our King," or Bobbing Joan;

Whilst CHERUBS, leaning from their starry height,
Wink at each other, and enjoy the sight;
And SATAN, from a lurking hole,
Fond of a seeming-godly soul,
His eyes and ears scarce able to believe,
Laughs in his sleeve.

Stay, Muse—the mention of the German band
Bringeth a tale oppressive to my hand,
Relating to a tribe of German boys,
Whose horrid fortune made some *little* noise;
Sent for to take of Englishmen the places,
Who, gall'd by such hard treatment, made wry faces.

Sent

Sent for they were, to feed in *fields of clover*,

To feast upon the Coldstream regiment's fat:

Swift with their empty stomachs they flew over,

And wider than a Kevenhuller hat.

But ah! their knives no veal nor mutton carv'd!

To feasts they went indeed, but went and *starv'd!*

Their Masters, raptur'd with the tuneful treat,

Forgot musicians, like themselves, could *eat*.

Thus the poor woodcock leaves his frozen shores,

When tyrant Winter 'midst his tempests roars;

Invited by our milder sky, he roves;

Views the pure streams with joy, and shelt'ring groves,

And in *one* hour, oh! sad reverse of fate!

Is shot, and smokes upon a poacher's plate!

Thus ending a sweet episodic strain,

I turn, dear THOMAS, to thy Ode again.

What! make a dish to balk thy Master's gums!

A pudding, and forget the plums!

Mercy upon us! what a cook art thou!

Dry e'en already!—what a sad milch cow!—

Who gav'st, at first, of fame such flowing pails!—

Say, THOMAS, what thy lyric udder ails?

Since truth belongs not to the laureat trade,

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, thou didst not flatter :

Speak—in light money were thy wages paid ?

Or was thy pipe of sack half fill'd with water ?

Or hast thou, Tom, been cheated of thy dues ?

Or hath a qualm of conscience touch'd thy Muse ?

Thou might'st have prais'd for *dignity* of pride

Display'd not long ago among the Cooks :

Searching the kitchen with sagacious looks ;

Wigs, christen'd *scratches*, on their heads, he spied.

To find a wig on a cook's head

Just like the wig that grac'd his own,

Was verily a sight too dread !—

Enough to turn a King to stone !

On which, in language of his *very best*,

His Majesty his royal ire express'd,

“ How, how ! what ! Cooks wear *scratches* just like

“ me !—

“ Strange ! strange ! yes, yes, I see, I see, I see—

“ Fine fellows to wear scratches ! yes, no doubt—

“ I'll have no more—no more when mine's worn out—

Hæ ?

" Hæ? pretty! pretty! pretty too it looks

" To see *my* scratches upon *Cooks!*"

And lo! as he had threaten'd all so big,

As soon as ever he *wore out* the wig,

He with a *pig-tail* deign'd his head to match!

Nor more profan'd his temples with a *scratch!*

THOMAS, I see my song thy feelings grate—

Thou think'st I'm joking; that the King's my hate.

The world may call me liar, but sincerely

I love him—for a partner, love him *dearly*;

Whilst his great name is on the *ferme*, I'm sure

My credit with the Public is secure.

Yes, beef shall grace my spit, and ale shall flow,

As long as it continues George and Co.;

That is to say, in plainer metre,

George and Peter.

Yet, as some little money I have made,

I've thoughts of turning 'Squire, and quitting trade:

This in my mind I've frequently revolv'd;

And in six months, or so,

For all I know,
The partnership may be dissolv'd.

Whate'er thou think'st—howe'er the world may carp,

THOMAS, I'm far from hating our good King;
Yes, yes, or may I thrum no more my harp,

As DAVID swore, who touch'd so well the string—
No, TOM; the idol of thy sweet devotion
Excites not HATE, *whatever else* th' emotion.

To write a book on the Sublime, I own,

Were I a bookseller, I would not hire him;
Yet, should I *bate* the man who fills a throne,
Because, forsooth, I can't admire him?

Hate him, because, ambitious of a name,

He thinks to rival e'en the PRINCE in fame?

A Prince of Science—in the arts so chaste!—

A giant to him in the world of taste;

Who from an envious cloud one day shall spring,

And prove that dignity may clothe a King.

Who, when by Fortune fix'd on Britain's throne,

Wherever merit, humble plant, is shown,

Will

Will shed around that plant a soft'ring ray;
 Whose hand shall stretch through poverty's pale gloom
 For drooping GENIUS, sinking to the tomb,
 And lead the blushing stranger into day.

Who scorns (like *some*) to chronicle a shilling,
 Once in a twelvemonth to a beggar giv'n;
 By such mean charity (Lord help 'em) willing
 To go as cheap as possible to Heav'n!

Hate him, because, untir'd, the Monarch pores
 On HANDEL's manuscript old scores,
 And schemes successful daily hatches,
 For saving notes o'erwhelm'd with scratches;
 Recovering from the blotted leaves
 Huge cart-horse *minims*, dromedary *breves*;
 Thus saving damned bars from just damnation,
 By way of *brigh't'ning* Handel's reputation?
 Who, charm'd with ev'ry crotchet Handel wrote,
 Heav'd into TOT'NAM STREET each heavy note;
 And forcing on the house the tuneless lumber,
 Drove half to doors, the other half to slumber?

Hate

Hate him, because the brazen works of West,

His eye (in wonder lost) unfated views?

Because his walls, with tasteless trumpery drest,

Robs a poor signpost of its dues?

Hate him, because he cannot rest,

But in the company of West?

Because of modern works he makes a jest,

Except the works of Mister West?

Who by the public, fain would have carest

The works alone of Mister West!

Who thinks, of painting, truth and taste, the test,

None but the wond'rous works of Mister West!

Who mocketh poor Sir JOSHUA—cannot bear him;

And never suffers WILSON's landscapes near him.

Nor, GAINSB'ROUGH, thy delightful girls and boys,

In rural scenes so sweet, amidst their joys,

With such simplicity as makes us start,

Forgetting 'tis the work of art.

Which wonder and which care of Mister WEST

May in a simile be well exprest:—

A SIMILE.

A SIMILE.

THUS have I seen a child with smiling face,
 A little daisy in the garden place,
 And strut in triumph round its fav'rite flow'r;
 Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
 Thinking the flow'r the finest in the nation,
 Then pay a visit to it ev'ry hour:
 Lugging the wat'ring pot about,
 Which JOHN the gard'ner was oblig'd to fill;
 The child, so pleas'd, would pour the water out,
 To show its marvellous gard'ning skill;
 Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,
 Tell all the world it was its own sweet planting;
 And boast away, too happy elf,
 How that it found the daisy all, itself!

ANOTHER SIMILE.

IN *simile* if I may shine agen—
 Thus have I seen a fond old hen
 With one poor miserable chick,
 Bustling about a farmer's yard;
 Now on the dunghill labouring hard,
 Scraping away through thin and thick

Flutt'ring

Flutt'ring her feathers—making such a noise!

Cackling aloud such quantities of joys,

As if this chick, to which her egg gave birth,
Was born to deal prodigious knocks,

To shine the *Broughton* of game cocks,

And kill the fowls of all the earth!

E'EN with his painter let the King be *blest*;

Egad! eat, drink, and sleep, with Mister WEST;

Only let *me*, excus'd from such a guest,

Not eat, and drink, and sleep with Mister WEST;

And as he will not please *my* taste—no never—

Let *me* not give him to the world as *clever*;

A better conscience in my bosom lies,

Than imitate the fellow and his flies.

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A GROUP of toppers at a table sat,

With punch that much regales the thirsty soul:

Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,

Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and, for their sin,
 Some hundreds lost their legs, and tumbled in;
 And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
 Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown'd!

Wanting to drink—one of the men
 Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
 And drank—then taking care that none were lost,
 He put in ev'ry mother's son agen.

Up jump'd the bacchanalian crew on this,
 Taking it very much amiss—

Swearing, and in the attitude to *smite*:

“ Lord!” cry'd the man, with gravely-lifted eyes,

“ Though I don't like to swallow flies,

“ I did not know but *others might*.”

To serve as a warning to the nation!

WHO says I hate the King, proclaims a lie;

E'en now a royal virtue strikes my eye!

To prove th' assertion, let me just relate

The King's submission to the will of Fate;

Whene'er

When'er in hunts the Monarch is thrown out,
 As in his politics—a common thing!
 With searching eyes he stares at first about,
 Then faces the misfortune like a *King*!

Hearing no news of nimble Mister STAG,
 He sits like PATIENCE grinning on his nag!
 Now, wisdom-fraught, his curious eyeballs ken

The little hovels that around him rise:
 To these he trots—of hogs surveys the styes,
 And nicely numbers every cock and hen.

Then asks the farmer's wife or farmer's maid,
 How many eggs the fowls have laid!
 What's in the oven—in the pot—the crock;
 Whether 'twill rain or no, and what's o'clock;
 Thus from poor hovels gleaning information,
 To serve as future treasure for the nation!

There, terrier like, till pages find him out,
 He pokes his most sagacious nose about,
 And seems in Paradise—like *that* so fam'd,
 Looking like ADAM too, and EVE so fair,
 Sweet simpletons! who, though so very *bare*,
 “Were (says the Bible) not *asham'd*.”

No

No man binds books so well as GEORGE the Third.

By thirst of leather glory spur'd,

At bookbinders he oft is seen to laugh—

And wond'rous is the King in sheep or calf!

But see! the PRINCE upon such labour looks

Fastidious down, and only *readeth* books!—

Here by the Sire the Son is much surpass;

Which FAME should publish on her loudest *blast*!

The KING beats Monmouth-Street in cast-off riches;

That is, in coats, and waistcoats, and in breeches;

Which, draughted once a year for foreign stations,

Make fine recruits to serve some *near* relations.

But lo! the PRINCE, shame on him! never dreams

Of pretty Jewish, economic schemes!

So very proud, (I'm griev'd, O Tom, to tell it)

He'd rather *give* a coat away than *sell* it!

Fair justice to the Monarch must allow

Prodigious science in a calf or cow;

And wisdom in the article of swine!

What most *unusual* knowledge for a King!

Because pig wisdom is a *thing*

In which no SOV'REIGNS e'er were known to *shine*.

Yet

Yet who will think I am not telling fibs?

The PRINCE, who Britain's throne in time shall grace,
Ne'er finger'd, at a fair, a bullock's ribs,
Nor ever ogled a pig's face!

O dire disgrace! O let it not be known

That *thus* a father hath excell'd a son!

Truth bids me own that I can bring

A *dozen* who *admire* the King;

And should he dream of setting off for HANOVER,

As once he said he would, to spite CHARLES FOX;

Draw all his *little* money from the stocks,

Shut shop, and carry ev'ry pot and pan over;

I think—indeed I'm *sure* I know,

That dozen would not let him go;

But in the struggle spend their vital breath,

And hug their idol, probably to death;

As happen'd to a Romish Priest—a tale

That, whilst I tell it, almost turns me pale.

THE ROMISH PRIEST.

A TALE.

A PARSON in the neighbourhood of Rome,

Some years ago—how many, I don't say—

Handled so well his heav'nly broom,

He brush'd, like cobwebs, sins away.

Brighten'd the black horizon of his parish;

Gave to the PRINCE OF DARKNESS such hard blows

That SATAN was afraid to show his nose,

(Except in hell) before this priest so warrish!

To teach folks how to shun the paths of evil,

And prove a match for Mister DEVIL,

Was constantly this pious man's endeavour;

And, as I've said before, the man was *clever*.

Red-hot was all his zeal—and FAME declares,

He gallop'd like a hunter o'er his pray'rs;

For ever lifting to the clouds his forehead—

Petitions on petitions he let fly,

Which nothing but BARBARIANS could deny—

In short, the *Saints* were to compliance *worried*.

VOL. II.

G

With

With shoulders, arms, and hands, this Priest devout,
So well his evolutions did perform;
His pray'rs, those holy small-shot, flew about
So thick!—it seem'd like taking Heav'n by storm!

Without one atom of reflection,
No candidate at an election
Did ever labour more, and fume, and sweat,
To make a fellow change his coat,
And bless him with the casting vote,
Than this dear man to get in Heav'n a seat
For souls of children, women, and of men;
No matter which the species—cock or hen!

Thus did he not like that vile Jesuit think
Who makes us all with horror shrink;
A knave high meriting Hell's hottest coals;
Who wrote a shocking book, to prove
That women, charming women, form'd for love,
Have got no souls!

Monster! to think that WOMAN had no soul!
Ha! hast *thou* not a soul, thou peerless MAID,
Who bidst my rural hours with rapture roll?
Whose beauties charm the shepherds and the shade!
Yes,

Yes, CYNTHIA, and for souls like thine,
Fate into being drew yon starry sphere;
Then kindly sent thy form divine,
To show what wond'rous bliss inhabits there!
In short, no drayhorse ever work'd so hard,
From vaults, to drag up hog'shead, tun, or pipe,
As this good Priest, to drag, for *small* reward,
The souls of sinners from the Devil's gripe.
Pleas'd were the *biggest* angels to express
Their wonder at his fine address;
And pow'r against the FIEND who makes such strife;
Nay, e'en St. PETER said, to whom are giv'n
The keys for letting people into Heav'n,
He never got more halfpence in his life.
'Twas added that my *namesake* did declare,
(Peter, the porter of Heav'n gate, so trusty;)
That, till this Priest appear'd, souls were so rare,
His bunch of keys was absolutely rusty!
Did GENTLEMEN of fortune die,
And leave the CHURCH a good round sum;
Lo! in the twinkling of an eye,
The Parson frank'd their souls to kingdom-come!

A letter to the PORTER, or a word,
Insur'd admittance to the LORD.
Nor stopp'd those souls an instant on the road,
To take a *roast* before they enter'd in;
For, had they got the *plague*, 'twas said that God
Had let them enter without *quarantine*.
Well then! this Parson was so much admir'd,
So sought, so courted, so desir'd,
Thousands with putrid souls, like putrid meat,
Came for his holy pickle, to be sweet:
Just as we see old hags, with jaws of carrion,
Enter the shop of Mister WARREN;
Who disappoints that highwayman call'd TIME,
(Noted for robbing Ladies of their prime),
By giving SIXTY-FIVE's pale, wither'd mien,
The blooming roses of SIXTEEN.
Such vast impressions did his sermons make,
He always kept his flock *awake*—
In *summer* too—hear, parsons, this strange news,
Ye who so often preach to nodding pews!

A neigh-

A neighb'ring town, into whose people's souls,
 SIN, like a rat, had eat large holes,
 Begg'd him to be their tinker—their hole-stopper—
 For, gentle reader, sin of such a sort is,
 It souls corrodeeth just as *aqua fortis*
 Corrodeeth iron, brass, or copper.

They told him they would give him better pay,
 If he'd agree to change his quarters;
 Protesting, when his soul should leave its clay,
 To rank his bones with those of SAINTS and MAR-
 TYRS.

This was a handsome bribe, all Papists know!
 But stop—his parish would not let him go:
 Then surly did the *osher* parish look,
 And swore to have the man by *hook* or *crook*;

So seiz'd him, like a graceless throng.
 The Priest's parishioners, who lov'd him *well*,
 Rather than to another church belong,
 Swore they would sooner see him lodg'd in Hell—
 So violent was their objection!
 So very strong, too, their affection!

The LADIES, too, united in the strife;
 Protesting that they "lov'd him as their life,
 " So sweetly he would *look* when *down* to pray'r!
 " So happy in a sermon choice!
 " And then he had of nightingales the voice—
 " And holy water gave with *such* an air!
 " Lord! lose so fine a man!—so great a treasure!
 " Yielding such quantities of heavenly pleasure!
 " Forgiving sins so free, too, at confession,
 " However carnal the transgression,
 " In such a charming, love-condemning strain!—
 " He really seem'd to say, 'Go sin again;
 " HELL shall not throw, my angels, on your souls
 " So sweet, a single shovelful of coals."

Now in the fire was all the fat:
 Just as two bulldogs pull a cat,
 Both parishes with furious zeal contended—
 So heartily the holy man was hugg'd,
 So much from place to place his limbs were hugg'd,
 That very fatally the battle ended!
 In short, by hugging, lugging, and kind squeezes,
 The man of God was pull'd in fifty pieces!

This

'This work perform'd, the bones were fought for stoutly;
 And so the fray continued most devoutly.
 Lo, with an arm, away one rascal fled;
 This with a leg, and that the head—
 Off with the foot another goes—
 Another seizes *him*, and gets the toes.

Nay, some, a relic so intent to crib,
 Fought just like mastiffs for a rib;
 Nay more, (for truth, to tell the whole, obliges)
 A dozen battled for his *os coccygis*!

Heav'n, that sees all things, saw the dire dispute,
 In which each parish acted like a brute;

Then bade the dead man as a *Saint* be fought;
 Still, to reward him more, his bones enriches
 With pow'r o'er evils, rheumatisms, and itches,

However dreadful, and wherever caught:
 Thus, by the grace of HIM who governs thunder,
 His very toe-nail could perform a *wonder*.

G 4

THUS

• The tip of the rump.

THUS might our Monarch, by this dozen men,
 Be hugg'd!—and then! and then! and then! and then!
 Then what? why, then, this direful ill must spring:
 I a good *subject* lose, and thou a KING!

No, Tom; no more to strike us with amaze,
 Thy courtly tropes of adulation blaze:

A setting sun art thou, so mild thy beam!
 Thou (like old OCEAN's heaving wave no more,
 That lifts a ship and fly with equal roar)

Pour'ft from thy lyric pipe a *sober* stream.

No more we hear the gale of Fame
 Wild blust'ring with thy MASTER's name:
 No more ideal virtues ride sublime,
 (Like feathers) on the surge of rhyme.

But lo the cause! it was the ROYAL WILL
 To bid the tempest of his praise be still;
 No more to let his virtues make a rout,
 Blown by thy blasts like paper kites about.

Indeed thy Sov'reign, in thy verse so fine,
 Might justly have exclaim'd at many a line,

“ In peacock's feathers, lo, this knave arrays me.”

And

And like a King of France of whom I've read,
 Our gracious Sov'reign also might have said,
 "What have I done, that he should *praise* me?"

With pity have I seen thee, SON OF SONG,
 Trundling thy lyric wheelbarrow along,
 Amidst ST. JAMES's gapers to unload
 The motley mass of pompous ode;
 And wish'd the sack, for verse the annual prize,
 To poets of a less renown—
 To poor * WILL MASON, who in secret sighs
 To strut beneath the LAUREAT's leaden crown.

Warm in the praise, thou mightst have been,
 Of *thy* great King and *his* great Queen;
 But not so diabolically *hot*—
 A downright devil, or a pepper-pot.

By *dev'l*, (without thy being born a wizard)
 Thou ought'st to know I mean a turkey's gizzard;
 So christen'd for its quality, by man,
 Because so oft 'tis loaded with *kian*—

This

* Yes! poor MISTER MASON strove hard for the Bays; but
 lo! the superior GENIUS of WARTON prevailed against the
 united powers of the *sweetly-wobbling* ELFRIDA, the *nobly-bullying*
 CARACTACUS, and a heap of *cloud-wrapped* ODES besides.

This dev'l is such a red-hot bit of meat
As nothing but the Dev'l himself should eat.

A *spoon* was large enough, the world well knows!
Why give the pap of praise then with a *ladle*?
Gently thou shouldst have rock'd him to repose—
Not like a drunken nurse o'erturn'd the cradle.

I do not marvel that the King was wrath,
(Knowing himself no bigger than a lath),
To find himself a tall, gigantic oak—
'Twas too much of a magic-lantern stroke.

Ah! where was MODESTY, the charming maid?
Where was the rural vagrant straying,
Not to admonish thee, an idle jade,
When thou thy tuneful compliments wert paying?
Yet why this question put I, Tom, to thee?
Lord! how we wits forget—she was with *me*.

Yes, MODESTY (by very few carest)
Oft condescends to be my guest:
From time to time the maid my rhyme reviews,
And dictates sweet instructions to the MUSE;

Yes,

Yes, frequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
Just like that blushful damsel call'd Miss MORN,
Who, smiling from the dreary caves of night,
Moves from her east with silent pace and slow
O'er yonder shadowy mount's gigantic brow,
And to my window steals with dewy light,
Then peeping through the panes with cherub mien,
Seems to ask liberty to enter in.

Now vent'ring on the fables of my room,
She sweeps the darkness with her star-clad broom:
Now pleas'd a stronger splendor to diffuse,
Smiles on the plated buckles in my shoes;
Smiles on my breeches, too, of handsome plush,
Where George's head *once* made no gingling sound,
But where amidst the pockets all was hush;
Such awful silence reign'd around!
Whose fob, which thieves so often pick,
Was quite a stranger to a watch's click.

Now casting on my pen and ink a ray,
Seeming with sweet reproof to say;
"The lark to Heav'n her grateful matins sings;
"Then, PETER, also ope thy tuneful throat,
"And, happy in a fascinating note,
"Rise and salute the *best* of Kings."

Howe'er the world t' abuse me may be giv'n,
 I cannot do without CROWN'D HEADS, by Heav'n!
 Bards must have subjects that their *genius* suit—
 And if I've not Crown'd Heads, I must be mute.

My verse is somewhat like a game at Whist;
 Which game, though play'd by people e'er so keen,
 Cannot with much success, alas! exist,
 Except their hands possess a King and Queen.

I own, my muse delights in royal folk:
 Lead-mines, producing many pretty pounds!
 JOE MILLARS, furnishing a fund of joke!
 Lo, with a fund of joke a Court abounds!

At royal follies, Lord! a lucky hit
 Saves our poor brain th' expence of wit:
 At Princes let but Satire lift his gun,
 The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.
 E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,
 Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

And, *vice versa*, Kings and Queens
 Know pretty well what scandal means,
 And love it too—yes, Majesty's a grinner:

Scandal

Scandal that really would disgrace a stable
 Hath oft been beckon'd to a royal table,
 And pleas'd a princely palate more than dinner.

I know the world exclaimeth in this guise:

" Suppose a King not over-wise,

" (A vice in Kings not very oft suspected)

" Suppose he does *this* childish thing, and *this*,

" If folly constitutes a Monarch's bliss,

" Shall such by saucy poets stand corrected?

" Bold is the man, old Parson Calchas* cries,

" Who tells a Monarch where his folly lies."

" Grant that a King in converse cannot shine,

" And sharp with shrewd remark a world alarm;

" What business, PETER PINDAR, is't of thine?

" Grant puerilities—pray where's the harm?"—

To this I answer, " I don't think a King

" Will go to *bell* for ev'ry childish thing—

" Yet mind, I think that one in *his* great station

" Should show sublime example to a nation:

" And when an *eagle* he should spring

" To drink the solar blaze on tow'ring wing,

" With

* Vide Homer.

“ With daring and undazzled eyes;
 “ Not be a *sparrow* upon chimneys hopping;
 “ His head in holes and corners popping
 “ For *flies*.”

TOM, I'm not griev'd that thou hast chang'd thy note,
 And op'd on Windsor wall thy tuneful throat;

For verily it is a rare old mass!
 Nor angry that to WEST thou dost descend;
 The King's great painting oracle and friend,
 Who teacheth * JERVAS how to spoil good glass.

But, son of ISIS, since amidst this ode,
 Thou talk'st of painting, like an ardent lover,
 Of panes of glass now daubing over,
 Dimming delightfully the great abode;

Speak—know'st thou aught of RAPHAEL's rare Car-
toons?

I have not seen them, TOM, for many moons!

Why didst thou not, amidst thy rhyming fit,
 Of those most heav'nly pictures talk a bit—

For

* See the windows designed for the chapel at Windsor.

For which the NATION paid down ev'ry *souse*?
Rare pictures, brought long since from HAMPTON
COURT,

And by a *self-taught* CARPENTER cut short,
To suit the pannels of the QUEEN's old house,

So says report—I hope it is not true—
And yet I verily believe it too;
It is so like *some people* I could name,
Whose *pericraniums* walk a little lame.

Beshrew me, but it brings to mind

A cutting story, much of the same kind!

It happ'd at PLYMOUTH town so fair and sweet,
Where wandering gutters, wandering gutters meet,
Making in show'rs of rain a monstrous pother;
Bart'ring, like RAG-FAIR JEWS, with one the other,
With carrots, cabbage-leaves, and breathless cats,
Potatoes, turnip-tops, old rags, and hats:

A town that brings to mind SWIFT's City Show'r,
Where clouds to wash its face for ever pour;
A town where Beau-traps under water grin,
Inviting gentle strangers to walk in;

Where

Where dwell the Lady Naiads of the flood,
Prepar'd to crown their visitors with mud.

A town where parsons for the *living* fight,
On every vacancy, with godly might,
Like wrestlers for lac'd hats and buckskin breeches,
Where oft the priest who best his lungs employs
To make the rarest diabolic noise,
With surest chance of vict'ry preaches:
Whose empty sounds alone his labours bless,
Like cannon fir'd by vessels in distress.

A town where, exil'd by the Higher Pow'rs,
The *ROYAL TAR with indignation lours,
Kept by his SIRE from London, and from sin,
To say his Catechism to Mistress WYNN.

• The Duke of Clarence.

THE

THE PLYMOUTH CARPENTER

AND

THE COFFINS.

IN the last war French pris'ners often dy'd
Of fevers, colds, and more good things beside :

Presents for valour, from damp walls and chinks ;
And nakedness, that seldom sees a shirt ;
And vermin, and all sorts of dirt ;

And multitudes of motley stinks,
That might with smells of any clime compare,
That ever sought the nose, or fields of air.

As coffins are deem'd necessary things,
Forming a pretty sort of wooden wings
For wafting men to graves, for t'other world ;

Where, anchor'd, (doom'd to make no voyages more)
The rudders of our souls are put ashore,
And all the sails for ever furl'd ;

A carpenter, first cousin to the MAY'R,
Hight Master SCREW, a man of reputation,

Got leave, through borough int'rest, to prepare
Good wooden lodgings for the Gallic nation ;

I mean, for luckless Frenchmen that were dead :
And very well indeed SCREW's contract sped.

His good friend DEATH made wonderful demands,
As if they play'd into each other's hands;

As if the Carpenter and DEATH went snacks—
Wishing to make as much as e'er they could
By this same contract coffin wood,
For such as DEATH had thrown upon their backs.

This Carpenter, like men of other trades
Whom conscience very easily persuades

To take from neighbours useless superfluity,
Resolv'd upon an economic plan,
Which shows that in the character of man

Economy is not an incongruity.

I know *some Monarchs* say the same—whose pulses
Beat high for iv'ry chairs and beds and bulses.

For lo, this man of economic sort
Makes all his coffins much too short:
Yet snugly he accommodates the dead—

Cuts off, with much *sang-froid*, the head;
And then, to keep it safe as well as warm,
He gravely puts it underneath the arm;
Making his dead man quite a *PARIS beau*!
Hugging his jowl *en chapeau bras*,

BUT,

BUT, Thomas, now to those Cartoons of fame—
Do ask thy Sov'reign, in *my* name,

What's to be done with those rare pictures next;
Some months ago, by night, they travell'd down
To the Queen's House in Windsor town,

At which the London folks were vastly vex'd.

For if those fine Cartoons, as hist'ry says,
Were (much to this great nation's praise)

Bought for BRITANNIA's sole inspection,
Unask'd, to suffer any man to feel 'em,
Or suffer any forward dame to steal 'em,
Would be a national reflection.

TOM, ask, to STRELITZ if they're doom'd to go,
Because the walls are naked there, I know.

Strelitz a mouse-hole is, all dark and drear;
And, should the pictures be inclin'd to stray,
Not liking Strelitz, they may lose their way,
And ramble to some Hebrew auctioneer;

Where, like poor captur'd negroes in a knot,
The holy wand'ers may be made a lot—
And, like the goods at Garraway's we handle,
Christ and the Saints be sold by *inch of candle*!

Dearly beloved THOMAS, to conclude—

(I see thee ready to bawl out "*Amen*!")
Joking apart, don't think me rude

For wishing to instruct thy lyric pen,

Whether like trout and eels in humble pride,

Along the simple stream of prose we glide;

Or stirring from below a cloud of mud,

Like whales we flounder through the lyric flood;

Or (if a past'ral image charm thee more)

Whether the vales of prose our feet explore,

Or, rais'd sublime on ODE's aerial steep,

We bound from rock to rock, like goats and sheep;

Whether we dine with Dukes on fifty dishes,

Or, poet-like, against our wishes,

On beef or pork, an economic crumb,

(Perchance not bigger than our thumb,

Turn'd by a bit of packthread at the fire)

To satisfy our hunger's keen desire;

A good old proverb let us keep in view—

Viz. Thomas, "Give the Dev'l his due."

Whether

Whether a Monarch, issuing high command,
Smiles us to court, and shakes us by the hand;
Or rude bumbailiffs touch us on the shoulder,
And bid our tuneful harps in prison moulder;
Sell not (to meanness sunk) one golden line—
The MUSE's incense for a gill of wine.

This were a poor excuse of thine, my friend—

“ Few are the people that my Ode attend :

“ I'm like a country clock, poor, lonely thing,

“ That on the staircase, or behind the door,

“ Cries, ‘ Cuckoo, Cuckoo,’ just at twelve and four,

“ And chimes that vulgar tune, “ God save the King.”

Oh! if deserting WINDSOR's lofty tow'rs,
To save a sixpence in his barrack bow'rs,
A MONARCH shuffles from the world away,
And gives to FOLLY's whims the bustling day;
From *such* low themes thy promis'd praise recall,
And sing more wonders of the old MUD WALL.

Whether a Monarch, issuing high command,
Smiles us to court, and shakes us by the hand,
Or ride pumball's couch us on the shoulder,
And bid our tuncful harps in prison moulder;
Sell not (to meanness sunk) one golden line—
The Muse's income for a gill of wine.

This were a poor excuse of mine, my friend—
"Few are the people that my Ode ascend:

"I'm like a country clock, poor, lonely thing,
"That on the staircase, or behind the door,
"Cries, 'Cuckoo, Cuckoo,' just at twelve and four,
"And chimes that vulgar tune, 'God save the King.'"

Oh! if delecting Winsor's jolly row,
To save a fixance in his battack bow,
A Monarch thrusts from the world away,
And gives to Lacy's whims the bustling day,
From such low themes thy prompt brain recall,
And sing more wonders of the old Mar Wars.

PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET;

OR, AN

IMPORTANT EPISTLE TO SIR J. BANKS,

ON THE

APPROACHING ELECTION

OF A

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Tros, Rutilivos fuat, nullo discrimini habebis.

Vincit.

Rank is a farce—if people fools will be,

A scavenger and king's the same to me.

La Société Royale de Londres fut formée en 1660, six ans avant notre Académie des Sciences. Elle n'a point de récompenses comme la nôtre; mais aussi elle est libre. Point de ces distinctions désagréables, inventées par l'Acad' Breton, qui distribua l'Académie des Sciences en Savans qu'on payoit, & en Honoraires qui n'étoient pas Savans. La Société de Londres indépendante, & n'étant encouragée que par elle-même, a été composée de sujets qui ont trouvé le calcul de l'Infini, les lois de la lumière, celles de pesanteur, l'aberration des étoiles, le télescope de réflexion, la pompe à feu, le microscope solaire, & beaucoup d'autres inventions aussi utiles qu'admirables. Qu'auroient fait de plus ces Grands Hommes, s'ils avoient été pensionnaires ou honoraires?

VOLTAIRE, sur la Société Royale.

THE ARGUMENT.

A SUBLIME and poetical Exordium, in which the Bard applaudeth himself, condemneth his Sovereign, and condescendeth to instruct Sir JOSEPH BANKS, F. R. S.—Anecdote of JULIUS CÆSAR and a Conjuror—PETER dwelleth with much solemnity on the gloomy month of November, and compareth Sir JOSEPH BANKS to JUPITER and Mr. SQUIB—Asketh shrewd questions—Sir JOSEPH comprehendeth their sage meaning, and flieth into a passion, and boasteth how he revengeth himself on the fun the world enjoyeth at his expence—Sir JOSEPH animadverteth wisely on a fall from the presidency to the state of a *simple* fellow, obliquely and nobly hinting at a few *traits* of his own character—PETER replieth with good advice, exhibiting at the same time acute knowledge of the sexual system in botanical affairs—Sir JOSEPH refuseth PETER's counsel—PETER mentioneth men of science, whom Sir JOSEPH scorneth—Sir JOSEPH letteth the cat out of the bag, and sheweth principles inimical to the cause of true philosophy, by wishing to make *great* men Fellows, instead of *wise* men—PETER moraliseth with profundity, and flappeth the bugs of Fortune for daring, on account of their Mammon, to place themselves on a level with Genius—Sir JOSEPH maketh more discovery of his disposition, by abusing painting, poetry, and music, and wisheth to tread in the steps of his Sovereign—PETER illustrateth the President's mode of catching at an argument, by a beautiful spider simile—Sir JOSEPH boasteth of his tea and toast weapons—PETER animadverteth with his usual wisdom on the miraculous powers of meat, when applied to a hungry stomach—Sir JOSEPH findeth out a new road to the heart—Boasteth of royal favour—PETER smileth at it, and frighteneth Sir JOSEPH—Sir JOSEPH enquireth the World's opinion of himself—PETER giveth it without ceremony—Sir JOSEPH curieth—PETER prayeth him to be quiet, proceedeth, and telleth terrible things—

things—Sir JOSEPH sweareth—Praiseth himself again for his being able to lead great folks by the nose, and braggeth of royal whispers—PETER guesseth at the royal whispers, and expresseth pleasure thereat—Again boasteth the President of what he can do—PETER solemnly smileth in a superb smile taken from wild beasts—Sir JOSEPH vaunteth on his great acquaintance with vegetables and monkeys—PETER acquiesceth in his monkey wisdom, but denieth its importance, and turneth butterfly and egg knowledges over to idle old maids—PETER acknowledgeth the merits of Indian, booby, and noddy killing; lizard, bat, scurvygrass, and lady-smock hunting; yet differeth with Sir JOSEPH as to the idea of its importance—The President again boasteth—PETER solemnly replieth, and telleth strange matters of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON—Sir JOSEPH breaketh out violently, and with an air of defiance, on the subject of Mr. HERSCHEL—PETER acquiesceth, in some measure, on the merits of Mr. HERSCHEL, and prophesieth more discoveries by this astronomer than struck the imagination of Sir JOSEPH—PETER prophesieth of the future grandeur of CHELTENHAM, by means of mills to supply the great *flux* of people with paper—PETER giveth more glory to Mr. HERSCHEL's *glass*, than to Mr. HERSCHEL's *head*—Sir JOSEPH groweth abusive—PETER properly replieth—Sir JOSEPH again triumpheth—PETER cutteth him down for his laud on his Grace of MARLBOROUGH's spy-glass discoveries, and JOHN HUNTER's fows and pheasants—Sir JOSEPH plumeth himself on Dr. BLAGDEN—PETER praiseth Dr. BLAGDEN—Sir JOSEPH praiseth Sir BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Lord MULGRAVE, and the unassuming quaker, Dr. LETTSOME; moreover praiseth the Doctor's hobby-horse, *mangel worsal*, alias *wurtzel*—Sir JOSEPH enquireth the merits of Mr. AUBERT, the silkman—PETER smileth, and answereth wittily—Sir JOSEPH enquireth about Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON—PETER answereth in like manner—Sir JOSEPH's ire boileth over—PETER laugheth—PETER cometh to the point, and telleth the President in plain terms that he must depend on the

the *many*, more than *one*, meaning our most gracious King—Sir JOSEPH exclaimeth with his usual vulgarity, and taxeth the revolting members with ingratitude, and flieth to meat and drink for his future supporters—PETER praiseth meat and drink, yet insisteth on the truth of an intended rebellion—Sir JOSEPH, in a strain of despondency, looketh to the Lord for support—PETER giveth him no hopes from that quarter—Sir JOSEPH, in a tiger-like manner, breaketh out into rage and boasting—PETER acknowledgeth his merits, but informeth the President of their insufficiency—Sir JOSEPH voweth to play the devil—PETER exalteth Sir JOSEPH's intended manœuvre, by a comparison of a miracle frequently worked in Popish countries on rats and grasshoppers—PETER still harpeth on the old string of *something more*—Sir JOSEPH adduceth more instances of merit, such as eating matters that would make a *Hottentot* vomit—PETER acknowledgeth Sir JOSEPH's uncommon stomach-powers and triumph over reptiles; but with obstinacy insisteth upon it that something more must be achieved—The President, upon this, most wickedly, yet most heroically, declareth, that he will then swallow an alligator—PETER dissuadeth Sir JOSEPH, like a friend, from his bold intention, and recommendeth a meal of a milder quality.

PETER'S

PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET.

THE BARD who, fill'd with Friendship's purest fire,
 Tun'd to a MIGHTY KING the moral lyre,
 With all the magic of the Muse's art,
 Smil'd at his foibles, and enlarg'd his heart,
 Ungrateful Prince! like most of modern times,
 Who never thank'd the Poet for his rhymes:
 The BARD, with Wisdom's voice sublimely strong,
 Who scar'd the maids of honour with his song,
 Turn'd courtiers pale, and turn'd to silent wonder
 Ambassadors, at TRUTH's deep tone of thunder;
 Who in *their* country (such a timid thing!)
 Was never known to *whisper* to a king:

The

• Verily the LYRIC BARD hath cause of triumph—by means
 of a few *hints*, the close fist of *Royal Economy* hath been a little
 unclenched. By God's grace, and the Poet's good health,
greater things are likely to be accomplished; such is the power
 of *song*!

The BARD who dar'd undaunted thus to tow'r,
 And boldly oracles to princes pour,
 Stoops from the zenith of his eagle flight
 To give instruction to a *simple* Knight.

To CÆSAR, who th' advice with scorn repaid,
 "Beware the *Ides of March*," a conj'ror said.
 More rev'renc'd let a *greater* conj'ror say,
 "Beware, Sir JOSEPH BANKS, *St. Andrew's Day*."
 Near is the gloomy month, and gloomy hour,
 When, of your plumage stripp'd, and fav'rite pow'r,
 You quit that mace and pompous chair of state,
 And cease Lord Paramount of Moth debate,
 That awe-inspiring hammer'd fist to rear,
 Like scepter'd Jove, and SOYIA the AUCTIONEER!

SIR JOSEPH.

Well! what's *November's** gloomy month or hour?
 The day which *ravages*, *restores* my pow'r.

PETER.

Perchance AMBITION may be doom'd to mourn!

Perchance your honours may no more return!

Think

* On the thirtieth of November the President is annually chosen.

Think what a host of enemies you make!
 What feeling mind would be a BULL at stake?
 Pinch'd by *this* mongrel, by *that* mastiff torn;
 Who'd make a feast to treat the public scorn?
 Who'd be a BEAR that grasps his club with pride,
 With which his *dancing-master* drubs his hide?
 None, dear Sir JOSEPH, but the arrant't fool
 Turns butt to feel the shafts of ridicule.

SIR JOSEPH.

Your meaning, friend, I easily divine!

PETER.

Yes, quit for life the chair—resign, resign.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! with contempt the grinning world I see,
 And always laugh at *those* who laugh at me.

PETER.

Dear Sir Joseph, may I never thrive
 But you must be the *merriest man alive*.

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

Good!—but, my friend, 'twould be a black November,
 To lose the chair, and sneak a vulgar member;
 Sit on a bench *mumchance* without my hat*,
 Sunk from a lion to a tame Tom cat:
 Just like a schoolboy trembling o'er his book,
 Afraid to move, or speak, or think, or look,
 When Mister PRESIDENT, with mastiff air,
 Vouchsafes to grumble "Silence" from the chair.

PETER.

All this is mortifying to be sure,
 And more than flesh and blood can well endure!
 Then to your turnip-fields in peace retire:
 Return, like CINCINNATUS, country squire:
 Go with your wisdom, and amaze the Boors
 With apple-tree, and shrub, and flow'r amours;
 And tell them all, with wide-mouth'd wonder big,
 How gnats † can make a cuckold of a fig.
 Form fly-clubs, shell-clubs, weed-clubs, if you please,
 And proudly reign the PRESIDENT of *these*:
 Go,

* The President always wears his hat.

† See the Natural History of the Fig.

Go, and with periwinkle wisdom charm;
 With loves of lobsters, oysters, crabs, alarm;
 And tell them how, like *ours*, the females woo'd,
 By kissing, people all the realms of mud:
 Thus, though proud LONDON dares refuse you fame,
 The Towns of LINCOLNSHIRE shall raise your name;
 Knock down the bull, the magpie, calf, and king,
 And bid *Sir Joseph* on their signposts swing.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! since I've fairly mounted FORTUNE's mast,
 Till FATE shall chop my hands off, I'll hold fast.

PETER.

And yet, Sir Joseph, FAME reports, you stole
 To FORTUNE's topmast through the *lubberhole**.
 Think of the men, whom SCIENCE so reveres!
 HORSLEY, and WILSON, MASKELYNE, MASERES,
 LANDEN, and HORNSBY, ATWOOD, GLENIE, HUT-
 TON—

SIR JOSEPH.

Blockheads! for whom I do not care a button!

Fools!

* A part of the ship well known to new seamen.

Fools, who to *mathematics* would confine us,
And *botber* all our ears with *plus* and *minus*.

PETER.

No more they search the philosophic mine,
To bid the journals with their labours shine,
And yield a glorious splendor to the page,
Such as when NEWTON, HALLEY grac'd the age!
Retir'd, those members now behold with sighs
The dome, like Egypt, swarm with frogs and flies;
And *you*, the PHARAOH too without remorse,
The stubborn parent of the reptile curse;
See WISDOM yield to FOLLY's rude control;
JOVE's eagle murder'd by a mousing owl.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! poh! my friend, I've star-gazers enough;
I now look round for diff'rent kind of stuff:
Besides—*untitled* members are mere swine;
I wish for *princes* on my list to shine:
I'll have a company of stars and strings;
I'll have a proud society of *kings*!
I'll have no miserable squeal *tomtit*,
Whilst FORTUNE offers *pheasants* to my spit!

For me, the Dev'l may take a nameless fry—
No sprats, no sprats, whilst whales can fill my eye.

P E T E R.

Thus on a stall, amidst a country fair,
Old women show of gingerbread their ware!
King DAVID and Queen BETHSHEBA behold,
Strut from their dough majestic, grac'd with gold!
King SOLOMON so great, in all his glory!
The Queen of SHEBA too, renown'd in story!
The grannies these display with doating eyes;
Delighted see them all the louts surprise;
Whilst no poor bak'd *plebeian*, great or small,
Dares show his sneaking nose upon the stall!

Sir JOSEPH, do not fancy, that by fate
Great wisdom goes with titles and estate!
I grant that pride and insolence appear
Where purblind FORTUNE thousands gives a year.
Too many of FORTUNE's insects have I seen,
Proud of some little name, with scornful mien,
High o'er the head of modest GANIMS rise,
Pert, foppish, whiffing, butt'ring butterflies!
Weak imps! on whom, their planets all so kind,
In pity to their poverty of mind,

Around, her treasure bountifully shed,
Convinc'd the fools would want a bit of bread.

SIR JOSEPH.

Since truth *must* out, then know, my biting friend,
Philosophers my soul with horror rend;
Whene'er their mouths are open'd, I am mum—
Plague take 'em, should a *President* be dumb?
I loath the arts—the universe may know it:
I hate a painter, and I hate a poet.
To these two ears, a bear, *MARCHESI* growls;
MARA and *BILLINGTON*, a brace of owls.
To circles of pure ignorance conduct me;
I hate the company that can *instruct* me;
I wish to imitate my King so *nice*,
Great Prince! who ne'er was known to take advice!
Who keeps no company (delightful plan!)
That dares be wiser than himself, good man!

PETER.

In troth, Sir JOSEPH, I have often seen ye
Look in debate a *little* like a ninny,
Struggling to grasp the sense with mouth, hands, eyes,
And with the philosophic Speaker rise

Around

I

Just

Just like a spider brush'd by SUSAN's broom,
That tries to claw its thread, and mount the room;
Poor sprawling reptile, but with humbled air
Condemn'd to sneak away behind a chair.

SIR JOSEPH.

Still to the point—a rout let *fellows* make;
My pow'r is too well fix'd for *such* to shake;
My sure artill'ry hath o'ercome a *host*.

PETER.

I own the great, past pow'rs of tea and toast!
Ven'son's a CÆSAR in the fiercest fray;
Turtle! an ALEXANDER in its way:
And then, in quarrels of a *slighter* nature,
Mutton's a most successful mediator!
So much superior is the stomach's smart
To all the vaunted horrors of the heart;
E'en LOVE, who often triumphs in his grief,
Hath ceas'd to feed on sighs, to pant on beef.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yes, yes, my friend, my tea and butter'd rolls
Have found an easy pass to people's souls:

I 2

My

My well-tim'd dinners (*certain folks* revere) still find
 Have left this easy bosom nought to fear.
 The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
 Lies through their guts, or I mistake mankind;
 Besides, whilst thus I boast my *Sov'reign's* smile,
 Let raggamuffins rage, and rogues revile.

P E T E R.

Alas! Sir JOSEPH! grant the KING you please,
 Which ev'ry courtier's eye with envy sees;
 A glorious thing too, no man can deny it;
 Though no man ever got a *suspence* by it;
 Yet of our lucky island, *certain* KINGS,
 Far from *all-mighty*, are not *mighty* things:
 And though with many a wren you make him blest,
 And many a tomtit's egg and tomtit's nest;
 And many a monkey stuff'd to make him grin,
 And many a flea and beetle on a pin;
 And promise (to cajole the royal mind)
 To make his butcher, member, and his hind;
 It is not *be*, with Polyphemus stare,
 And stern command, *perpetuates* the Chair!
 I know that disaffection taints the throng,
 And know the world is *lavish* in its tongue.

yM

2 I

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

Ah! tell me fairly without more delay,
 What 'tis the blackguard world hath dar'd to say:
 Perhaps a pretty devil I'm pourtray'd;
 The world's free brush deals damnably in *shade*.

PETER.

Thus, then, "How dares that man his carcase squat,
 " Bold, in the sacred chair where *Newton* sat;
 " Whose eye could NATURE'S darkest veil pervade,
 " And, fun-like, view the solitary MAID;
 " Pursue the wand'rer through each secret maze,
 " And on her labours pour a noontide blaze?
 " When to the chair BANKS forc'd his bold ascent,
 " He crawl'd a *bug* upon the monument."

SIR JOSEPH.

Curse them!—

PETER.

Have patience, dear Sir Joseph, pray!
 I have not mention'd half the people say:—

Thus then again, "He beats the bears, so rude,
 " With bulldog aspect, and with brains of mud:

1-2

"His

" His words, like stones for pavements, make us start ;
 " Rude, roughly rumbling, tumbling from the cart ;
 " Who for importance all his lungs employs,
 " And thinks that words, like drums, were made for noise ;
 " A fellow so unqualified to shine !
 " Who never to the Journals gave a line ;
 " But into SWEDEN cast a fox-like look,
 " And caught Goofe DRYANDER to write his book.*
 " Such is the *mania* for the claps of Fame,
 " So sought by many a 'squire and gentle dame,
 " Resembling beggars that on alms grow fat ;
 " Who, if too weak *themselves* to make a brat,
 " Buy children up to melt the trav'ler's eye,
 " And from his pocket call the charity,
 " Through *him* each trifle-hunter that can bring
 " A grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle's wing,
 " Shall to a FELLOW's dignity succeed ;
 " Witness Lord CHATHAM and his *pist-a-bed*†

" How

* A most pompous birth in the botanical way is to make its appearance soon ; Sir Joseph the reputed father, though Jonas Dryander, the Swede, his secretary, begets it.

† *Vulgarly* called *Dandelion*. Something of this kind (a most wonderful species!) was presented by the eldest-born of the great PITT, for which he was created F. R. S.

- " How had he pow'rs to muster up the face
 " To ask a PRESIDENT's important place?
 " How with a matchless insolence to dare
 " Abuse and jostle PRINGLE* from the chair?
 " A moth-hunter, a crab-catcher, a bat
 " That owes its sole subsistence to a gnat!
 " A hunter of the meanest reptile breed,
 " A fool that crosses oceans for a weed!

I 4

" Once

• About the year 1779, conductors were ordered to be placed near all our magazines, to secure them from the effects of lightning. A question then arose, *which* would best succeed, *blunt* or *pointed* conductors. Sir John Pringle, with the sensible part of the Society, were of opinion, as, indeed, was Dr. Franklin, that points were preferable—Sir Joseph Banks and his party roared loudly for the *blunts*.—The dispute ran so high, that his Majesty took a part in it; and being rather *partial* to *blunt* conductors, thought to put an end to the matter by giving his own peremptory decision, and announcing to the world the superiority of *NOBS*. To confirm his *great* and *wise* opinion, *NOBS* were actually fixed on iron rods at the end of Buckingham House. This, however, was not all; on the birth-day, his Majesty desired Sir John to give it to the world as the opinion of the Royal Society, that Dr. Franklin was *wrong*. The President replied, like a man, that it was not in his power to reverse the order of Nature. The Sovereign could not easily *see that*, and therefore *repeated* his commands.—Teazed by the King from time to time to oppose the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin, and the laws of Nature; and constantly barked at by Sir Joseph and his moth-hunting phalanx; he resigned the chair, and returned to Scotland.—The honour was instantaneously snapped at, and caught by the present possessor, *such* as he is!

" Once tow'ring SCIENCE made Crane-court * her
 home,
 " And heav'n-born WISDOM paroniz'd the dome;
 " With awful aspect at the portal shone,
 " And to her mansion woo'd the wise alone:
 " Now at the door see moon-ey'd FOLLY grin,
 " Inviting birds-nest hunters to come in;
 " Idiots who specks on eggs devoutly ken,
 " And furbish up a folio on a wren."

You see the world, Sir JOSEPH, scorns to flatter—

SIR JOSEPH.

By G-d! I think it hath not minc'd the matter.

Yet, by the Pow'r who made me, PETER, know,

I'm honour'd, star'd at, wherefoe'er I go!

Soon as a room I enter, lo, all ranks

Get up to compliment Sir JOSEPH BANKS!—

PETER.

And then sit down again, I do suppose;

And then around the room a whisper goes,

" Lord,

* The rooms of the Royal Society are removed from Crane-court to Somerset-place.

" Lord, that's Sir JOSEPH BANKS!—how grand his
—look!

" Who fail'd all round the world with Captain Cook!"

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! what the devil's fame, if this be *not*?

PETER.

Sir JOSEPH, prithee don't be such a sot—

Those wonderful admirers, man, were dozens

Of fresh-imported, staring country cousins,

To London come, the waxwork to devour,

And see their brother *beasts* within the Tow'r.

True fame is praise by men of *wisdom* giv'n,

Whose souls display some workmanship of Heav'n;

Not by the wooden million—Nature's chips,

Whose twilight souls are ever in *eclipse*;

Puppies! who, though on idiotism's dark brink,

Because they've *beads*, dare fancy they can *think*.

SIR JOSEPH.

What though unletter'd,* I can lead the herd,

And laugh at half the members to their beard.

Frequent

* In spite of our objection to Sir Joseph as a President, we must allow his candour in acknowledging himself *unlettered*, as he really was refused his degree at CAMBRIDGE, though every interest was implored to make him pass muster.

Frequent to Court I go; and, 'midst the ring,
I catch most gracious whispers from the KING—

PETER.

And well (I think) I hear each precious speech,
In sentiment sublime, and language rich;

"What's new, Sir JOSEPH? what, what's new found out?

"What's the society, what, what about?

"Any more monsters, lizard, monkey, rat,

"Egg, weed, mouse, butterfly, pig, what, what, what?

"Toad, spider, grasshopper, Sir JOSEPH BANKS?

"Any more thanks, more thanks, more thanks, more
thanks?

"You still eat * raw flesh, beetle, viper, bat,

"Toad, tadpole, frog, Sir Joseph—what, what, what?"

Such is the language of the *first* of Kings,
That many a fighting heart with envy stings!
And much I'm pleas'd to fancy that I hear
Such wise and gracious whispers greet your ear:

Yet if the greater part of members growl,
Though owls themselves, and curse *you* for an owl,

And

* Ambitious of an *uncommon* path to the temple of FAME,
which no man besides himself *dared* to tread, the KNIGHT often
exercised his teeth in such repasts, before a number of *wondering*
spectators.

And bent the great Sir JOSEPH BANKS to humble,
Behold the GIANT PRESIDENT must tumble.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! Sir, the GREAT-ONES to my whistle come:
I have 'em ev'ry one beneath my thumb.

ELECTORS, MARGRAVES, PRINCES, grace my list:
And shall a few poor *ragged rogues* resist,
Because (a flock of astronomic gulls!)
The cobweb *mathematics* cloud their skulls?
The GREAT, when beckon'd to, my cause shall aid,
And, happy, think themselves with *thanks* o'erpaid:
These shall arise, and, with a single frown,
Beat the bold front of OPPOSITION down.

PETER.

Thus, by a word, the SHOWMAN at the Tow'r
Exerts on brother savages his pow'r;
Bids NERO, CÆSAR, POMPEY, spread their paws,
And show the horrors of their gaping jaws!

SIR JOSEPH.

By heav'ns! I've merit, say whate'er you please!
Can name the vegetable tribes with ease.
What monkey walks the woods, or climbs a tree,
Whose genealogy's unknown to me?

PETER.

P E T E R.

I grant you, Sir, in monkey knowledge great;
 Yet say, should monkeys give you *Newton's* seat?
 Such merit scarcely is enough to dub
 A man a member of a country club.

With novel specks on eggs to feast the eye;
 Or gaudy colours of a butterfly;
 Or new-found fibre of some grassy blade,
 Well suits the idle hours of some *old maid*,
 (Whose sighs each lover's vanish'd sighs deplore)
 To murder time when *Cupids* kill no more;
 Not *men*, who, lab'ring with a Titan mind,
 Should scale the skies to benefit mankind.

I grant you full of anecdote, my friend—
Bons mots, and wond'rous stories without end;
 Yet if a tale can claim, or jest so rare,
Ten thousand gossips might demand the chair.

To shoot at boobies,* noddies, with such luck,
 And pepper a poor Indian like a duck;

* "Great and manifold were Sir Joseph's triumphs over these defenceless animals," says Dr. Hawksworth's most miserable account; which might more properly be christened, "The History of Sir Joseph Banks," so much, indeed, is Sir Joseph the hero of the tale.

To hunt for days a lizard or a gnat,
 And run a dozen miles to catch a bat;
 To plunge in marshes, and to scale the rocks,
 Sublime, for scurvygrafs and lady-smocks*,
 Are matters of proud triumph, to be sure,
 And such as FAME's fair volume should secure;
 Yet, to my mind, it is not such a feat,
 As gives a man a claim to *Newton's* seat.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yet are there men of genius who support me!
 Proud of my friendship, see Sir *William* court me!

PETER.

Great in the eating knowledge, all allow;
 Who sent you once the *sumen* of a sow;†
 Far richer food than pigs that lose their breath,
 Whipp'd, like poor soldiers on parades, to death.

SIR

* See Hawksworth's account of Captain Cook's Voyage.

† Sir W. HAMILTON, who sent Sir Joseph from Italy this precious present. The mode of making it properly is, by tying the teats of a sow, soon after she hath littered; continuing the ligature till the poor creature is nearly exhausted with torture, and then cutting her throat. The effects of the milk diffused through this belly part, are so delicious, as to be thought ample atonement for the barbarity.

Sir WILLIAM! hand and glove with NAPLES KING!
 Who made with rare antiques the nation ring;
 Who, when Vesuvius foam'd with melted matter,
 March'd up and clapp'd his nose into the crater;
 Just with the same *sang-froid* that JOAN the cook
 Casts on her dumplings in the pot a look.

But more the world reports (I hope untrue),
 That half Sir WILLIAM's Mugs and Gods are *new*;
Himself the baker of th' Etrurian ware,
 That made our British antiquarians stare;
 Nay, that he means ere long to cross the main,
 And at his Naples oven sweat again;
 And, by his late successes render'd bolder,
 To bake *new* mugs, and gods some ages *older*!

SIR JOSEPH.

God bless us! what to *Herschel* dare you say,
 The astronomic genius of the day,
 Who soon will find more wonders in the skies,
 And with more *Georgium Sidus* surprise?

PETER.

More *Ætnas* in the moon—*more* cinder loads!
 Perhaps mail-coaches on her turnpike roads,

By

By some great LUNAR PALMER taught to fly,
 To gain the gracious glances of the eye
 Of some *penurious* man of high degree,
 And charm the monarch with a *postage free*;
 Such as to CHELT'NAM waters urg'd their way,
 Where CLOACINA holds her *easy* sway;
 Where paper-mills shall load with wealth the town,
 And ev'ry shop shall deal in *whitish brown*;
 Where for the coach the KING was wont to watch,
 Loaded with fish, fowl, bacon, and dispatch;*
 Eggs and small beer, potatoes, too, a store,
 That cost in CHELT'NAM market twopence more;
 Converting thus a coach of matchless art,
 With two rare geldings, to a *sutler's cart*.
 But, voluble Sir Joseph—not so fast—
 The fame of HERSCHEL is a dying blast:
 When on the moon he first began to peep,
 The wond'ring world pronounc'd the gazer, *deep*;

But,

* Mr. PALMER very *generously* offered his SOVEREIGN a mail-coach to carry letters and dispatches to and from Cheltenham. The offer was *too great* to be refused—a splendid carriage was built for the occasion: his most economic Majesty, however, wisely knowing that something more than a few letters might be contained in Mr. Palmer's vehicle, converted it, as the poet hath observed, into a cart, and saved many a sixpence.

But wiser now th' *un*-wond'ring world, alas!
 Gives all poor **HERSCHEL's** glory to his *glafs*;
 Convinc'd his boasted *astronomic* strength
 Lies in his *tube's*,* not *head's enormous* length.

SIR JOSEPH,

What, niggard! not on *Herschel* fame bestow,
 So curious a discov'rer?—

PETER.

No! man, no!

Give it to **MUDGE**,† whose head contains more
 Than (trust me) ever lodg'd in **HERSCHEL's** house.

SIR JOSEPH.

Lo, at my call the noble **MARLB'ROUGH's** vote,
 Whose observations much our fame promote.

PETER.

Who from his **Blenheim** chimneys wonders spies—
 The *daily advertiser* of the skies:

Who

* We would not detract from Mr. **HERSCHEL's** *real* merit.—
 By a true German cart-house labour, he made a little improve-
 ment on Dr. **MUDGE's** method of constructing mirrors; such are
 this gentleman's pretensions to a niche in the temple of **FAME**.—
 As for his mathematical abilities, they can scarcely be called
 the *shadow* of Science.

† Dr. **MUDGE** of Plymouth.

Who equals his great ancestor in head;
 A hero* who could neither write nor read:
 Thus equal form'd, to all the world's surprise;
 As one *swept* earth, the other *sweeps* the skies.

SIR JOSEPH.

HUNTER † with fish intrigues our house regales—

PETER.

The tender history of cooing whales! ‡—

SIR JOSEPH.

Great in the noble art of gelding sows!—

PETER.

And giving to the boar a barren spouse!
 Who proves, what many unbelievers shocks,
 That age converts *ben* pheasants into *cocks*!

VOL. II.

K

And

* The famous Duke of Marlborough was reported to have been an illiterate man; which shows that a headpiece for the arts and sciences, and a headpiece for facing cannon-balls, are wisely formed of *different* materials.

† John Hunter actually received the Society's gold medal for three papers, viz. on sow-gelding; on the wolf, jackall, and dog; *proving incontestably*, what the world knew before, that the aforesaid animals were *bonâ fide* of the same species: also on the loves of whales.

‡ See article 30, 1780, in the Philosophical Transactions, where Mr. John Hunter gives a wonderful account of a pheasant with three legs, that by age changed from a *female* to a *male*.

And why not, since it is deny'd by no man
That age hath made JOHN HUNTER an OLD WOMAN?

Believe me, full as well might Papists bring
Quills from a SERAPH's tail, or CHERUB's wing;
Saint DUNSTAN's crab stick, which the SAINT uncivil
Broke on the back of our great foe the DEVIL;
SAINT ANDREW's toe, SAINT AGATHA's old smock,
And stones that rattled round SAINT STEPHEN's block;
SAINT JOSEPH's sighs so deep, preserv'd in bottles,
Amounting, legends say, to many pottles;
Caught as the SAINT, with all his might and main,
Was cleaving billets, for his fire, in twain;
Or bones* from Catacombs to form new saints,
To cure, like all quack med'cines, all complaints!
Such might the journals of the house record,
As well as HUNTER's wond'rous *cock-ben bird*.

SIR JOSEPH.

Like BLADEN who can write and deeply think?

PETER.

Who write like *him* on iron moulds and ink?†

See

* In 1672, four hundred saints were recruited; such was the extraordinary harvest of baptized and canonized bones from the Catacombs at Rome. *Vide Religious Rites and Ceremonies.*

† *Vide Article 39, 1787, of the Philos. Transf.*

See shirts and shifts, by iron-moulds that rot,
 By **BLAGDEN**'s wisdom lose each yellow spot!
 For *this*, shall laundry virgins lift their voice;
 Napkins and damask tablecloths rejoice;
 Ruffles and caps, and sheets, and pillow-cases,
 Lose their sad stains, and smile with lily faces.
 Lo! to improve of man the soaring mind,
 For sacred science, to his skin unkind,
 Did Doctor **Blagden** in an oven * bake,
 Brown as burnt coffee or a barley cake,
 Whilst, down his nose projecting, sweat in rills
 Unfav'ry flow'd like hartshorn streams from stills.

SIR JOSEPH.

Great Duckweed **THOMPSON**,† all my soul reveres!
 And **MULGRAVE** charms me with his arctic bears.
 My eyes with shells, lo! limpet **DAVIES** greets!
 And Doctor **LETTsome** with his rare horse-beets!
 Beets, that with shame our parsnips shall o'erwhelm,
 And fairly drive potatoes from the realm!

K 2

Beets!

* The Doctor's body in the hot oven, with his nose projecting from the hole for air, would be no bad subject for the graver.

† Sir Benjamin, a second Linnæus.

Beets! in whose just applauses we are hoarse all;
Such are the wond'rous pow'rs of *Mangel Worfal*.*

PETER.

Beets that shall keep gaunt FAMINE to his East,
And make him on Gentoos, as usual, feast;
Whilst ev'ry lucky BRITON that one meets
Shall strut a FALSTAFF, such the pow'r of Beets!
Beets! that must bring the Quaker wealth and fame,
And give his cheek the virgin glow of shame;
Who ne'er, meek man, was known a face to push,
Nor hear his own applause without a blush!
Beets! that shall form an *epoch* in our times,
And thus, by PETER prais'd, embalm his rhymes!

SIR JOSEPH.

Then, what of AUBERT † think you, that great man,
Whose broad eye deems creation scarce a span?

PETER.

• The more pompous name of the Beet.

† A silk-merchant, and F. R. S. who every Sunday, wet or dry, cloudy or sunshine, calm or windy, visits Greenwich, to catch the sun on the meridian. Such is this gentleman's rage for the art, that he now has at LOAMPITT-HILL, near Greenwich, two thousand pounds worth of astronomical instruments.

PETER.

Who weekly with his watch is seen to run,
 The little pupil of a Greenwich sun,
 To learn the motions of old TIME, and mock
 The *fatal* errors of each London clock.
 Thus LUBIN, from his solitary Down,
 Leads *little* LUBIN to a neighb'ring town:
 The lad with ecstacy surveys the scene;
 Then home returning, with triumphant mien,
 Corrects his mother's, sister's conversations,
 And wonder at his *ignorant* relations.
 AUBERT who meriteth indeed applause!
 Full of high-sounding phrases, and wise *saws*;
 Who from his cradle learn'd the stars to lisp,
 And to a meteor* turn'd a will-o'-wisp!

SIR JOSEPH.

Pray, then, what think ye of our famous DAINES?

PETER.

Think of a man deny'd, by Nature, *brains*!

- K 3

Whose

* One fortunate evening, as he was returning from his beloved observatory, a Jack-a-lantern sprung up and played some tricks before the philosophical filkman, whose optics, too apt to magnify objects, converted it into an amazing meteor, with which the royal journals soon after *blazed*.

Whose trash so oft the royal leaves disgraces :
 Who knows not jordan, fool ! from Roman vases !
 About old pots his head for ever puzzling,
 And boring earth, like pigs for troufles * muzzling ;
 Who likewise from old urns, to crotchets leaps,
Delights in music, and at concerts *sleeps* †.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds ! 'tis in vain, I see, to utter praise !—

PETER.

Then mention some one who *deserves* my lays.

SIR JOSEPH.

Know then, I've sent to distant parts to find
Beings the most *uncommon* of their kind :
 The greatest monsters of the land and water—

PETER.

The beautiful *deformities* of nature !

Birds

* There are pigs kept expressly for hunting troufles in some parts of England.

† Such are the powers of somnolency over Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON—at several of the Hanover-square concerts hath the LYRIC PETER seen the ANTIQUARIAN in *seeming* musical speculation, but verily amused with a most comfortable nap.

Birds without heads, and tails, and wings, and legs,
Tremendous Cyclop pigs, and speckless eggs;
Snails from Japan, and wasps, and Indian jays,
Command attention, and excite our praise:
Chopsticks and backscrapers are curious things;
Scalps, and tobacco-pipes, and Indian strings,
Such as to charm the wond'ring Cits we see,
Where DON SALTERO* gives his Sunday's tea;
Great DON SALTERO, name of high renown,
Who treats, too, with immortal rolls the town!

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches:
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish:
Rare are the talismans that drove the Devil,
And rare the bottles that contain'd old snivel.
Owls' heads, and snoring frogs, preserv'd in spirits,
Most certainly are not without their merits;
Yet these to gain, and give to public view,
Lo! PARKINSON knows full as well as you;
As did Sir ASHTON fam'd, whose mental pow'r
Just reach'd to tell us by the clock the hour.

K 4

SIR

• At Chelsea.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! p-x! don't laugh—such things are rich and
Be *something* sacred—let not *all* be farce. [scarce.

P E T E R.

Sir Joseph, I *must* laugh when things like these
Beyond *sublimities* have pow'r to please:
To crowd with such *poor littleness* your walls,
Is putting Master PUNCH into St. PAUL's.
Yet, to the point—the place on which you dote
Hath been for ever carried by the *vote*.
Know then, your *parasites* begin to bellow,
And call you openly a shallow fellow;
In vain to *smiling Majesty* you fly;
'Tis on the *many* that you must rely:
E'en *blockheads* blush, so much are they aham'd—

SIR JOSEPH.

They and their modest blushes may be d—n'd,
Ungrateful scoundrels! eat my rolls and butter,
And daring thus their insolences mutter!
Swallow my turtle and my beef by pounds,
And tear my ven'son like a pack of hounds;

Yet

Yet have the impudence, the brazen face,
 To say I am not *fitted* for the *place*!
 In God's name let my wine in *torrents* flow!
 E'en be my house a *tavern* in Soho!
 Of daily ven'son let me try the force,
 And keep an open house for man and horse.
 Oh! let me hold by *any means* the chair!—
 To keep *that* honour *every* thing I dare!

P E T E R.

I own that nothing like good cheer succeeds—
 A man's a *God* whose hog'shead freely bleeds:
 Champagne can consecrate the damned'st evil:
 A hungry Parasite adores a *Devil*;
 In radiant virtues his poor host arrays,
 And smooths him with the gossamer of praise;
 Stuff'd to the throat till repetition tires,
 And GLUTTONY's huge greasy with expires;
Apostate then, the knave denies his church,
 And leaves his Saint, with laughter, in the *lurch*.

In short, your gormandizers and your drinkers
 Quit their old faith, and turn out rank free-thinkers.

Dead is the novelty of fine fat haunches,
 And truth no longer sacrific'd to paunches:
 Asham'd, at length, the sad, repentant SINNERS
 All blush to barter flatt'ry for good dinners:
 No charms surround the knocker of your door,
 That beam'd with honour, but now beams no more!

SIR JOSEPH.

Betray'd by those on whom my all depends!—

PETER.

Betray'd, like CÆSAR, by his bosom friends!

SIR JOSEPH.

Though man, ungrateful man, his aid deny;
 The Pow'r whose wisdom rules yon lofty sky,
 May grant his gracious and protecting pow'r,
 And aid my efforts in the trying hour!

PETER.

Left by your earthly friends, I fear your pray'rs,
 Most *pious* PRESIDENT, won't *mend* affairs:
 The Pow'r, you mention, with all-seeing eyes,
 Well knows your little rev'rence for his *skies*.*

Thus

* The Poet here most facetiously and beautifully alludes to the secession of the astronomical geniuses from the Society.

Thus may your pray'rs be vain, however hearty;
 Besides, HEAV'N oft'nest joins the *strongest* party.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sblood! have I practis'd ev'ry art in vain?
 Undaunted fac'd the dangers of the main?—

PETER.

And fac'd QUEEN OBOREA in the boat,
 And lost your shoes and stockings, and your coat:
 A circumstance that much the tale enriches,
 But providentially preserv'd your breeches!
 For unknown weeds, dar'd unknown paths explore,
 And frighten'd cannibals from shore to shore;
 On each new island clapp'd King George's seal,
 A sharp impression too of *hardest steel*;
 Whilst witness Pistol and his brother Gun
 Look'd with a *pointed* approbation on
 A decent method of appropriation,
 And adding glory to the British nation!
 True, you have try'd to be as great as HE,
 The vent'rous TROJAN, sport of wind and sea,
 Who left old Troy, his parish, far from home,
 To find a lodging for imperial Rome:—

Yet are those feats what vulgars term *a bore*;
 Stale stuff—the Members look for something more.
 I grant, you naked with your servants pranc'd,
 To show how folks at Otaheité danc'd:
 And much the smiling audience you amus'd,
 Though DECENCY, indeed, the dance abus'd:
 SHE, blushing damsel, turn'd her head aside,
 And wish'd a whip to ev'ry hopping hide.
 Grant that you sent, to charm the public eye,
 Egyptian stones,* that form'd for hogs a sty;
 With seeming hieroglyphics on their faces,
 That prov'd unfortunately pigs'-feet traces:
 Yet lo! like bullocks in a fair, they roar,
 Or vacate bid you, or do something more.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sdeath, then, I'll spit in ev'ry blockhead's face;
 Kick them, and purge the dwelling from disgrace.

PETER.

* Sir Joseph sent some *curious* Egyptian stones to the British Museum; such was his zeal for the honour of Hieroglyphics: but, as that building possesses already as much of the *antique* as it can well *authenticate*, they were returned in a cart upon his hands.

P E T E R.

Thus when a host of grasshoppers and rats,
 By men undaunted, unabash'd by cats,
 In hopping and in running legions pours,
 Affrights the Papists, and their grass devours;
 Lo, arm'd with pray'rs to thunder in their ears,
 A BISHOP boldly meets the buccaneers;
 Sprinkles his holy water on the sod,
 And drives, and damns them in the name of God!*

You purge the tainted dwelling from disgrace,
 By boldly spitting in each Member's face!
 Where, *sweet* Sir Joseph, will you find the spittle,
 Since what would float the ALBION † were *too little*?

With solemn, sentimental step, so slow,
 I see you through the streets of London go,
 With

* This is actually done in Roman Catholic countries by order of the church. In some places two attorneys are employed in the affair of the grasshoppers; one for the grasshoppers, the other for the people: but it is the fate of the grasshoppers to have the worst of it, as they are always *anathematized*, and ordered to be excommunicated if they do not quit the place within a certain number of days.

† One of our first-rates.

With poring, studious, staring, earth-nail'd eye,
 As heedless of the mob that bufiles by.
 This *was* a scheme of wisdom, let me say;
 But lo, this trap for fame hath had its day;
 And let me tell you, what I've urg'd before,
 The restless Members look for something *more*.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! ha'nt I swallow'd raw flesh like a hound?
 On vilest reptiles rung the changes round?
 Eat ev'ry filthy insect you can mention;
 Tarts made of grasshoppers, my own invention?
 Frogs; tadpoles by the spoonful, long-tail'd imps;
 And munch'd cockchafers just like prawns or shrimps?

PETER.

In troth, I've seen you many a reptile eat,
 And heard you call the dirty dish a treat;
 Oft have I seen you meals on monkeys make;
 Nay, Hercules surpass—*devour* your SNAKE;
 And make as little of a toad or viper,
 As pelicans of mack'rel or a piper;
 And wriggling round your mouth its little claws,
 Have heard a bat cry "Murder!" in your jaws:
 Yet, hear, Sir Joseph, what I've said before,
 The blushing Members look for something more.

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

Hell seize the pack!—unconscionable dogs!—
 Snakes, spiders, beetles, chaffers, tadpoles, frogs,
 All swallow'd to display what *man* can *do*,
 And must the villains *still* have somethink *new*?—
 Tell, then, each pretty PRESIDENT CREATOR,
 G—d d-mn him, that I'll eat an *Alligator*!

PETER.

Sir Joseph, pray don't eat an Alligator—
 Go swallow somewhat of a *softer* nature;
 Feast on the arts and sciences, and learn
 Sublimity from trifle to discern:
 With shells, and flies, and daisies, cover'd o'er,
 Let pert QUEEN FIDDLEFADDLE rule no more:
 Thus shall PHILOSOPHY her suffrage yield,
 Sir JOSEPH wear his hat,* and hammer wield;
 No more shall WISDOM on the Journals stare,
 Nor NEWTON's † image blush behind the CHAIR.

* The President has the inestimable and sole privilege of sitting covered at the Royal Society's meetings.—The hammer forms a part of the *regalia*, to command silence, and rouse the Members from their happy slumbers, whilst their Secretary, Dr. Blagden, proclaims *rare news* from the moth, bat, butterfly, and spider countries.

† The picture of this great man is immediately behind the chair of the PRESIDENT.

And now the villain has been found out
 All followed to display what was the
 And now the villain has been found out
 All followed to display what was the
 And now the villain has been found out
 All followed to display what was the

And now the villain has been found out
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THE ARGUMENT

PETER'S PENSION:

A SOLEMN EPISTLE

TO

A SUBLIME PERSONAGE.

"My heart is inditing of a good matter—I speak of the things which I have
made, unto the KING. PSALM xiv.

"Non possum tecum vivere, nec sine te."

VOL. II. Peter's Pension. L

PETER'S PENSION:

A SOLEMN EPISTLE

TO

A SURRENDER PERSONAGE.

My heart is longing for a good nation—
I have seen the light.

“The light of the world is the light of the world.”

Vol. II.

THE ARGUMENT.

A GRAND *Exordium*, containing news from *Jericho*—PETER informeth MAJESTY of the great noise on their respective accounts—and talketh of SAMPSON and DALILAH—The London *Coffe-bouses* and the *Royal Exchange*—PETER explaineth the cause of the great noise, and *ejaculateth*—talketh of preparations at the Palace for his disgrace and murder—PETER informeth MAJESTY of what MAJESTY hath been informed—complaineth that he hath been pictured a downright *devil*—beggeth that a proper inquiry may be instituted—PETER pronounceth himself no *devil*—PETER writeth *soft sonnets*, to prove that he hath not a *hard* heart.

PETER talketh of courtiers and court matters—of what the world wickedly sayeth of him—PETER cannot convince the world—mentioneth the despondence of the news-papers, magazines, and reviews—also the famine in poetry—PETER exculpate MAJESTY—PETER refuseth modestly—hinteth at Royal misfortunes, *diamonds*, *nabobs*, and an action of *trover*—PETER prophesieth mournfully—giveth the history of NEBUCHAD-NEZZAR's grass diet—PETER affordeth good reasons for refusing a pension—relateth an anecdote of a dead *archbishop*—formeth a scheme for universal happiness, by discovering SIN and SHAME to be a pair of *impossors*, and for making mournful *Sunday* merry—PETER outdoeth old poets in *egotism*—condemneth Mistress DAMER, the great *she-statuary*, for attempting our most sublime SOVEREIGN—PETER, like many *authors*, exhibiteth prodigious acquaintance with ancient literature, by mentioning the names of JUPITER, PHIDIAS, PRAXITELES, VIRGIL, and AUGUSTUS CÆSAR—PETER puffeth again—PETER produceth a tale about MAJESTY, Mr. ROBINSON, ALDERMAN SKINNER, and choaked *sheep*—also a tale of MAJESTY and Parson YOUNG, whose neck was unfortunately unhinged at a hunt.

PETER still hankereth after pensions—declaimeth on the powers of poetry, as also on *his own* miraculous powers—PETER professeth independency, and great capability of making a hearty mutton-bone dinner like Andrew Marvel—PETER distrusteth his fortitude—quoteth Opposition men for pitiful desertion of principle, and descanteth on money—PETER telleth an apposite tale of Lady Huntington's Parson, a dog, and a 'squire.

PETER quoteth the *wind* and Mr. EDEN—exhibiteth more symptoms of pension-love—concludeth in a foam against *knights*.

PETER'S PENSION.

DREAD SIR, the rams horns that blew down
The walls of JERICO's old town,
Made a most monstrous uproar, all agree:
But lo! a louder noise around us rages,
About two most important personages;
No less, my Royal LIEGE, than *You and Me!*
In short, not greater the PHILISTINES made
When DALILAH, a little artful jade,
(Indeed a very pretty girl)
Snipp'd off her lover Mr. SAMPSON's curl,
Who well repaid the clamours of the bears,
By pulling down the house about their ears.

Prodigious is the shake around!
Still LONDON keeps (thank God) her ground;
Yet, how th' EXCHANGE and COFFEE-HOUSES ring!
Nothing is heard but PETER and the KING:
The handsome bar-maids stare, as mute as fishes;
And fallow waiters, frighten'd, drop their dishes!

At first 'twas thought the triumph of the Jews

On some great vict'ry in the boxing way :

The news, the very anti-christian news,

Of ISRAEL'S HERO* having won the day ;

And HUMPHRIES, a true Christian boxer, beat :

Enough to give all CHRISTENDOM a sweat.

Again, 'twas thought great news of the Grand Turk,

Who on his hands hath got some serious work :

'Twas fancied he had lost the day ;

That ev'ry Mussulman was kill'd in battle,

A fate most proper for such heathen cattle,

Who do not pray to God our way.

But lo ! unto the lofty skies,

Of found this wonderful ascension,

Doth verily, my Liege, from this arise ;

That you have giv'n the gentle Bard a pension !

Great is the shout indeed, Sir, all abroad,

That you have order'd me this handsome thing ;

On which, with lifted eyes, I've said, " Good God !

" Though great my merits, yet how great the King !"

And yet, believe me, Sir, I lately heard,

That all your doors were doubly lock'd and barr'd

Against

• Mendoza.

Against the POET, for his tuneful art;
 And that the tall, stiff, stately red machines,
 Your grenadiers, the guards of Kings and Queens,
 Were order'd all to stab me to the heart:

That, if to House of BUCKINGHAM I came,
 Commands so dread were giv'n to Mistress BRIGG,
 A comely, squabby, stout, two-handed dame,
 To box the POET's ears, and pull his wig;
 The cooks to spit him—curry him, the grooms;
 And *kitchen queens* to baste him with their brooms.

You're told that in my ways I'm very evil!

So ugly! fit to travel for a show;

And that I look all grimly where I go!

Just like a devil!

With horns, and tail, and hoofs, that make folks start;
 And in my breast a millstone for a heart!

This cometh from a certain painter, SIRE;

Bid story-mouling NICOLAY inquire;

Your Page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes;

Who, jumping at each sound, so eager opes

His pretty wither'd pair of *Chinese* chops,

Like a Dutch dog that leaps at butterflies.

He, SIRE, will look me o'er, and will not fail

To swear that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord! Lord! these sayings grieve me and surprise!

Dread Sir, don't see with other people's eyes—

No dev'l am I, with horns, and tail, and hoofs:

As for the likeness of my heart to stone;

No, Sir, 'tis full as tender as your own:

Accept, my Liege, some simple love-sick proofs.

FOR CYNTHIA.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,

That a coldness will creep o'er my heart;

That a fullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye,

When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O CYNTHIA, that gladden my day,

And brighten the gloom of the night,

Till life be extinguish'd, from memory stray,

Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, shall GRATITUDE say with a tear,

“ That no longer I think of those charms

“ Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,

“ And faded at length in my arms?”

Why

Why yes! it may happen, thou Damsel divine:

To be honest—I freely declare,

That e'en *now* to thy converse so much I incline,

I *already* forget thou art *fair*.

TO LAURA.

HOW happy was my morn of love,

When first thy beauty won my heart!

How guiltless of a wish to rove!

I deem'd it more than death to part!

Whene'er from *thee* I chanc'd to stray,

How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,

That spread with flow'rs my distant way,

And show'r'd delight on every scene!

But FORTUNE, envious of my joys,

Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms;

From me thy sweetest smile decoys,

And gives thee to another's arms.

Yet, though *my* tears are doom'd to flow,

May tears be never LAURA's lot!

Let LOVE protect *thy* heart from woe;

His wound to *mine* shall be forgot.

HYMN TO MODESTY.

O! MODESTY, thou shy and blushful maid,
Don't of a simple shepherd be afraid:
Wert thou *my* lamb, with sweetest grafs I'd treat thee;
I am no wolf so savage that would eat thee:
Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Thy fragrant breast, like Alpine snows so white,
Where all the nestling Loves delight to lie;
Thine eyes so soft, that shed the milder light
Of NIGHT's pale wand'rer o'er her cloudless sky,
O nymph, my panting, wishing bosom warm,
And beam around me, what a world of charm!
Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant spread,
And hide thy bosom with an envious shade;
Thy polish'd cheek so dimpled, where the rose
In all the bloom of ripening summer blows;
Thy luscious lips that heav'nly dreams inspire,
By beauty form'd, and loaded with desire;

With

With sorrow, and with wonder, lo! I see
(What melting treasures!) *thrown away on thee.*

Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Thou knowest not that bosom's fair design;
And as for those two pouting lips divine,
Thou think'st them form'd alone for simple chat—
To bill so happy with thy fav'rite dove,
And playful force, with sweetly fondling love,
Their kisses on a lapdog or a cat.

Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Such thoughts thy sweet simplicity produces!
But I can point out far sublimer uses;
Uses the very best of men esteem—
Of which thine innocence did never dream:

Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Oh! fly from IMPUDENCE, the brazen rogue,
Whose flippant tongue hath got the Irish brogue:
Whose hands would pluck thee like the fairest flow'r;
Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips and neck, devour:

Shun, shun that Caliban, and with me dwell:

Then come, and give a goddess to my cell.

The world, O simple maid, is full of art,
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
Didst thou perceive but half the snares
The DEV'L for charms like thine prepares!

Then haste, O nymph, with me to dwell,

And give a goddess to my cell.

From morn to eve my kiss of speechless love,
Thy eyes' mild beam and blushes shall improve;
And lo! from our so innocent embrace,
Young MODESTIES shall spring, a numerous race!
The blushing girls in ev'ry thing like *thee*,
The bashful boys prodigiously like *me*!
Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

IS not this pretty, Sir? can aught be sweeter?

Instead of that vile appellation, Devil,

So blackguard, so unfriendly, and uncivil,

Should not I be baptiz'd the *gentle* PETER?

Great is the buz about the Court,

As at th' Exchange, where Jews, Turks, Christians
meet,

Or Smithfield Fair, where beasts of ev'ry sort,

Pigs, sheep, men, bullocks, all so friendly greet.

Busy indeed is many a sly court leech!

Afraid to trust each other with a speech—

In hems, and hahs, and half-words, hinting;

Some whisp'ring, list'ning, tip-toe walking, squinting;

For lo, so warily each courtier speaks,

They seem to talk with halters round their necks.

Some praise the King for nobleness of spirit,

For ever studying how to find out merit;

Whilst from its box the heart doth slyly peep,

And asks the tongue with marv'ling eyes,

How it can dare to tell a heap

Of such unconscionable, bare-fac'd lies?

"How are the mighty fall'n!" the people cry—

Meaning ME—

"Another hog of ERICURUS' stye;

"This vile apostate bends to Baal the knee;

"Lo,

" Lo, for a little meat and guzzle,

" This sneaking cur, too, takes the muzzle.

" In lyric scandal soon will be a chafin—

" He wrote for bribes, 'tis plain, and now he has 'em.

" This mighty war-horse will be soon in hand,

" By means of meat, the price of venal notes,

" Calm as a hackney coach-horse on his stand,

" Tossing about his nose-bag and his oats.

" Whatever he hath said, he dares ~~un~~say,

" In native impudence so rich—

" Explain the plainest things away,

" And call his Muse a forward b—;

" Treat fire of friendly promises as smoke,

" And laugh at truth and honour as a joke."

Such, Sir, is your good people's constant howl,

As thick as small-birds pestering a poor owl.

In vain I tell the world around,

That I have not a pension found:

This speech of simple truth the mob enrages:

" PETER, this is an arrant lie—

" The fact is clear, too clear," they cry—

" Thou hast already *touch'd* a quarter's wages.

" Varlet,

"Varlet, it always was thy vile intention;

"Thou hast, thou hast, thou liar! got a pension."

Still, to support my innocence, I've said,

Most sinfully, I own—"I han't, by G—;"

Yet, had I sworn my eyes out of my head,

They never had believ'd—How vastly odd!

The morning and the evening papers,

Struck by the sound, are in the vapours,

And mourn and droop, to think I'm dead.

Stunn'd by the unexpected news,

The MAGAZINES and sage REVIEWS

For grief can scarcely lift the head.

"Nothing but poor, mechanic stuff," they cry,

"Shall now be quoted for the public eye;—

"Nothing original in song—

"No novelty of images and thought

"Before our fair tribunal shall be brought!

"But trifling transpositions of our tongue:

"Nought but a solemn pomp of words,

"Bearing a lifeless thought, shall readers meet:

The picture of a funeral that affords,

"So solemn marching through the staring street;

"Where

"Where flags, and horse, and foot, a sorrow ape,"
 "With all the dread difmality of crape,
 "Near the poor corpse—perhaps a puny brat,
 "Or dry old maid, as meagre as a cat."

No, Sir! you never offer'd me a pension;

But then I guess it is your kind intention:

Yes, Sir, you mean a small *douceur* to proffer;

But give me leave, Sir, to decline the offer.

I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir, for your good will;

But Oratorios have half undone ye:

'Tis whisper'd, too, that thieves have robb'd the till

Which kept your milk and butter money.

So much with saving wisdom are you taken,

Drury and Covent-Garden seem forsaken:

Since *cost* attendeth those theatric borders,

Content you go to RICHMOND House with *orders*.

Form'd to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,

When lately the sweet PRINCESS* came of age,

Train-oil instead of wax was bid illumine

The goodly company and dancing-room!

This

* Princess Royal,

This never had been done, I'm very sure,
Had not you been, dread Sir, extremely poor.

You now want guineas to buy live stock, Sir,
To graze your Windsor hill and Windsor vale;
And farmers will not let their cattle stir,
Until the money's down upon the nail.

I'm told your sheep have dy'd by dogs and bitches,
And that your fowls have suffer'd by the fitchews;
And that your man-traps, guards of goose and duck,
And cocks and hens, have had but so-so luck:
Scarce fifty rogues, in chase of fowls and eggs,
Have in those loving engines left their legs.

The bulse, Sir, on a visit to the Tow'r,
Howe'er the royal visage may look sour,
Howe'er an object of a deep devotion,
Must cross once more the eastern ocean!

Indeed I hope the di'monds will be off,
Or scandal on us rolls in floods:
Some NABOB may be vile enough
To bring an action for stol'n goods:

An action, to speak lawyer-like, of *trover*;
And Heav'n forbid it should come over!

For money matters, I am sure,

The Abbey music was put off;

Because the royal purse is poor,

Plagu'd with a dry consumptive cough:

Yet in full health again that purse may riot,

By God's grace, and a skim-milk diet.

Close as a vice behold the nation's fist!

Vain will be mouths made up for Civil List;

And humble pray'rs, so very stale,

Will all be call'd an old wife's tale.

Your faithful Commons to your cravings

Will not give up the nation's sayings:

Your fav'rite minister, I'm told, runs *refriss*,

And growls at such petitions like a mastiff.

What if *my* good friend HASTINGS goes to pot?

ADAMS and ANSTRUTHER have flung hard stones;

He finds his situation rather hot:

BURKE, FOX, and SHERIDAN, may break his bones.

As

As surely as we saw and felt the bulse,
Hastings hath got a very awkward pulse;

Therefore in jeopardy the culprit stands!
Like patients whose disorders doctors slight
Too often, he may bid us all good night;
And slip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, Sir! oh! then, as long as life endures,
Nought but *remembrance* of the bulse is ours;
And to a stomach that like *ours* digests,
Slight is the dinner on *remember'd* feasts.

I think we cases understand, and ken
Symptoms, as well as *most ingenious* men;
But Lord! how oft the wisest are mistaken!
Therefore I tremble for his badger'd bacon.

We may be *out*, with all our skill so clever;
And what we think an ague, prove *jail-fever*.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Sir, the KING,
As sacred hist'ries sweetly sing,
Was on all fours turn'd out to grass,
Just like a horse, or mule, or ass:

Heav'ns! what a fall from kingly glory!
 I hope it will not so turn out
 That we shall have (to make a rout)
 A second part of that old story!

This pension was well meant, O glorious King,
 And for the Bard a very pretty thing;
 But let me, Sir, refuse it, I implore—
 I ought not to be rich whilst *you* are poor:
 No, Sir! I cannot be your humble hack;
 I fear your Majesty would break my back.

I dare refuse you for another reason—
 We differ in religion, Sir, a deal;
 You fancy it a sin ally'd to treason,
 And vastly dangerous to the commonweal,
 For subjects, minuets and jigs to play
 On the Lord's day.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fiddling;
 And, in my morals, what the world calls *middling*:
 I've ask'd of CONSCIENCE, who came strait from
 Heav'n,
 Whether I stood a chance to be forgiv'n,

If

If on a Sunday, from all scruples free,
I scrap'd the old Black Joke and *Cbère Amie*?

"Poh! blockhead" (answer'd CONSCIENCE) know,

"God never against music made a rule;

"On Sundays you may safely take your bow—

"And play as well the fiddle as the fool."

A late ARCHBISHOP,* too, O King,

Who knew most secrets of the skies,

Said, Heav'n on Sundays relish'd pipe and string,

Where sounds on sounds unceasing rise;

And ask'd, as *Sunday* had its music *there*,

Why *Sunday* should not have its music *here*?

In consequence of this divine opinion,

That PRINCE of PARSONS in your great dominion

Inform'd his fashionable wife,

That she might have her Sunday routs and cards,

And meet at last with Heav'n's rewards,

When Death should take her precious life.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,

His lady did enjoy her Sunday routs!

M 3

Upon

* Cornwallis.

Upon GOOD-FRIDAY, too, that *awful* day,
Lo! like VAUXHALL, was LAMBETH all so gay!

Now if his present *GRACE, with sharpen'd eyes,
Could squint a little deeper in the skies,
He might be able to inform his DAME
Of two impostors, p'rhaps, call'd SIN and SHAME,
Who many a pleasure from our grasp remove,
Pretending to commissions from *above*.

Like this, a secret, could his Grace explore,
What a proud day for *Us* and MISTRESS MOORE!
For lo, two greater foes we cannot name
To this world's joys, than *Messieurs* SIN and SHAME.

Then might we think no more of praise and prayer,
But leave at will our MAKER in the lurch;
Sleep, racket, lie a bed, or take the air,
And order *owls* and *bats* to go to church.

SUNDAY, like other *days*, would then have life:
Now prim, and starch, and silent, as a Quaker;
And gloomy in her looks, as if the wife
Or widow of an UNDERTAKER.

Happy

* Dr. Moore.

Happy should I have been, my Liege,
 So great a Monarch to oblige:
 And, Sir, between you, and the post,
 And me, you don't know what you've lost.

The loss of *me*, so great a Bard,
 Is not, O King! to be repair'd.
 My verse, superior to the hardest rock,
 Nor earthquake fears, nor sea, nor fire;
 Surpassing, therefore, Mistress DAMER's block,
 That boasts some *little* likeness of you, Sir.
 That block, so pond'rous, must with age decay,
 And all the lines of wisdom wear away:
 I grant the Lady's loyalty and love;
 Yet, "none but PHIDIAS should attempt a Jove."

The MACEDONIAN HERO grac'd the stone
 Of fam'd PRAXITELES alone;
 Forbidding others to attempt his nob,
 It was so great and difficult a job.

AUGUSTUS swore an oath so dread,
 He'd cut off any poet's head,
 But VIRGIL's, that should dare his praise rehearse,
 Or mention ev'n his name in verse.

Then, Sir, if I may be a little free,
My art would suit your merits to a T.

Lord! in my adamantine lays
Your virtues would like *bonfires* blaze;

So firm your tuneful jeweller would set 'em,
They'd break the teeth of TIME to eat 'em.

Wrapp'd in the splendor of my golden line,
For ever would your Majesty be fine;

Appear a gentleman of first repute,
And always glitter in a birth-day suit.

Then to all stories would I give the lie,
That dar'd attack you, and your fame devour;

Making a King a ninepin in our eye,
Who ought like Egypt's pyramids to tow'r;

Such as the following fable, for example;
Of impudence, unprecedented sample!

THE

THE ROYAL SHEEP.

SOME time ago a dozen lambs,
 Two rev'rend patriarchal rams,
 And one good motherly old ewe,
 Died on a sudden down at Kew;

Where, with the sweetest innocence, alas!

Those pretty, inoffensive lambs,
 And rev'rend horned patriarchal rams,

And motherly old ewe, were nibbling grass:

All, the fair property of our great King,

Whose deaths did much the royal bosom wring:

'Twas said that dogs had tickled them to death,

Play'd with their gentle throats, and stopp'd their breath:

Like HOMER's heroes on th' ensanguin'd plain,

Stalk'd MISTER ROBINSON * around the slain!

And never was more frighten'd in his life!

So shock'd was MISTER ROBINSON's whole face,

Not stronger horrors could have taken place,

Had CERBERUS devour'd his wife!

With

* The Hind.

With wild, despairing looks, and sighs,
 And wet and pity-asking eyes,
 He, trembling, to the royal presence ventur'd—
 White as the whitest napkin when he enter'd!
 White as the man who fought King PRIAM's bed,
 And told him that his warlike son was dead.

"Oh, please your Majesty"—he, blubb'ring, cry'd—
 And then stopp'd short—

"What? what? what? what?" the staring King reply'd;

"Speak, Robinson, speak, speak—what what's the
 hurt?"

"O Sire!" said Robinson again—

"Speak," said the King, "put, put me out of pain;

"Don't, don't in this suspense abody keep!"—

"O Sire!" cry'd Robinson, "the sheep! the sheep!"

"What of the sheep," reply'd the King, "pray, pray?—

"Dead! Robinson, dead, dead, or run away?"

"Dead!" answer'd Robinson—"dead! dead! dead!

dead!"

Then, like a drooping lily, hung his head!

"How, how?" the MONARCH ask'd, with visage sad—

"By dogs," said Robinson, "and likely mad!"

"No,

"No, no, they can't be mad, they can't be mad—

"No, no, things ar'n't so bad, things ar'n't so bad,"

Rejoin'd the King:

"Off with them quick to market—quick, depart;

"In with them, in, in with them in a cart:

"Sell, sell them for as much as they will bring."

Now to Fleet Market, driving like the wind,

Amidst the murder'd mutton, rode the HIND,

All in the royal cart so great,

To try to sell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,

And ewes and rams,

Design'd for many a London dinner,

Reach'd the fair ears of Master Sheriff SKINNER,

Who, with a hammer, and a conscience clear,

Gets glory and ten thousand pounds a year;

And who, if things go tolerably fair,

Will rise one day proud LONDON's proud LORD MAYOR.

The Alderman was in his pulpit shining,

'Midst *Gentlemen* with nightcaps, hair, and wigs;

In language most rhetorical defining

The sterling merit of a lot of pigs:

When

When suddenly the news was brought,
That in Fleet Market were unwholesome sheep,
Which made the PREACHER from his pulpit leap,
As nimble as a taylor, or as thought.

For justice panting, and unaw'd by fears,
This King, this Emperor of Auctioneers
Set off—a furious face indeed he put on—

Like light'ning did he gallop up Cheapside!
In thunder down through Ludgate did he ride,
To catch the man who sold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet Market, full of wrath, he came,
And with the spirit of an ancient Roman,
Exceeded, I believe, by no man,
The Alderman, so virtuous, cry'd out "SHAME!"

"D—mme," to ROBINSON said Master SKINNER,
"Who on such mutton, Sir, can make a dinner?"

"You, if you please,"
Cry'd Mr. ROBINSON, with perfect ease.

"Sir!" quoth the red-hot ALDERMAN again—
"You," quoth the HIND, in just the same cool strain.

"Off,

" Off, off," cry'd SKINNER, with your carrion heap ;

" Quick, d—mme, take away your nasty sheep.

" Whilst I command, not e'en the KING

" Shall such vile stuff to market bring,

" And London stalls such garbage put on ;

" So take away your stinking mutton."

" You," reply'd ROBINSON, " you cry out 'shame!'"

" You blast the sheep, good Master SKINNER, pray ;

" You give the harmless mutton a bad name !

" You impudently order it away !

" Sweet Master ALDERMAN, don't make this rout ;

" Clap on your spectacles upon your snout ;

" And then your keen, surveying eyes regale

" With those same fine large letters on the cart

Which brought this blasted mutton here for sale."

Poor SKINNER read, and read it with a *start*.

Like HAMLET, frighten'd at his father's ghost,

The Alderman stood staring like a post ;

He saw G. R. inscrib'd, in handsome letters,

Which prov'd the sheep belong'd unto his betters.

The Alderman now turn'd to deep reflection;
And being blest with proper recollection,
Exclaim'd: "I've made a great mistake—Oh! sad—
" The sheep are really not so bad.

" Dear Mister Robinson, I beg your pardon;
" Your Job-like patience I've born hard on.
" Whoever says the mutton is not good,
" Knows nothing, Mister Robinson, of food;
" I verily believe I could turn glutton,
" On such neat, wholesome, pretty-looking mutton.
" Pray, Mister Robinson, the mutton sell—
" I hope, Sir, that his *Majesty* is well."

So saying, Mister ROBINSON he quitted,
With cherubimic smiles and placid brows,
For such embarrassing occasions, fitted—
Adding just five-and-twenty humble bows.

To work went ROBINSON to sell the sheep;
But people would not buy, except dog cheap.
At length the sheep were sold—without the fleece;
And brought KING GEORGE just half-a-crown a piece.

Now

Now for the other faucey *lying* story,
Made, one would think, to tarnish kingly glory.

THE K* AND PARSON YOUNG.**

THE K*** (God blefs him) met old PARSON YOUNG

Walking on Windsor Terrace one fair morning:
Delightful was the day; the scent was strong;

A heavenly day for howling and for horning!
For tearing farmers' hedges down—hallooings—
Shouts, curses, oaths, and such-like pious doings.

"YOUNG," cried the K***, "d'ye hunt, d'ye hunt
to-day?"

"Yes, yes—what, what? yes, yes, fine day, fine day."

Low with a rev'rent bow the Priest reply'd,

"Great KING! I really have no horse to ride;

"Nothing, O Monarch, but my founder'd mare,

"And *she*, my Liege, as blind as she can stare."

"No

"No horse!" rejoin'd the K***, "no horse, no horse!"

"Indeed," the Parson added, "I have none:

"Nothing but poor old *Dobbin*—who of course

"Is dangerous—being blinder than a stone."

"Blind, blind, YOUNG? never mind—you must,
must go,

"Must hunt, must hunt, YOUNG—Stay behind?—
no, no."

What pity, that the King, in his discourse,

Forgot to say, "I'll lend ye, YOUNG, a horse!"

The K*** to YOUNG behaving thus so kind,

Whate'er the danger, and howe'er inclin'd,

At home with *politesse* YOUNG could not stay:

So up his REV'RENCE got upon the mare,

Resolv'd the chace with MAJESTY to share,

Whate'er the dangers of the day.

Rouz'd was the deer! the KING and PARSON YOUNG,

CASTOR and POLLUX like, rode side by side;

When lo, a ditch was to be sprung!

Over leap'd GEORGE THE THIRD with kingly pride;

Over

Over jump'd *Tinker, Towzer, Rockwood, Towler*;
 Over jump'd *Mendall, Brushwood, Jubal, Fowler*,
Trimbus and *Lightning, Musie, Ranter, Wonder*,
 And fifty others with their mouths of thunder—

Great names! whose pedigrees, so fair,
 With those of *HOMER's* heroes might compare,

Thus gloriously attended, leap'd the King,
 By all those hounds attended with a spring!—
 Not *CÆSAR's* self a fiercer look put on,
 When with his host he pass'd the *Rubicon*!

But wayward *FATE* the Parson's palfrey humbled,
 And gave the mare a sudden check:

Unfortunately poor blind *Dobbin* stumbled,
 And broke his Reverence's neck.

The *MONARCH*, gaping, with amaze look'd round
 Upon his dead companion on the ground:

"What, what?" he cry'd, "Young dead! Young
 dead! Young dead!"

"Humph! take him up, and put him home to bed."

Thus having finish'd, with a cheerful face
NIMROD the Second join'd the jovial chace.

A MORAL REFLECTION.

FOOLS would have stopp'd when Parson Young was
—kill'd,

And giv'n up ev'ry thought of hound and deer;
And, with a weakness, call'd Compassion, fill'd,
Had turn'd *Samaritan*, and dropp'd a tear.

But better far the Royal Sportsman knew;
He smelt the consequence, beyond a doubt:
Full well he guess'd he should not have a *view*;
And that he should be shamefully thrown out.

P'rhaps from the royal eye a tear *might* hop;
Yet Pages swear they never saw it drop.

But Majesty may say: "What, what, what's death?
" Nought, nought, nought but a little loss of breath."

To Parson Young 'twas *more*, I'm very clear;
He lost by death some hundred pounds a year.

A GREAT deal, my dear Liege, depends
On having clever bards for friends:

What

What had **ACHILLES** been without his **HOMER**?
 A taylor, woollen-draper, or a comber!
 Fellows that have been dead a hundred year,
 None, but the Lord, knows how or where.

In Poetry's rich grafts how virtues thrive!
 Some, when put in, so lean, scarce seem alive;
 And yet, so speedily a bulk obtain,
 That ev'n their *owners* know them not again.

Could you, indeed, have gain'd *my* Muse of fire,
 Great would your luck have been, indeed, great **SIR**!

Then had I prais'd your nobleness of spirit!
 Then had I boasted that *myself*,
Hight **PETER**, was the first blest, tuneful elf,

You ever gave a farthing to for merit.

Though money be a pretty handy tool;
 Of Mammon, lo! I scorn to be the fool!
 If **FORTUNE** calls, she's welcome to my cot,
 Whether she leaves a guinea or a groat;
 Whether she brings me from the butcher's shop
 The *whole* sheep, or a simple chop.

For lo! like ANDREW MARVEL I can dine,
 And deem a mutton-bone extremely fine:
 Then, Sir, how difficult the task, you see,
 To bribe a moderate GENTLEMAN like *me*.

I will not swear, *point blank*, I shall not alter—
 A * *Saint*, my namesake, *once* was known to falter.

Nay more—some clever men in Opposition,
 Whose souls did really seem in good condition;
 Who made of PITT such horrible complaint,
 And damn'd him for the worst of knaves;
 Alter'd their minds—became PITT's abject slaves,
 And publish'd their new Patron for a SAINT.

And who is there that may not change his mind?
 Where can you folks of that description find
 Who will not sell their souls for cash,
 That most angelic, diabolic trash!
 E'en grave Divines submit to glitt'ring gold!
 The best of consciences are bought and sold:
 As in a tale I'll show, most edifying,
 And prove to all the world, that I'm not lying.

THE

• The story of Saint Peter and the Cock is universally known.

THE PARSON, THE 'SQUIRE, AND
THE SPANIEL.

A TALE.

A GENTLEMAN possess'd a fav'rite spaniel,
So good, he never treated maid nor ill:
This dog, of whom we cannot too much say,
Got from his godfather the name of Tray.

After ten years of service just,
Tray, like the race of mortals, fought the dust;
That is to say, the spaniel dy'd:

A coffin then was order'd to be made,
The dog was in the churchyard laid,
And o'er his pale remains the master cry'd.

Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,
He rais'd a small blue stone, just after burial,
And weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial:

THE PARSON, THE SQUIRE, AND
 TRAY'S EPITAPH,

HERE rest the relics of a friend below,
 Blest with more sense that half the folks I know;
 Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
 He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;
 Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way.—
 Blush, CHRISTIANS, if you can, and copy Tray,

THE CURATE of the *Huntingtonian* Band,
 Rare breed of gospel hawks that scour the land,
 And fierce on sins their quarry fall—
 Those locusts, that would eat us all:

Men who, with new-invented patent eyes,
 See Heav'n and all the angels in the skies,
 As plain as, in the box of SHOWMAN SWISS,
 For little Master made, and curious Miss,
 We see with huge delight the King of France
 With all his Lords and Ladies dance—

This Curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,

And thus exclaim'd, with infinite devotion :

" O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!

" Fine doings these, upon my word!

" This, truly, is a very pretty thing!

" What will become of this most shocking world?

" How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,

" And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurl'd!

" Oh! by this damned deed how I am hurried!

" A *dog* in christian ground be buried!

" And have an epitaph, forsooth, so civil!

" Egad! old maids will presently be found

" Clapping their dead *ram-cats* in holy ground,

" And writing verses on each mousing devil."

Against such future casualty providing,

The Priest sat off, like Homer's Neptune, striding,

Vowing to put the culprit in the Court:

He found him at the spaniel's humble grave;

Not praying, neither fingering of a stave;

And thus began t' *abuse* him—not *exhort*:

- " Son of the Dev'l, what hast thou done?
" Nought for the action can atone.
" I should not wonder if the great All-wise
" Quick darted down his lightning all so red,
" And dash'd to earth that wretched head,
" Which dar'd so foul, so base an act devise,
" Bury a *dog* like *Christian* folk!
" None but the fiend of darkness could provoke
" A man to perpetrate a deed so odd:
" Our Inquisition soon the tale shall hear,
" And quickly your fine fleece shall sheer—
" Why, such a villain can't believe in *God*!"
" Softly! my rev'rend Sir," the 'Squire reply'd;
" Tray was as good a dog as ever dy'd;
" No education could his morals mend:
" And what, perhaps, Sir, you may doubt,
" Before his lamp of life went out,
" He order'd you a legacy, my friend."
" Did he? poor dog!" the soften'd Priest rejoin'd,
" In accents pitiful and kind;

"What! was it *Tray*! I'm sorry for poor Tray:

"Why truly, dogs of such rare merit,

"Such real nobleness of spirit,

"Should not like *common dogs* be put away.

"Well! pray what was it that he gave,

"Poor fellow! ere he fought the grave?

"I guess I may put confidence, Sir, in ye."

"A piece of gold," the gentleman reply'd.

"I'm much oblig'd to Tray," the Parson cry'd;

So left God's *cause*, and pocketed the guinea.

YET, should I imitate the fickle wind,

Or Mister patriot EDEN—*change my mind*;

And for the BARD your Majesty should send,

And say, "Well well, well well, my tuneful friend,

"I long, I long, to give you something, PETER;

"You make fine verses—nothing can be sweeter:

"What will you have? what, what? speak out—

speak out—

"Yes, yes, you something want, no doubt, no doubt."

Or

Or should you like some men who gravely preach,
 Forake your usual short-hand mode of speech,
 And thus begin, in bible-phraze sublime:

"What shall be done for our rare *Son of Rbime*,

"The BARD who full of wisdom writeth,

"The man in whom the KING *delighteth*?"

Then would the Poet thankfully reply,

With fault'ring voice, low bow, and marv'ling eye,

All meekness! such a simple, dove-like thing!

"Blest be the Bard who verses can endite,

"To yield a *second Solomon* delight!

"Thrice blest, who findeth favour with the King!

"Since 'tis the Royal Will to give the Bard

"In whom the King delighteth, some reward,

"Some mark of Royal Bounty to requite him;

"O King! do any thing but *knight him*."

THE ARGUMENT

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND THE

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A T A L E.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

One intellect not all things comprehends:

The genius form'd for weeds, and grubs, and flies,
Can't have for ever at his finger ends

What's doing ev'ry moment in the flies.

312-103 EPHRAIM

AND THE

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

DATA

THE ARGUMENT.

PETER the GREAT fighteth the President's battle—proclaimeth some of the President's powers—viz. his persevering tooth-and-nail powers—his stomach powers—his face powers—his hammer powers, triumphing over the powers of MORPHEUS, and *etc.* his courageous powers.

PETER beginneth the tale—Sir JOSEPH proceedeth to hunt—but first ejaculateth—The Virtuoso's prayer—Sir JOSEPH's infect enthusiasm induceth him, contrary to his general piety, to pray wickedly, by selfishly wishing to gratify his own desires at the expence of the farmers—Sir JOSEPH prayeth for PHARAOH's flies—condemneth PHARAOH's taste—maketh interest for showers of flies, instead of quails—prayeth for monsters, and promiseth them the honour of his name.

Sir JOSEPH, in a pointer-like manner, ambulateth—he espieth the EMPEROR of MOROCCO—PETER conjectureth as to Sir JOSEPH's joy on the occasion—compareth Sir JOSEPH's joy with that experienced by ARCHIMIDES, hare-hunters, outrageously-virtuous old maids, the little Duke of *Piccadilly*, a pimp, Mother WINDSOR's *virgins*, and Mother WINDSOR herself—Sir JOSEPH's pursuit—The President tumbleth, in imitation of Mr. EDEN—A beautiful comparison between Sir JOSEPH and TAMERLANE, a butterfly and BAJAZET—Sir JOSEPH again tumbleth—Sir JOSEPH's hat tumbleth with him—Sir JOSEPH riseth and bloweth—he is gazed at by a countryman—he darteth through a hedge in pursuit of the EMPEROR, and tumbleth into a lane—he getteth up speedily, and putteth a question to HOB—HOB answereth not, but pitieth him—Sir JOSEPH obtaineth a second view of the EMPEROR—pursueth his Majesty into a garden—oversetteth the gardener—trampleth on rare flowers—breaketh many bell-

bell-glasses—overturneth the scarecrow—PETER praiseth the scarecrow—Sir JOSEPH overfetteth a hive of bees—The bees surprised—they attempt a revenge, but succeed not, on account of the hard and tough materials of Sir JOSEPH's headpiece—The gardener, quitting his horizontal position, pursueth Sir JOSEPH—Sir JOSEPH pursueth the EMPEROR, and the EMPEROR flieth away—The gardener collareth Sir JOSEPH, and expostulateth—Sir JOSEPH heedeth not the gardener's complaint, being in deep sorrow for the loss of the EMPEROR—The gardener quitteth his gripe in Sir JOSEPH, and putteth him down for a lunatic—the gardener execrateth Sir JOSEPH's Keeper, and falleth into a panic—flieth off unceremoniously, and leaveth the President in the situation of a celebrated Prophet.

P R O Æ M I U M.

PETRUS LOQUITUR.

SINCE Members, lost to manners, growl;
Call poor Sir JOSEPH ass, and owl;
Nay, oft with coarser epithets revile;
Though pitying much his pigmy merit,
Let me display a Christian spirit,
And try to lift a lame dog o'er a stile.
Though not, like ERSKINE, in the law a giant,
I must take up the cudgels for my client.

Know by these presents, then, ye noisy crew,
Who at his blushing honours* look so blue,
That

* *Blushing honours*.—The author undoubtedly means the epithet *blushing* to be understood as synonymous with *blooming*, and not in a satyrical sense. God forbid that the friend of Sir Joseph should mean otherwise!

That though Sir JOSEPH is not deep-discerning;
 And though, as all the world well knows,
 A nutshell might with perfect ease enclose

Three quarters of his sense, and all his learning;
 Whose modest wisdom, therefore, never aims
 To find the longitude, or burn the Thames;

Yet, as to things he sets himself about,
 With tooth and nail, like *Hercules*, so stout,

He labours for his wish, no matter what.—
 I can't say that Sir JOSEPH lions kills;
 Hugs giants, or the blood of hydras spills;

But then most manfully he eats a bat,
 Eats toads, or tough, or tender, old, or young,
 As in the sweetest strains the Muse hath sung:
 Fit with the hugest Hottentot to cope,
 Who dines on raw flesh at the Cape of Hope.

Blest in a phiz, he bids the Members tremble!

To deathlike silence turns the direst din;
 And where so many savages assemble,

Like hounds they want a proper Whipper-in.

Dare

• See Peter's Prophecy.

Dare Members sleep,* a set of snoring Goths,
 Whilst Blagden reads a chapter upon moths?

Down goes the hammer, cloth'd with Jove's own
 thunder!

Up spring the snorers, half without their wigs;
 Old greybeards grave, and pretty smock-fac'd prigs,
 With ell-wide jaws displaying signs of wonder.

Lo! perseverance is the soul of action!
 And courage, proper to oppose a faction;
 Therefore he sits with wonderful propriety,
 The MONRO of a mad Society:
 And that he is both brave and persevering,
 Witness the following story, well worth hearing.

* Frequently, indeed, are the Members sent to the land of
 shadows by the Society's somniferous papers; assisted in a great
 measure in their voyage by the Doctor's drowsy manner of com-
 municating the contents.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND THE

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A PRESIDENT, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all Insectmongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to hunt this game renown'd,
On vi'lets, dunghills, nettletops, and daisies!
But first (so pious is Sir Joseph's nature!)
He thus address'd the butterfly's Creator.

THE VIRTUOSO'S PRAYER.

O THOU whose wisdom plann'd the skies,
And form'd the wings of butterflies,
Attend my humble pray'r!
Like Egypt, as in days of yore,
Let earth with flies be cover'd o'er,
And darken'd all the air.

This, Lord, would be the best of news:
Then might thy servant pick and choose

From such a glorious heap:
 Forth to the world I'd boldly rush,
 Put all Musæums to the blush,
 And hold them all dog cheap.

Pharaoh had not one grain of taste;
 The flies on *him* were thrown to waste,

Nay, met with strong objection:
 But had thy servant, Lord, been there,
 I should have made, or much I err,

A wonderful collection!

O Lord! if not my mem'ry fails,
 Thou once didst rain on people quails:

Again the world surprise;
 And 'stead of such a trifling bird,
 Rain on thy servant JOSEPH, Lord,

Show'rs of rare butterflies!

Since monsters are my great delight,
 With monsters charm thy servant's sight,

Turn feathers into hair:
 Make legs where legs were never seen,
 And eyes, no bigger than a pin,
 As broad as saucers stare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
 Oh! let thy pow'r supply with paws,
 Adorn'd with human nails;
 In value more to make them rise,
 Transplant from all their heads, their eyes,
 And place them in their tails.

And if thou wisely wouldst contrive
 To make me butterflies alive,
 To fly without a head;
 To skim the hedges and the fields,
 Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields;
Such wonders were indeed!

Blagden should puff them at our Meeting;
 Members would press around me, greeting;
 The Journals swell with thanks;
 And more to magnify their fame,
 Those headless flies should have a name—

My name—SIR JOSEPH BANKS!

THUS

THUS having finish'd, forth Sir JOSEPH hies,
 Hope in his heart, and eagles in his eyes!
 Just like a pointer, quart'ring well his ground,
 He nimbly trots the field around!
 At length, to bless his hunting ambulation,
 Up rose a native of the flutt'ring nation.
 Broad star'd Sir JOSEPH, as if struck by thunder,
 (For much, indeed, are eyes enlarg'd by wonder)
 When from a dab of dung, or *some such thing*,
 An EMP'ROU OF MOROCCO rear'd his wing!

Not Archimedes, 'tis my firm belief,
 More blest, cry'd "Eureka, I've nabb'd the thief;"
 Nor hunters, when a hare, to shun foul play,
 Steals from his seat so fly, cry "Stole away;"
 Nor stale old nymphs, by raging virtue sway'd,
 Roar on a frail-one, "Kill the wicked jade!"
 Than roar'd Sir JOSEPH on the verdant sod,
 "MOROCCO'S EMP'ROU, by the living God!"
 Not with more joy, nor rapture-speaking look,
 The little gamesome PICCADILLY DUKE

Eyes a nice TIT, fresh launch'd upon the town;
Nor with more pleasure Cupid's trusty crimp,
By mouths of vulgar people christen'd *pimp*,

Stares on his honourable fee, a crown;

Nor King's-place nymphs, on greenhorns in their pow'r,

Who (shameless rascals, wanting not a wife)

Hire love, like hackney-coaches, by the hour,

Damning the love so true that lasts for life;

Nor wither'd WINDSOR on the simple maid,

From scenes of rural innocence betray'd;

Forc'd to dispose of NATURE's sweetest charms;

Doom'd for a meal to sink a beauteous wreck;

To lend to man she loathes, her lip, her neck,

And, weeping, act the wanton in his arms;

Than did the doughty Hero of my song,

Survey the Emp'ror as he mov'd along.

Not with more glee a hen-peck'd husband spies

Death shutting up his wife's two cat-like eyes,

Accustom'd on him oft and fierce to roll;

Just like a galley slave, poor fellow, treated,

Or those poor Britons at Calcutta sweated,

Stuff'd in the old Black Hole;

And

And yet, a neater simile to use,
Not with more true delight a lover views

The blushing orient leading on the day
That gives a blooming partner to his arms,
In virtues rich, and rich in youthful charms,

To bid the hours with rapture glide away:

Sad anxious swain, who now in bed, now out,
Toft like the sea, with thundering thoughts, about;

Curfing with hearty pray'rs the lingering night;
Now trying hard to sleep away the time;
Now staring on the dark, like bards for rhyme,

To catch the smallest happy glimpse of light;
Afraid that frolic Phoebus means foul play,
And, bent to spite him, lie a-bed all day:

And, *bona fide*, not of rapture fuller,

Thurlow, the Seal and Royal Conscience keeper,
Sees his prime fav'rite, Mister Justice Buller,

High thron'd in Chancery, grieve the poor Sir
Than did the President so keen espy [Pepper,

The butterfly!

Lightly with winnowing wing, amid the land,

His MOORISH MAJESTY in circles flew!

With sturdy striding legs, and outstretch'd hand,

The Virtuoso did his prey pursue.

He strikes—he misses—strikes again—he grins,
 And sees in thought the monarch fix'd with pins;
 Sees him on paper giving up the ghost,
 Nail'd like a hawk or martyr to a post.

Oft fell Sir JOSEPH on the slipp'ry plain,

Like patriot EDEN—fell to rise again;

The EMP'ROUR, smiling, sported on before.

Like Phœbus courting Daphne was the chase;

But not so was the meaning of the race;

Sir JOSEPH ran to kill, not kiss the Moor;

To hold him pris'ner in a glass for show,

Like Tamerlane, (redoubtable his rage)

Who kept poor Bajazet, his vanquish'd foe,

Just like an owl or magpye in a cage.

Again to earth Sir JOSEPH fell so flat,

Flat as the flattest of the flounder race!

Down with Sir JOSEPH dropp'd his three-cock'd hat,

Most nobly sharing in his friend's disgrace.

Again he springs, with hope and ardour pale,

And blowing like the fish baptiz'd a whale;

Darting his arms now here, now there, so wild,

With all the eager raptures of a child,

Who

Who with broad anxious eye a bauble views,
And, capering legs and hands, the toy pursues,

A Countryman, who, from a lane,
Had mark'd Sir JOSEPH, running, tumbling, sweat,
Stretching his hands and arms, like one insane, [ing,

And with those arms the air around him beating,
To no particular opinion leaning,
Of such manœuvre could not guess the meaning,

At length the President, all foam and muck,
Quite out of breath, and out of luck,
Pursu'd the flying Monarch to the place
Where stood this Countryman, with mazy face,

Now through the hedge, exactly like a horse,
Wild plung'd the President with all his force,
His brow in sweat, his soul in perturbation;
Mindless of trees, and bushes, and the brambles,
Head over heels into the lane he scrambles,
Where Hob stood lost in wide-mouth'd speculation!

"Speak," roar'd the President, "this instant—say,
"Hast seen, hast seen, my lad, this way,

"The

"The EMP'ROU OF MOROCCO pass!"—

Hob to the insect-hunter nought reply'd,

But shook his head, and sympathizing sigh'd,

"Alas!"

"Poor gentleman, I'm sorry for ye;

"And pity much your *upper story*!"

Lo! down the lane alert the EMP'ROU flew,

And struck once more Sir JOSEPH's hawk-like view;

And now he mounted o'er a garden wall!

In rush'd Sir JOSEPH at the garden door,

Knock'd down the Gard'ner—what could man do
more?—

And left him, as he chose, to rise or sprawl,

O'er peerless hyacinths our hero rush'd;

Through tulips and anemonies he push'd,

Breaking a hundred necks at ev'ry spring;

On bright carnations, blushing on their banks,

With desp'rate hoof he trod, and mow'd down ranks,

Such vast ambition urg'd to seize the King!

Bell glasses, all so thick, were tumbled o'er;

And lo! the cries, so shrill, of many a score,

A sad

A sad and fatal stroke proclaim'd;
The scarecrow, all so red, was overturn'd;
His vanish'd hat, and wig, and head, he mourn'd,
And much, indeed, the man of straw was maim'd!

Just guardian of the sacred spot,
With face so fierce, and pointed gun,
Who threaten'd all the birds with shot;
To kill of sparrows ev'ry mother's son:

Fierce as those scarlet ministers of fate,
The warlike guardians of St. James's Gate!

Yet, not content with feats like these,
He tumbled o'er a hive of bees;
Out rush'd the host, and wonder'd from their souls,
What dev'l dar'd dash their house about their polls.

Like the grand Louis,* whose fierce heart was such,
As made him like a football kick the Dutch!

But soon the small, heroic, injur'd nation
Defcry'd the author of their obligation;

And, to repay it, round him rush'd the swarm:
Prodigious was the buz about his ears!

With all their venom did they push their spears;
But lo! they work'd him not one grain of harm!

Yet

* Louis XIV.

Yet did no god nor godling intervene,
By way of screen!

The happy head their pointed spears defy'd,
Strong, like old Homer's shields, in tough bull hide,
And brass well temper'd, to support the shock!
The bees their disappointed vengeance mourn'd,
And from their fierce attack, fatigu'd, return'd,
Believing they had storm'd a barber's block.

What was thought death and tortures by the clan,
Was only tickling the great man!

Thus round big Ajax rag'd the Trojan host,
Who might as well, indeed, have drubb'd a post.

The Gard'ner now for just revenge up sprung,
O'erwhelm'd with wonderment and dung,

And fiercely in his turn pursu'd the Knight!
From bed to bed, full tilt the champions rac'd,
This chas'd the KNIGHT, the KNIGHT the EMP'ROUR
chas'd,

Who scal'd the walls, alas! and vanish'd out of sight;
To find the Empress, p'rhaps, and tell her GRACE
The merry hift'ry of the chase.

At length the Gard'ner, swell'd with rage and dolour,
O'ertaking, grasps Sir JOSEPH by the collar,

And

And blest with fav'rite oaths, abundance show'rs?"
 "Villain," he cry'd, "beyond example!"
 "Just like a cart-horse on my beds to trample!"
 "More than your soul is worth, to kill my flow'rs!"
 "See how your two vile hoofs have made a wreck—"
 "Look, rascal, at each beauty's broken neck!"

Mindless of humbled flow'rs, so freely kill'd,
 Although superior to his soul declar'd,
 And vegetable blood profusely spill'd,

Superior, too, to all reward,
 Mindless of all the Gard'ner's plaintive strains,
 The EMP'ROU'S form monopoliz'd his brains.

At length he spoke, in sad despairing tones,
 "Gone! by the God that made me!—D-mn his
 bones!"

"O Lord! no disappointment mine surpasses!"
 "Poh! what are paltry flowers and broken glasses,
 "A tumbled scarecrow, bees, the idle whim?"
 "Zounds! what a set of miscreants to him!"

"Gone is my soul's desire, for ever gone!"
 "Who's gone?" the Gard'ner strait reply'd:
 "The EMP'ROU, Sir," with tears, Sir JOSEPH cry'd,
 "The EMP'ROU OF MOROCCO—thought my own!"

"To

" To unknown fields behold the Monarch fly !

" Zounds ! not to catch him, what an ass was I !"

His eyes the Gard'ner, full of horror, stretch'd,

And then a groan, a monstrous groan he fetch'd,

Contemplating around his ruin'd wares ;

And now he let Sir JOSEPH's collar go ;

And now he bray'd aloud with bitterest woe,

" Mad, madder than the maddest of March hares !

" A p-x confound the fellow's Bedlam rigs !

" Oh ! he hath done the work of fifty pigs !

" The devil take his keeper, a damn'd goose,

" For letting his wild beast get loose !"

But now the Gard'ner, terrified, began

To think himself too near a man

In so PEG-NICHOLSON a situation ;

And, happy from a madman to escape,

He left him without bow, or nod, or scrape,

Like JEREMIAH 'midst his Lamentation.

Such is the tale—if readers sigh for more,

Sir JOSEPH's wallet holdeth many a score.

POETICAL EPISTLE

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO A

FALLING MINISTER.

ALSO

AN IMITATION

OF THE

TWELFTH ODE OF HORACE.

Hunc tu Romane caveo ;

Mic niger est, —————

Vol. II.

P

What

" To unknown fields behold the Monarch fly

" Zounds! dot to catch him, what else will I?"

His eyes the Guard saw, full of horror, "Zounds!"

And then a groan, a shout, a groan, he took

POETICAL HISTORY

And now he let Sir John's name go

And now he let Sir John's name go

DALLING MINISTER

" A poet confound the wretch and his kind!"

" AN IMITATION

" The poet's name is of the poet's kind!"

TWELFTH ODE OF HORACE

And now he let Sir John's name go

And now he let Sir John's name go

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And now he let Sir John's name go

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO A

FALLING MINISTER.

BLIND to an artful Boy's insidious wiles,
Why rests the Genius of the QUEEN OF ISLES?
Whilst LIBERTY in irons sounds th' alarm,
Why hangs suspense on VIRTUE's coward arm?
Whilst TYRANNY prepares her jails and thongs,
Why sleeps the Sword of JUSTICE o'er our wrongs?
Oh! meanly founding on a Father's fame,
To Britain's highest seat a daring claim;
Oh! if thy race one blush could ever boast,
And that lorn sign of Virtue be not lost;
Now on thy visage let the stranger burn,
And glow for deeds that bid an empire mourn.
Drawn from a garret by the ROYAL SIRE,
Warm'd like the viper by his friendly fire,

What hath thy gratitude *sublimely* done?
 Fix'd, like the snake, thy fang upon the *Son*!

Yes—thou most *grateful* youth, thy hostile art
 Hath lodg'd a pois'nous shaft in BRITAIN'S heart!
 Thy arm hath dragg'd the column to the ground,
 The sacred wonder of the realms around!
 To make snug, comfortable habitations
 For thee and all thy pitiful relations.
 Barbarian-like—how like those sons of spoil,
 Whose impious hands on hallow'd structures toil—
 Base throng, that through PALMYRA'S Temple digs,
 To form a lodging for themselves and pigs!

Oh! if Ambition prompts thy soaring soul
 To live the theme of future times with ROLLE;
 Thrice happy Youth, like *his* shall shine thy name,
 Who gave th' Ephesian wonder to the flame!

Sick at the name of R——, (to thee though dear)
 The name abhorr'd by Honour's shrinking ear,
 I draw reluctant from thy vernal throng,
 And give it mention, though it blasts my song.

How couldst thou bid *that* ROLLE, despis'd by all,
 On helpless beauty like a mastiff fall;
 Then meanly to correct the brute pretend,
 And claim the merit of the *FAIR-ONE's Friend?

Art thou the YOUTH on whom the Virtues smile?
 The boasted Saviour of our sinking Isle!
 O'er such, OBLIVION, be thy wing display'd!
 Oh! waft them from the gibbet to thy shade!

Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast,
 A stranger to their charm, the Loves detest?—
Thee, o'er whose heart their fascinating pow'r
 Ne'er knew the triumph of one soften'd hour?
 To give thy flinty soul the tender sigh,
 Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye!
 In vain, for thee, of beauty blooms the rose:
 In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows—
 A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive;
 Dead to those charms that keep the world alive!

P 2

In

* A most wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on Mrs. F---h---t, in the House of Commons, exceeds all precedent.

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide;
In vain, the virtues of thy PRINCE to hide,
Thou and thy imps, to dim his rising ray,
Urge clouds on clouds to thwart the golden day!
Mad toil! I see his ORB superior pass,
That smiles triumphant on the sable mass.

O PITT! a Sister Kingdom damns thy deeds,
And pities hapless Britain as she bleeds.

HIBERNIA scorns each meanly treach'rous art

Hatch'd by the base r-b — n of thy heart,

That crawls an aspic bloated black with fate,

To pour a dire contagion through the State.

She, with an honest voice, her PRINCE approves,

And nobly trusts the virtues that she loves;

Detests a hangman's unremitting toil

To break upon the wheel a happy Isle;

Who yet, to push the guilt and folly further,

Suborns Addresses, to applaud the murder!

Who but must laugh to see thy boasted friends,

On whose poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends!

See BURE's mean parasite, thy spaniel, creep,

Whose Argus' eyes of av'rice never sleep;

A close State-leech, who, sticking to the nation,

As adders deaf to Honour's execration,

Sucks

Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,
Nor, till the State expires, will drop away.

Yet see another FIEND, with scowling eye,
Who draws from NATURE's soul her deepest sigh;
Asham'd her hand should usher into light
What Fate should whelm with everlasting night!

Loft by his arts, behold the beauteous MAID*,
Whom INNOCENCE herself could ne'er upbraid,
Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb;
Whilst all but *be* with grief survey'd her doom,
Whose heart disdain'd to feel—whose eye severe,
Compassion never melted with a tear!

Yet, left in silence to himself alone,
Aghast he heaves the conscience-wounded groan!
At ev'ry sound how horror heaves the sigh!
How dangers thicken on his straining eye!
He sees her *Phantom*, form'd by treach'rous Love,
Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:
He marks her mien of woe, her cheek so pale,
And trembles at her shrieks that pierce the gale!

P 3

At

* The melancholy circumstance alluded to here, the family of
Dr. Lynch, of Canterbury, can best explain.

At night's deep noon what fears his soul invade!
 How wild he starts amidst the spectred shade!
 And dreading ev'ry hopeless hour the last,
 He hears the call of DEATH in ev'ry blast!

Such are thy Colleagues*, O thou *patriot* Boy!
 Whose heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ;
 Who, crouching at thy heels, like bloodhounds wait
 To fasten on the vitals of the State!
 Such are the miscreants who would rule the realm!
 Such the black pirates that would seize the helm!

Had not I known thee, —, the Muse had sworn,
 That, blest to see the State to atoms torn,
 Hell with her host had drawn each damned plan,
 And for the murder nurs'd thy dark Divan.

Speak—hath thy heart, with mad ambition fir'd,
 Like CROMWELL's, hot for pow'r, to thrones aspir'd?
 Then may that *young, old* trait'rous bosom feel
 The rapid vengeance of some virtuous steel!
 Or what, to bosoms not quite flint, is worse,
 May Heav'n with hoary age a Rebel curse;

From

* We must not forget, however, Messieurs their Graces of R. and G., Harry D., *cum plurimis aliis*, though they have not the honour of being mentioned in our poetical calendar.

From sweet society behold him torn,
 Condemn'd, like CAIN, to walk the world forlorn!

Thus rous'd to anger for my Country's wrong,
 The Muse, for vengeance panting, pour'd her *song*;
 But, ah! in vain I wish'd the blessing mine,
 To plant a scorpion's sting in ev'ry line.

Now PRUDENCE gently pull'd the Poet's ear,
 And thus the daughter of the BLUE-EY'D MAID,*
 In flatt'ry's soothing sounds, divinely said,

" O PETER! eldest-born of PNEBUS, hear—

" Whose verse could ravish Kings, relax the claw

" Of that gaunt, hungry savage, christen'd LAW—

" Indeed thou wantest worldly wisdom, PETER,

" To mix a little oft'ner with thy metre.

" Lo! if thine eye DAME FORTUNE's smile pursues,

" To oily adulation prompt the MUSE,

" Give for the future all thy rhymes to praise;

" Strike to the glorious PITT thy sounding lyre:

" Thy head may then be crown'd with WARTON's bays,

" And mutton twirl with spirit at the fire."

P 4

" PRU-

* Minerva.

"PRUDENCE," quoth I, "indeed—indeed I can't:
"Don't ask me to turn rogue, and sycophant!"

Now with a smile, first cousin to a grin,
DAME PRUDENCE answer'd, bridling up her chin—

"Sweet, harmless, pretty, conscientious pigeon!

"Ah! PETER, well I ween thou art not rich:.

"Know that thou'lt die, like beggars, in a ditch;

"Know, too, that hunger is of no religion.

"Sit down, and make a Horace imitation,

"Like POPE; and let the stanza glow

"With praise of *Messieurs* PITT and Co.

"The present worthy Rulers of the Nation."

With purs'd-up, puritanic mouth so prim,

Thus spoke DAME PRUDENCE to the BARD of Whim;

Who, with politeness seldom running o'er,

For inspiration scratch'd his tuneful scone,

To please DAME ORACLE, for once—

A DAME, some say, he never saw before.

IMITA-

IMITATION OF HORACE.

(ODE XII.—BOOK I.)

ON MESSIEURS PITT AND CO.

MUSE, having dropp'd Sir JOSEPH and the KING,

What sort of gentry shall we deign to sing?

What high and mighty name, that all adore?

What ministerial wight that bribes each CIT,

Wolf-like to howl for homage to KING PITT,

And set each smoky alehouse in a roar;

That sends to counties, borough-towns, his crimps,

Alias his vote-seducing pimps,

To bribe the mob with brandy, beer and song,

To put their greasy fists to Court Addresses,

Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,

And with a fiddle lead the logs along?

Shall DORNFORD, king of wine, and mum, and perry,

Be crown'd with lyric bays, with Master MERRY;

Two sages who, in diff'rent places born,

CHICK LANE and BLACK-BOY ALLEY did adorn?

Or,

Or, Muse, suppose we sing KING PITT himself,
 The greatest man on earth—a cunning elf,
 Who driveth, JEHU-like, the CHURCH and STATE;
 And, next to Royal PITT, we'll sing the DAME,
 Of open, gen'rous, charitable fame,

Lamenting sad a MONARCH's hapless fate;
 Who, though transfix'd by Sorrow's dart so cruel,
 So prudent, numbers each bank-note and jewel!

Nor shall we by old Bacchus WEYMOUTH pass,
 A jolly fellow o'er his glass.

Nor, SCHWELLENBERG, shalt thou a shrimp appear,
 Whose palate loves a dainty dish,

Whose teeth in combat shine with flesh and fish,

Whose Strelitz stomach holds a butt of beer;

Who soon shalt keep a saleshop for good places,

For which so oft the people squabble,

From gaping Cobblers to their gaping Graces,

And thus provide for great and little rabble.

I'll sing how calmly C----N takes the bit,

And trots so mildly under MASTER PITT:

And TH——w, too, whom none but PITT could

Who, blest with Master BILLY's finest saddle, [tame,

No longer makes our brains with neighing addle—

No longer now JOB's war-horse snorting flame;

But

But that flow brute whom few or none revere,
Fam'd for his fine base voice and length of ear;

Yet now so gentle, you may smooth his nose,

Poor CH--C-LLOR* will make no riot;

Calm in his stall his aged limbs repose,

And pleas'd he eats his oats and hay in quiet!

This Pair, so tame, amid the courtier throng,

Shall drag their Master William's coach along,

And raise the wonder of the million!

Just like two bull-dogs in a country town,

That gallop in their harness up and down,

With MONSIEUR MONKEY for postillion.

We'll sing the Brothers of our loving Queen,

Fine hungry, hearty youths as e'er were seen;

Who, if once try'd, would shine, I make no doubt:

And chiefly he who merits high rewards,

Who, wriggling to the Hanoverian guards,

Kept the poor PRINCE of BRUNSWICK out,

Although so brave a Prince, and spilt his blood

So freely for the King of England's* good.

We'll

* The name of the horse.

† This is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless true.—The Prince of Brunswick's genius was forced to yield to the superior one of the Queen's Brother!

We'll sing, too, Master ROLLE, who, fond of fame,
 High-daring, from the land of dumplings came,
 To bear the MINISTER—to be his ass—
 Like Conj'ror BALAAM's reas'ning brute,
 That carry'd BALAAM, BALAK to salute,
 And curse the Israelites, alas!

And lo! as did the Lord—
 Who op'd the mouth of BALAAM's beast;
 So hath our Lord, 'Squire PITT, upon my word,
 Op'd MASTER ROLLE's, to give the house a feast!

Yet, hang it! DEV'NSHIRE is by ARAM* beat—
 A circumstance that wrings the Poet's soul;
 For BALAAM's Jack-ass made a speech quite neat,
 Which never yet was done by PITT's poor R----

Or shall I sing old CORNWALL's death,
 Or fierce Sir BULLFACE, who resign'd his breath
 With brother CORNWALL in the self-same year—
 A downright bear!

Who bade a MONARCH, like a boy at school,
 Not spend his money like a f---?

We

* Balaam's country seat.

We too might sing the King of Swine,
Sir JOSEPH ! peerless in the fat'ning line.

We too may BURDENELL sing, who, some time since,
Admir'd and lov'd, ador'd and prais'd his PRINCE ;

Follow'd him, spaniel-like, about ;
Swore himself black, poor fellow, in the face,
That he would ten times rather lose his place

Than leave him—Thus said he with phiz devout :
But when it came to pass his HIGHNESS try'd him,
This false APOSTLE, PETER-like, deny'd him !

We'll sing Lord GALLOWAY, a man of note,
Who turn'd his taylor, much enrag'd, away,
Because he stitch'd a star upon his coat

So small, it scarcely threw a ray :
Whereas he wish'd a planet huge to flame,
To put the moon's full orb to shame ;
He wanted one so large, with rays so thick,
As to eclipse the star of Sir JOHN DICK !

Sir JOHN, who got his star, so bright and stout,
For making super-excellent *sour krout*.*

Or,

* This honour of the Star was really conferred on him by the
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA for furnishing the Russian fleet, in the
Mediterranean, with the above cabbage manufacture, to sharpen
their courage for a massacre of the poor Turks.

Or, Muse, suppose we sing the SP--KER's wig,
 In which, 'tis said, a world of wisdom lies;
 Which, to a headpiece scarcely worth a fig,
 Importance gives that greatly doth surprise,
 When through the chaos of the House he bawls
 For ORDER, that oft flies St. Stephen's walls;
 Driv'n by a host of scrapes, and hawks, and hums,
 And blowing noses, that distract her drums.

For, Muse, we can't well sing poor GR----LLE's head,
 Because it wanteth eyes—imperfect creature!

Again—its lining happ'neth to be lead—

Such are the whimsicalities of Nature:

And thus this speaking headpiece is, no doubt,
 As dark *within* as *certes* 'tis *without*!

Yet was this Youth proclaim'd a pretty sprig;
 A very promising, a thriving twig,
 That by his parents dear was said would be,
 In time, a very comely tree;
 And, what those parents dear would also suit,
 Produce enormous quantities of fruit,
 By God's good grace, and much good looking after—
 A thought that now convulseth us with laughter!

Sup-

Suppose we chaunt old WILLIS and his whip,

At which the human hide revolts;

Who bids, like grasshoppers, his pupils skip,

And breaks mad gentlemen like colts;

Or trains them, like a pointer, to his hand:

And such the mighty Conjuror's command,

He, by the magic of sticks, ropes, and eyes,

Commands wild FOLLY to be tame and wise.

Or grant we throw away a verse or two

Upon the BEDCHAMBER's most idle IMPS;

Those Lords of gingerbread—a gaudy crew,

Sticking together just like social shrimps;

Regardless who the State-coach drives,

So *they* may lead good merry, lazy lives;

Pleas'd e'en from devils to receive their pay,

So they, like moths, may flutter life away!

PITT shall the House of Commons rule,

And *eke* of poor INCURABLES the school;

And pour on such the vengeance of his spleen

As meanly think of HASTINGS and the ----!

On di'monds PITT and Co. shall largely feast,

Knock down the Nabobs, and exhaust the East!

O LADY!

O LADY ! whose great wisdom thinketh fit
 To spread thy petticoat o'er WILLIAM PITT !
 This WILLIAM PITT and Thou, without a joke,
 Will turn out most extraordinary folk !

PITT and the PETTICOAT shall rule together,
 Each with the other vastly taken ;
 Make, when they choose, or fair or filthy weather,
 And cut up kingdoms just like bacon !

THUS having finish'd, PRUDENCE, with a stare,
 Exclaim'd, " Rank irony ! thou wicked Poet."—
 Quoth I, " My little Presbyterian fair,

" I know it."—

" Ah !" quoth the Dame again, with lifted eyes,
 " When will this stupid world be wise ?"

" Ah ! had the PRINCE his proper int'rest felt,

" And, like BUCEPHALUS the famous, knelt

" To take PITT ALEXANDER on his back,

" He might have ambled prettily along,

" And very rarely felt his rider's thong—

" Just now and then a gentle smack,

" T' inform

" T' inform his royal colt what BEING rode him,

" And with such dignity bestrode him.

" Yes—had his HIGHNESS but vouchsaf'd to stoop,

" With *beav'n-born* PITT he might have eat his soup,

" Joy'd in the full possession of his wishes,

" And with his servant shar'd the loaves and fishes!"

ODE XII. LIB. I. AD AUGUSTUM

QUEM virum aut heroa *lyra* vel *acri*

Tibia sumes celebrare, *Clio*?

Quem deum? *cujus* recinet *jocosa*

Nomen *imago*,

Aut in *umbrosis* *Heliconis* *oris*,

Aut super *Pindo*, *gelidove* in *Hemo*?

Unde *vocalem* temere *insequuta*

Orphea *sylvæ*,

*Arte materna rapidos morantem
 Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
 Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris
 Dutere quercus.*

*Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
 Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
 Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
 Temperat horis?*

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
 Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum:
 Proximos illi tamen occupavit
 Pallas honores.*

*Præliis audax neque te filebo.
 Liber, & sævis inimica virgo
 Belluis: nec te metuende certa,
 Phæbe, sagitta.*

*Dicam & Alceiden; puerosque Leda,
 Hunc equis, illum superare pugnīs
 Nobilem: quorum simul alba nautis
 Stella refulsit,*

Defluit

*Defluit saxis agitatus humor :
 Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes :
 Et minax, quæ sic volvere, ponto
 Unda recumbit.*

*Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
 Pompili regnum memorem, an super hos
 Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
 Nobile lethum.*

*Regulum, & Scauras, animæque magnæ
 Prodigum Paulum, superante Pæno,
 Gratus insigni referam Camæna,
 Fabriciumque.*

*Hunc, & incomptis Curium capillis,
 Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum
 Sæva Paupertas, & avitus apto
 Cum lare fundus.*

*Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
 Fama Marcelli: micat inter omnes
 Julium fidus, velut inter ignes
 Luna minores.*

*Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data: tu secundo
Cæsare regnes,*

*Ille seu Partbos Latio imminentes
Egerit iusto domitos triumpho,
Sive subjectos Orientis oris
Seras & Indos:*

*Te minor latum reget æquus orbem:
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.*

S U B J E C T S

THE rage for historical Pictures in this Kingdom, so
 well rewarded by Messrs. St. John and Macnair, both,
 with the great encouragement of two or three of the
 P A I N T E R S.
 When Shakespeare and Milton are exhausted, I may presume that the fol-
 lowing Odes, Tanti, and Minis in preference to the
 labours of any other Poets, may be
 adopted by the bulls of Genoa. Had I not thus stepped
 forward as the champion of my own nation, which is
 deemed
 " Qui veut peindre pour l'Immortalité,
 " Doit peindre des Sots." FONTENELLE.
 persons, static words and periphrastic speech makers,
 the who, in the daily newspapers, are the heroes of
 their own friends' eulogies. I might possibly be pulled by
 without observation, and thus a great part of a partial
 immortality be obtained on a partial memorial stone.

Genus humanum patet aliquo iusto,

Oris Coelestis, illi cura magis

Celestis fatis daretur in ferula

Celestis regis.

S U B J E C T S

Ille seu Partus Luce immutatus

Adoptorem totum esse iusto

Ille fatis daretur in ferula

P A R T I E S

Ille fatis daretur in ferula

Adoptorem totum esse iusto

Ille fatis daretur in ferula

Celestis regis.

Ille fatis daretur in ferula

TO THE READER.

THE rage for historical Pictures in this kingdom, so nobly rewarded by Messrs. BOYDELL and MACKLIN, hath, with the great encouragement of two or three of the principal Muses, tempted me to offer subjects to the labourers in the graphic vineyard. When Shakespeare and Milton are exhausted, I may presume that the following Odes, Tales, and Hints, in preference to the labours of any other of our British Bards, may be adopted by the brush of Genius. Had I not thus stepped forward as the champion of my own merit, which is deemed so necessary now-a-days for the obtention of public notice, not only by authors, but by tête-makers, perfumers, elastic trufs and parliament speech makers, &c. who, in the daily news-papers, are the heralds of their own splendid abilities, I might possibly be passed by without observation, and thus a great part of a poetical immortality be sacrificed to a pitiful *mauvaise honte*.

TO THE READER.

THE rage for historical Pictures in this kingdom, so nobly rewarded by Messrs. Boydell and Macklin, hath, with the great encouragement of two or three of the principal Muses, tempted me to offer subjects to the labourers in the graphic vineyard. When Shakspeare and Milton are exhausted, I may presume that the following Odes, Tales, and Hints, in preference to the labours of any other of our British Bards, may be adopted by the breath of Genius. Had I not thus stepped forward as the champion of my own merit, which is deemed so necessary now-a-days for the obtaining of public notice, not only by authors, but by scribe-makers, performers, classic trills and parliament speech makers, &c. who, in the daily news-papers, are the heralds of their own splendid abilities, I might possibly be palled by without observation, and thus a great part of a poetical immortality be sacrificed to a pitiful mercenary pen.

SUBJECTS

FOR

P A I N T E R S

SCENE, THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PEACE and good will to this fair meeting!

I come not with hostility, but greeting;

Not eagle-like to *scream*, but dove-like *coo* it:

I come not with the sword of vengeance, rhyme,

To flash, and act as journeyman to **TIME**—

The God himself is just arriv'd to do it.

To make each feeble figure a poor corse,

I come not with the shafts of satire sporting;

Then view me not like Stubbs's staring horse,

With terror on th' approaching lion snorting:

I come to bid the hatchet's labours cease,

And smoke with friends the calumet of peace.

Knight

Knight of the polar star, or bear, don't start,
And, like some long-ear'd creatures, bray, "What
art!"

Sir WILLIAM, shut your ell-wide mouth of terror;
I come not here, believe me, to complain
Of such as dar'd employ thy building brain,
And criticise an economic error.*

I come not here to call thee knave or fool,
And bid thee seek again Palladio's school;
Or copy Heav'n, who form'd thy head so thick,
To give stability to stone and brick:
No—'twould be cruel now to make a rout;
The very stones already have cry'd out.

I come not here, indeed, new cracks to spy,
And call thee for the workmanship hard names;
To point which wing shall next forsake the sky,
And tumble in the Strand, or in the Thames.

Nor

* A large portion of the Royal Academy, raised at an extraordinary expence, fell to the ground lately; but as the Knight is a favourite at Court, no harm is done. The nation is able to rear it again, which will be a benefit ticket in Sir William's way.

Nor come I here to cover thee with shame,
 For putting clever Academic men,*
 Like calves or pigs, into a pen,
 To see the King of England and his dame,
 'Midst carts and coaches, golden horse and foot;
 'Midst peopled windows, chimnies and old walls;
 'Midst marrowbones and cleavers, fife and flute,
 Passing in pious pilgrimage to Paul's:

Where, as the shew of gingerbread went by,
 The rain, as if in mockery from the sky,
 Dribbled on ev'ry academic nob,
 And wash'd each pigtail smart, and powder'd bob;
 Wash'd many a visage, black, and brown, and fair,
 Giving to each so picturesque an air—
 Resembling that of drooping, rain-soak'd fowls,
 Or, what's a better picture, parboil'd owls;

Whilst

* Sir William actually gave orders for the non-admission of the Royal Academicians into the Academy, to see the Royal procession to St. Paul's, as he had some women and children of his acquaintance who wished to see the show. Half a dozen boards were consequently ordered to be put together on the outside of the building for their reception.

Whilst thou, great Jove upon Olympus, aping,
Didst sit majestic, from a window gaping.

O WEST ! that fix'd and jealous eye forbear,
Which scowling marks the bard with doubt and fear:

Thy forms are sacred from my wrath divine;
'Twere cruel to attack such crippled creatures,
So very, very feeble in their natures,
Already gasping in a deep decline !

I seek them not with scalping thoughts, indeed !
Too great my soul to bid the figures bleed :
May peace and happiness attend 'em !
Where'er they go, poor imps, God mend 'em !

I come not to impart to thee the crime
Of over-dealing in the true sublime ;
I scorn with malice thus thy fame to wound ;
Nor cruel to declare, and hurt thy trade,
That too divine effects of light and shade

Were ever 'midst thy labours to be found.
Nor swear, to blast one atom of thy merit,
That elegance, expression, spirit,

Too

Too strongly from the canvass blaze,
 And damn thee thus with RAPHAEL's praise:
 Besides, against the stream I scorn to rush;
 The world ne'er said, nor thought it of thy brush.

Were I to write thy epitaph, I'd say,
 "Here lies below a painter's clay,

"Who work'd away most furiously for Kings;

"And prov'd that fire of *inclination*

"For pleasing the great Ruler of a Nation,

"And fire of *genius*, are two diff'rent things."

Nor come I here t' inform some men so wise,

Who shine not yet upon the R. A. list,

That limbs in spasms and crack'd, and goggling eyes,

With grandeur cannot well exist.

Nay, let it be recorded in my rhyme,

Convulsions cannot give the true sublime.

Saint VIRUS might be virtuous to romance—

Peace to the *manes* of that capering Saint!

Yet let me tell the sons of paint,

Sublimity adorneth not his dance.

Wide

Wide faucer eyes, and dire distortion,
Will only make a good abortion.

Ye landscape-painters, may your gold streams sleep—
Sleep, golden skies and bulls, and golden cows,
And golden groves and vales, and golden sheep,
And golden goats, the golden grafs that browse,
Which with such golden lustre flame,
As beat the very golden frame!

Peace to the scenes of Birmingham's bright school!
Peace to the brighter scenes of Pontypool!

Aw'd I approach, ye sov'reigns of the brush,
With MODESTY's companion sweet, a blush,

And hesitation nat'ral to her tongue;
And eye so diffident, with beam so mild,
Like Eve's when Adam on her beauties smil'd,

And led her blushing; nothing loath, along,
To give the lady a green gown so sweet,
On beds of roses, LOVE's delicious seat:

Yes, sober, trembling, Quaker-like, I come
To this great DOME,

To

To offer subjects to the sons of paint:

Accept the pleasant tales and hints I bring,
Of Knight and Lord, and Commoner and King.

Sweeter than hist'ry of embowell'd saint;
Or martyr, beat like Shrovetide cocks with bats,
And fir'd like turpentin'd poor roasting rats.

Inimical as dogs to pigs,

Or wind and rain to powder'd wigs,
Or mud from kennels to a milk-white stocking;

Hostile to PETER's phiz as if a pest,

Why springs the man of hist'ry, Mister WEST,
And cries, "Off, off! your tales and hints are shocking;

"Inventions—fabrications—lies—damn'd lies!

"Kings, and the world besides, thy spite despise.

"Sir, you're a liar, ev'ry body knows it;

"Sir, every stupid stanza shows it:

"Sir, you know nothing of a King and Queen;

"In spheres too high their orbs superior roll,

"By thy poor little grov'ling, mole-ey'd-soul,

"Thou outcast of Parnassus, to be seen.

"Sir, they do honour to their god-like station,

"The two first luminaries of the nation,

- " So meek, good, gen'rous, virtuous, humble, wife,
 " Whilst thou, a savage, a great fool so fat,
 " Curs'd with a conscience blacker than my hat,
 " Art rival to that fiend the Prince of Lies.
 " Go, pour thy venom on my LEAR*—
 " A whisper, Hopkins, Sternhold, in thy ear:
 " King LEAR, to mortify thee, goes
 " Where MAJESTY delights with WEST to prate,
 " Much more than Ministers of State—
 " Where thou shalt never, never show thy nose!
 " Where Pages fancy it a heinous crime,
 " Thou foul-mouth'd fellow, to repeat thy † rhyme;
 " Where ev'ry cook, it is my firm belief,
 " Would nobly make it a religious point,
 " Rather than put thy trash upon a joint,
 " To let the fire consuming burn the beef.
 " There's
 * A pretty iron-flaring sketch now in the Exhibition.

† Here Mr. West is mistaken. The works of the LYRIC
 BARD, handsomely bound in morocco leather, are now in the
 Library at the Queen's Palace: his Majesty has done more—he
 has written notes on the Odes. Happy Poet, to have a King for
 a commentator!

" There's not a shopkeeper in Windsor town

" That would not hang thee, shoot thee, stab thee,
drown;

" That doth not damn thy stuff, thy odes and tales;

" That doth not think thy works would give disease

" To ev'ry thing they wrapp'd—to bread, to cheese;

" Nay, give contagion to a bag of nails.

" The very Windsor dogs and cats,

" The very Windsor owls and bats,

" Would howl and squall, and hoot and shriek, to meet

" Like thee a raggamuffin in the street.

" The servant maids of * Windsor, from each shop,

" Some pointing brooms, and some a scornful mop,

" Their loyal sentiments would disemboque,

" And taunting cry, ' There goes a lying rogue.'

" Behold, rank impudence thy rhymes inspire;

" Consummate insolence thy verse provoke!

" Fool! to believe thy muse a muse of fire!

" A chimney-sweeper's drab, a muse of smoke.

VOL. II.

R

" The

* Neither is this true: the works of the sublime BARD are
fold *publicly* at Windsor.

- " The very bellman's rhymes possess more merit.
 " Nay, * Nichols' magazine exceeds in spirit :
 " A printer's devil, with conceit so drunk,
 " Who publishes for gentleman and trunk ;
 " Who sets up author on old Bowyer's scraps ;
 " Bowyer, whose pen recorded all the raps
 " That hungry authors gave to Bowyer's door,
 " To swell the curious literary store :
 " Who on a purblind † antiquarian's back,
 " A founder'd, broken-winded hack,
 " Rides out to find old farthings, nails, and bones ;
 " On darkest coins the brightest legend reads,
 " On traceless copper sees imperial heads,
 " And makes inscriptions older than the stones.

" Too

* Mister West is not a judge. *JOHN'S Magazine* is a sad *farrago*, possessing, however, the merit of being more in *quantity* than other magazines : as for the *quality*, John, who is a most *excellent tradesman*, deemeth it of no importance.

† What a virulent attack on the penetrating and laborious Mr. GOUGH of Enfield ! Can any thing be more bitter against an antiquarian hero of the first fame, for ever at fistcuffs with TIME, to make him disgorge the *good things* he has been, for such a series of ages, devouring !

- " Too bids, to give his customers surprise,
 " A Druid altar from a pigstye rise.
 " Yes, NICHOLS, aping wisdom through his glasses,
 " Thee, thee APOLLO's scavenger, surpasses.

 " Soon shall we see the Fleet thy carcase wring,
 " Mean thro' the prison grate for farthings angling,
 " Suspending feet of stockings by a string,
 " Or glove or nightcap for our bounty dangling;

 " Whilst, issuing from thy mouth begrim'd with beard,
 " Thy pale nose poking through thy prison hole,
 " The hollow voice of mis'ry will be heard,
 " ' Kind ge'mman, pity a poor hungry-soul:
 " ' Have pity on a pris'ner's case so shocking—
 " ' Good lady, put a farthing in the stocking!'
- " What impudence thus bold a face to push,
 " Arm'd with a winking light of paltry ruff,
 " As if with TRUTH's bright torch, into our room;
 " To dart on ignorance the fancy'd rays—
 " To bid of barbarism the empire blaze,
 " And kind illumine ERROR's midnight gloom!

“ Get out, and pertly don’t come troubling *me*;
“ A *dog* is better company than *thee*.”

Thus cries the King’s GREAT PAINTER to the BARD!
Such is of *peerless Odes* the base reward!

I thank ye—much oblig’d t’ye, Mister WEST,
For thoughts so *kind*, and *prettily* exprest:

Yet won’t I be refus’d, I won’t indeed;
You *must*, you *shall* have tale, and ode, and hint;
This memory of mine contains a mint:
And thus, in bold defiance, I proceed.

Yet mind me, as to our bright KING and QUEEN,
Their names are sacred from the Poet’s spleen—

Peace to their reign! they feel no more my jokes,
Whether to Hanover they wisely roam,
Or full as wisely count their cash at home:
My satire shall not hurt the *gentlefolks*.

Pleas’d in a hut to broil my mutton bone,
I sigh not for the ven’son of a throne:

Nay, slavery doth not with my pride agree;
A toad-eater’s an imp I don’t admire;
Nor royal small-talk doth my soul desire:
I’ve *seen* my Sovereigns—that’s enough for *me*.

A THOUSAND themes for canvass I could name,
To give the artist beef and fame:

Lo! •Hodfell in his country seat so fine,
Where, 'midst his tulips, grin stone apes with parrots;
Where Neptune foams along a bed of carrots,
Instead of cleaving through his native brine;

Where PHŒBUS strikes to cabbages his strings;
Where LOVE o'er garlick waves his purple wings;
Where MARS, to vanquish beets, heroic leans;
And, arm'd with lightnings, with terrific eyes,
The great and mighty RULER of the skies
Sublimely thunders through a bed of beans;

Close by whose side the haymakers are mating,
And Dutchmen to their knees in onions skaiting.

• A merchant of taste.

A MIGHTY WARRIOR in the House of Lords,
Swallowing, alas! a bitter, bitter pill;
Eating, poor man, his own sad words,
Exceedingly against his noble will;

Whilst RAWDON by his side, with martial face,
Commandeth him to swallow with a grace;
Would make an interesting scene, indeed,
And show the courage of King Charles's breed!

How like a Doctor, forcing down the throat
Of some poor puling child a dose of salts,
At which its little soul revolts,
With wriggling limbs, wry mouths, and piteous note;
Yet forc'd to take the formidable purge,
Or taste a bitt'rer dose, the threaten'd scourge!

Or RICHMOND,* watchful of the State's salvation,
Sprinkling his ravelins o'er the pale-nos'd nation;

Now

* The Duke absolutely ordered cannon to be made of leather, from a snuff-box-maker, which, at Woolwich, on Saturday the second day of May, 1789, were seriously tried, and, like many a nobleman, found too *soft*.

Now buying leathern boxes up by tuns,
 Improving thus the bodies of great guns;
 Guns blest with double natures, mild and rough,
 To give a broadside, or a pinch of snuff.
 Or RICHMOND * at th' enormous reek'ning struck,
 At Portsmouth battling hard about a duck.

A certain high and mighty Duchefs,
 Hugging her husband in her cat-like clutches,

Biting and tearing him with brandy zeal;
 Whose flax in heaps is seen to fly around,
 Whilst he, pale wight, emits a plaintive sound,

Like animals that furnish man with veal;
 Would make another pleasing scene,
 Showing the mettle of an arrant Quean;
 Longing to shine a first-rate star at Court,
 For satire's pen, a subject of rare sport;

R 4

Longing

* At Portsmouth his Grace, not long since, bespoke a dinner for a few friends; and because no fork had entered a roasted duck, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, Master General of the Ordnance, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Suffex, Duke of Lenox in Scotland, and Aubigny in France, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c. thought it a grievous imposition, and ordered the landlord of the inn to deduct the eighteen pence, the price of the duck, from the bill, which was done accordingly.

Longing to purify a luckless blood,
Deep-stain'd, and smelling of its native mud.

The valiant GLOSTER at the army's head,
Drawn as the glorious Macedonian youth,
In battle galloping o'er hills of dead,
Would glow with such an air of truth!—
Not on a *Jackass* mounted, but a steed
Of old *Bucephalus's* breed.

SALISB'RY examining the iron hands
Of FAME's and sweet St. Giles's blackguard bands,
That clap our Kings to Parliament and Play—
Salisb'ry, too, gauging all their gaping throats,
Exciseman-like, to find the best for notes,
That money mayn't be thrown away:

Resolv'd from those same legions of vulgarity,
To get full pennyworths of popularity;
Resolv'd his master shall be fairly treated,
And not, as usual, by his servants, cheated.

Suppose,

Suppose, to give this humour-loving isle
 A pretty opportunity to smile,
 You paint the Solomon of yon fam'd place,*
 Where fair PHILOSOPHY, the heav'nly dame,
 By barb'rous usage cover'd deep with shame,
 No longer shows her exil'd face;
 Where *cent. per cent.* in value rise,
 Toads, tadpoles, grasshoppers, and flies?

Suppose you paint Sir JOSEPH all so blest,
 With many a parasitical dear guest,
 Swol'n by their flatt'ries as a bladder big,
 Throwing away of learning such a waste,
 And proving his superior classic taste,
 By swallowing the *sumen* of a pig?

PITT trying to unclench BRITANNIA's fist,
 Imploring money for a King;
 Telling most mournful tales of civil list,
 The Lady's tender heart to wring;

Tales

* The Royal Society.

Tales of expence, th' effect of Doctors' bills,
 High price of blisters, boluses, and pills;
 Long journey to St. Paul's, t' oblige the nation,
 And give God humble thanks for restoration:
 BRITANNIA with arch look, the while,
 Partaking strongly of a smile,
 Pointing to that huge dome,* the nation's wealth;
 Where *people* sometimes place their cash by stealth,
 And, all so *modest* with their secret store,
 Inform the world they're poor, yes, very poor.

BRUDENELL and SYMONDS † with each other vying,
 Sweet youths! for little NORMAN'S ‡ favours fighting,

A picturesque effect would form:

That hugging mother for the daughter's charms;

This, with the yielding damsel in his arms,

Taking the citadel by storm;

That running with the girl in triumph off;

This with the dog, the mother, and the muff.

A great

* The Bank of England.

† Lord B. and Sir Richard S.'s contest for the charming prize is well known to the Opera-House.

‡ A pretty black-eyed Figurante at the Opera.

A great Law Chief, whom God nor Demon scares,
Compell'd to kneel and pray,* who *swore* his pray'rs;

The dev'l behind him, pleas'd and grinning,
Patting the angry lawyer on the shoulder,
Declaring nought was ever bolder,

Admiring such a novel mode of sinning;

Like this, a subject would be reckon'd rare,
Which proves what blood-game infidels can dare;
Which to my mem'ry brings a fact,
Which nothing but an English tar would act.

In ships of war, on Sunday, pray'rs are giv'n;
For, though so wicked, sailors think of Heav'n,

Particularly in a storm;

Where, if they find no brandy to get drunk,
Their souls are in a miserable funk;

Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,
If in his goodness only *once, once more*,
He'll suffer them to clap one foot on shore.

In

* On the thanksgiving day at St. Paul's,

In calms, indeed, or gentle airs,
 They ne'er on week-days pester Heav'n with pray'rs;
 For 'tis amongst the Jacks a common saying,
 "Where there's no danger, there's no need of praying."

One Sunday morning all were met
 To hear the parson preach and pray,
 All but a boy, who, willing to forget
 That pray'rs were handing out, had stol'n away;
 And, thinking praying but a useless task,
 Had crawl'd, to take a nap, into a cask.

The *micber* was found missing; and full soon
 The boatwain's cat sagacious smelt him out;
 Gave him a clawing to some tune—
 This cat's a cousin Germain to the Knout.*

"Come out, you sculking dog," the boatwain cry'd,
 "And save your damn'd young sinful soul:"
 He then the moral-mending cat apply'd,
 And turn'd him like a badger from his hole.

Sulky,

* A common punishment in Russia.

Sulky, the boy march'd on, nor seem'd to mind him,
Although the boatswain flogging kept behind him:
"Flog," cry'd the boy, "flog—curse me, flog away;
"I'll go—but mind—God d-mn me if I'll pray."

THE KING OF SPAIN

AND

THE HORSE.

IN sev'nteenth hundred sev'nty-eight,

The rich, the proud, the potent King of Spain,
Whose ancestors sent forth their troops to smite

The peaceful natives of the western main,
With faggots and the blood-delighting sword,
To play the devil, to oblige the Lord!

For hunting, roasting heretics, and boiling,
Baking and barbecuing, frying, broiling,

Was thought Heav'n's cause amazingly to further;
For which most pious reason, hard to work
They went, with gun and dagger, knife and fork,
To charm the God of mercy with their murder!

I say

I say, this King in sev'nty-eight survey'd,
In tapestry so rich, pourtray'd

A horse with stirrups, crupper, bridle, saddle!
Within the stirrup, lo, the Monarch try'd
To fix his foot, the palfry to bestride;

In vain!—he could not o'er the palfry straddle!

Stiff as a Turk the beast of yarn remain'd,
And ev'ry effort of the King disdain'd,
Who 'midst his labours to the ground was tumbled,
And greatly mortified as well as humbled.

Prodigious was the struggle of the day:
The horse attempted not to run away;

At which the poor chaf'd Monarch now 'gan grin,
And swore by ev'ry saint and holy martyr,
He would not yield the traitor quarter,
Until he got possession of his skin.

Not fiercer fam'd La Mancha's knight,

Hight QUIXOTE, at a puppet show,

Did with more valour stoutly fight,

And terrify each little squeaking foe;

When bold he pierc'd the lines, immortal fray;

And broke their pasteboard bones, and stabb'd their
hearts of hay.

Not

Not with more energy and fury
The beauteous street-walker of Drury
Attacks a sister of the smuggling trade,
Whose winks, and nods, and sweet resistless smile,
Ah, me! her paramour beguile,
And to her bed of healthy straw persuade;
Where mice with music charm, and vermin crawl,
And snails with silver traces deck the wall.

And now a cane, and now a whip he us'd;
And now he kick'd, and fore the palfry bruis'd;
Yet, lo, the horse seem'd patient at each kick,
And bore with Christian spirit whip and stick;
And what excessively provok'd this Prince,
The horse so stubborn scorn'd ev'n once to wince.

Now rush'd the Monarch for a bow and arrow,
To shoot the rebel like a sparrow;
And lo, with shafts well steel'd, with all his force,
Just like a pincushion, he stuck the horse!

Now with the fury of the chaf'd wild boar,
With nails and teeth the wounded horse he tore;
Now to the floor he brought the stubborn beast;
Now o'er the vanquish'd horse that dar'd rebel,
Most Indian-like, the Monarch gave a yell,
Pleas'd on the quadruped his eyes to feast;

Blest

Blest as **ACHILLES**, when with fatal wound
He brought the mighty **HECTOR** to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his godlike ire,
He vengeful flung the palfry in the fire!
Showing his pages round, poor trembling things,
How dang'rous to resist the will of Kings.

LORD BRUDENELL AND THE EUNUCH.

A **LORD**, most musically mad,
Yet with a taste superlatively bad,
Ask'd a squeal eunuch to his house one day;
A poor old *semivir*, whose throat
Had lost its love-resounding note,
Which **ART** had giv'n, and **TIME** had stol'n away.

"Signor **SQUALINI**," with a solemn air,
The **LORD** began, grave rising from his chair,
Taking **SQUALINI** kindly by the hand—
"Signor **SQUALINI**, much I fear
"I've got a most unlucky ear,
"And that 'tis known to all the music band.

"Fond of abuse, each fiddling coxcomb carps;

"And, true it is, I don't know flats from sharps:

"Indeed, Signor SQUALINI, 'tis no hum;

"So ill doth music with my organs suit,

"I scarcely know a fiddle from a flute,

"The hautbois from the double drum.

"Now though with Lords, a number, of this nation,

"I go to Op'ras, more through fashion

"Than for the love of music, I could wish

"The world might think I had some little taste,

"That those two ears were tolerably chaste;

"But, Sir, I am as stupid as a fish.

"Get me the credit of a *Cognoscente*,

"Gold sha'n't be wanting to content ye."

"*Bravissimo!* my Lor," reply'd SQUALINI,

With acquiescent bow, and smile of suavity;

"De nobleman mufs never look de ninny."—

"True," grunts the noble Lord, with German gravity.

"My Lor, ven men vant money in der purse,

"Dey do no vant de vorld to tink dem poor;

"Because, my Lor, dat be von shabby curse;

"Dis all same ting wid ignorance, my Lor."

"Right," cry'd his Lordship in a grumbling tone,
Much like a mastiff jealous of his bone.

"But first I want some technicals, Signor."—
Bowling, the Eunuch answer'd—"Ifs, my Lor,

"I teash your Lorfship queekly, queekly, all—

"Dere vat be call de *softenuto* note,

"Dat be ven finger oppen vide de throat,

"And den for long time make de squawl, squawl,
squawl;

"Mush long, long note, dat do continue while

"A man, my Lor, can walk a mile.

"My Lor, der likewise be de *cromatique*,

"As if de finger vas in greef, or sick,

"And had de colick—dat be ver, ver fine:

"De high, oh, dat musician call *soprano*;

"De low voice, *basso*; de soff note, *piano*—

"*Bravoura*, queek, bold—here Marchesi shine,

"Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know—

"*Allegro*, quick; *Adagio*, be de slow;

"*Pomposo*, dat be manner make de roar:

"*Mæstoso*, dat be slow, grand, nobel ting,

"Mush like de voice of Emperor, or de King;

"Or you, my Lor,

"When

" When in de Houſe you make de grand oration,
 " For ſave, my Lor, de noble Engliſh nation."

" *Da Capo*, dat's, my Lor, begin again,
 " And end, my Lor, wid de firſt ſtrain."

Thus having giv'n his leſſon, and a bow,
 With high complacency his Lordſhip ſmil'd:
 Unravell'd was his Lordſhip's pucker'd brow,
 His ſcowling eye, like LUNA's beams, ſo mild:

Such is th' effect, when flatt'ries ſweet cajole
 That praiſe-admiring wight *yclep'd* the ſoul;
 And from the days of Adam 'tis the caſe,
 That great's the ſympathy 'twixt ſoul and face.

" Signor SQUALINI," cry'd the happy Lord,
 " The Op'ra is begun, upon my word—
 " *Allons*, Signor, and hear me—mind,
 " As ſoon as ever you ſhall find
 " A finger's voice above or under pitch,
 " Juſt touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch,"

" Iſs, iſs, my Lor, (the Eunuch ſtrait reply'd)
 " My Lor, I ſheet cloſe by your Lordſhip ſide;

“ And den, accordin to your Lorfhip wifh,

“ I give your Lorfhip elbow littel twifh.”

Now to the Opera, music's founds to hear,

The old Castrato and the noble Peer

Proceeded—Near the orchestra they fat,

Before the portals of the fingers' throats!

The critic couple mousing for bad notes

With all the keenness of a hungry cat.

Now came an *out-of-tunish* note—

The Eunuch twitch'd his Lordship's coat:

Full-mouth'd at once his Lordship roar'd out “Pshal!”

Sudden the orchestra, amaz'd, turn round

To find from whence arose the critic sound,

When, lo! they heard the Lord, and saw!

The Eunuch kept most sily twitching;

His frowning Lordship all the while,

(Not in the cream of courtly style)

Be-dogging this poor finger, that be-bitching;

Uniting, too, a host of damning *psbas*,

Reap'd a most plenteous harvest of applause;

Grew from that hour a Lord of tuneful skill,

And, though the Eunuch's dead, remains so still.

TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

SUPPOSE you paint the Dev'l, with smiling mien,
Whisp'ring *deceit* to *any* King or Queen,
'Tis what the prince of foot hath often done:

For lo, with *many* a King and *many* a Queen,
In close *confab* the gentleman is seen—

With *such* hath Satan oft a world of fun;
More fun, or diadems are much bely'd,
Than all the little under-world beside!

The Dev'l's a fellow of much sterling humour,
If we may credit public rumour;

And all so civil in each act and look,
That, whensoever we incline
On some rare dish of sin to dine,
We can't employ a readier, nicer cook.

Who, too, so generous disdains
To take a sixpence for his pains—

Nay, at our money would be vex;
Happy to please us *gratis* with his art,
Provided, when from *this* world we depart,
We join his *fire-side* in the next.

Like GLOUCESTER, who for pay can leave his party;
 Some years ago I join'd his corps so hearty,
 Thinking the Prince of Erebus ill treated:

Fir'd by the subject, in my rhyming mode,
 I complimented Satan with an Ode,
 Which, for the brushmen's sake, shall be repeated,

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

INGRATUM ODI.

PRINCE of the dark abodes! I ween
 Your Highness ne'er till now hath seen
 Yourself in metre shine;
 Ne'er heard a song with praise sincere,
 Sweet warbled on your smutty ear,
 Before this Ode of mine.

Perhaps the reason is too plain,
 Thou try'st to starve the tuneful train,
 Of potent verse afraid;
 And yet I vow, in all my time,
 I've not beheld a single rhyme
 That ever spoil'd thy trade.

I've

I've often read those pious whims—
 JOHN WESLEY's sweet damnation hymns,
 That chant of heav'nly riches.

What have they done?—those heav'nly strains,
 Devoutly squeez'd from canting brains,
 But fill'd JOHN's earthly breeches?

There's not a shoeblack in the land,
 So humbly at the world's command,
 As thy old cloven foot;
 Like lightning dost thou fly, when call'd,
 And yet no pickpocket's so maul'd
 As thou, O Prince of Soot!

What thousands, hourly bent on sin,
 With supplication call thee in,
 To aid them to pursue it!
 Yet, when detected, with a lie
 Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,
 "The Devil *made* me do it."

Behold the fortunes that are made,
 By men through roguish tricks in trade!
 Yet all to thee are owing—

And though we meet it ev'ry day,
The sneaking rascals dare not say,

This is the *Devil's* doing,

As to thy company, I'm sure,
No man can shun thee on that score;

The very best is thine:

With Kings, Queens, Ministers of State,
Lords, Ladies, I have seen thee great;

And many a grave Divine,

I'm sorely griev'd at times to find,
The very instant thou art kind,

Some people so uncivil,

When aught offends, with fact awry,
With base ingratitude to cry,

"I wish it to the devil."

Hath some poor blockhead got a wife,
To be the torment of his life,

By one eternal yell;

The fellow cries out coarsely, "Zounds!

"I'd give this moment twenty pounds

"To see the jade in hell,"

Should

Should Heav'n their pray'rs so ardent grant,
Thou never company wouldst want

To make thee downright mad;
For mind me, in their wishing mood,
They never offer thee what's good,
But ev'ry thing that's bad.

My honest anger boils to view
A snuffing, long-fac'd, canting crew,
So much thy humble debtors,
Rushing, on Sundays, one and all,
With desp'rate pray'rs thy head to maul,
And thus abuse their betters.

To seize one day in ev'ry week,
On thee their black abuse to wreak,
By whom their souls are fed
Each minute of the other six,
With ev'ry joy that heart can fix,
Is impudence indeed!

Blushing, I own thy pleasing art
Hath oft seduc'd my vagrant heart,
And led my steps to joy—

The

The charms of beauty have been mine;
 And let me call the merit thine,
 Who brought'st the lovely toy.

No, Satan—if I ask thy aid,
 To give my arms the blooming maid,
 I will not, through the nation all,
 Proclaim thee (like a graceless pimp)
 A vile old good-for-nothing pimp,
 But say, "'tis thy vocation, Hal."

Since truth must out—I seldom knew
 What 'twas high pleasure to pursue,
 Till thou hadst won my heart:
 So social were we both together,
 And beat the hoof in ev'ry weather,
 I never wish'd to part.

Yet when a child—good Lord! I thought
 That thou a pair of horns hadst got,
 With eyes like saucers staring!
 And then a pair of ears so stout,
 A monstrous tail and hairy snout,
 With claws beyond comparing.

Taught

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,
 By day I us'd to dread the Devil;
 And trembling when 'twas night,
 Methought I saw thy horns and ears,
 Then sung or whistled to my fears,
 And ran to chase my fright.

Black, red, or blue, or yellow,
 And ev'ry night I went to bed,
 I sweated with a constant dread,
 And crept beneath the rug;
 There, panting, thought that in my sleep
 Thou sly in the dark wouldst creep,
 And eat me, though so snug.

Yet often I discover
 A haberdasher's shop is thine,
 With fins of all sorts, coarse and fine,
 To suit both man and maid:
 Thy wares they buy, with open eyes;
 How cruel then, with constant cries,
 To vilify thy trade!

Whole souls are scarce worth taking
 To speak the truth, indeed, I'm loath—
 Life's deem'd a mawkish dish of broth,
 Without thy aid, old Sweeper:

So mawkish, few will put it down,
 E'en from the cottage to the crown,
 Without thy salt and pepper.

O Satan, whatsoever gear
 Thy Proteus form shall choose to wear,
 Black, red, or blue, or yellow;
 Whatever hypocrites may say,
 They think thee (trust my honest lay)
 A most bewitching fellow.

'Tis order'd (to deaf ears, alas!)
 To praise the bridge o'er which we pass;
 Yet often I discover
 A numerous band who daily make
 An easy bridge of thy poor back,
 And damn it when they're over.

Why art thou then, with cap in hand,
 Obsequious to a graceless band,
 Whose souls are scarce worth taking?

O Prince, pursue but my advice,
 I'll teach your Highness in a trice
 To set them all a quaking.

Plays, op'ras, masquerades, destroy;

Lock up each charming *fille de joie*;

Give race-horses the glander—

The dice-box break, and burn each card—

Let virtue be its own reward,

And gag the mouth of slander:

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,

There's not a man, nor maid, nor wife,

That will not glad agree,

If thou wilt charm 'em as before,

To show their nose at church no more,

But quit their God for thee.

'Tis now full time my Ode should end;

And now I tell thee like a friend,

Howe'er the world may scout thee,

Thy ways are all so wond'rous winning,

And folks so very fond of sinning,

They cannot do without thee.

THE TENDER HUSBAND.

LO, to the cruel hand of FATE,
 My poor dear GRIZZLE, meek-soul'd mate,
 Religns her tuneful breath—
 Though dropp'd her jaw, her lip though pale,
 And blue each harmless finger nail,
 She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
 I scarce can thich her but asleep—
 How wonderfully tame!
 And yet her voice is really gone,
 And dim those eyes that lately shone
 With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
 To take it in his head to smite—
 To lift his dart to hit her;
 For as she was so great a woman,
 And car'd a fingle fig for no man,
 I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still is that voice, of late so strong,
 That many a sweet Capriccio sung,
 And beat in sounds the spheres?

No longer must those fingers play
 "Britons, strike home," that many a day
 Have sooth'd my ravish'd ears?

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclin'd
 To think I now might speak my mind,
 Nor hurt her dear repose;

Nor think I now with rage she'd roar,
 Were I to put my fingers o'er,
 And touch her precious nose.

Here let me philosophic pause—
 How wonderful are Nature's laws!

When lady's breath retires,
 Its fate the flaming passions share,
 Supported by a little air,
 Like culinary fires!

Whene'er I hear the bagpipe's note,
 Shall FANCY fix on GRIZZLE's throat,
 And loud instructive lungs:

O Death, in her, though only one,
 Are lost a thousand charms unknown,
 At least a thousand tongues.

Scon

Soon as I heard her last sweet sigh,
And saw her gently-closing eye,

How great was my surprise!
Yet have I not, with impious breath,
Accus'd the hard decrees of death,
Nor blam'd the righteous skies.

Why do I groan in deep despair,
Since she'll be soon an angel fair?

Ah! why my bosom smite?
Could grief my GRIZZLE's life restore!—
But let me give such savings o'er—

Whatever is, is right.

Oh, Doctor! you are come too late;
No more of physic's virtues prate,

That could not save my lamb:
Not one more bolus shall be giv'n—

You shall not ope her mouth, by heav'n,
And GRIZZLE's gullet cram.

Enough of boluses, poor heart,
And pills, she took, to load a cart,

Before she clos'd her eyes;

Before

But now my word is here a law,
Zounds! with a bolus in her jaw,
She shall not seek the skies.

Good Sir, good Doctor, go away;
To hear my sighs you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure:
I thank you for your pains and skill;
When next you come, pray bring your bill;
I'll pay it, Sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
For God's sake gently tread the room,
Nor call her from the blest:
In softest silence drop the tear,
In whispers breathe the fervent pray'r,
To bid her spirit rest.

Repress the sad, the wounding scream;
I cannot bear a grief extreme—
Enough one little sigh—
Besides, the loud alarm of grief,
In many a mind may start belief,
Our noise is all a lie.

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care;
Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare;
Her mouth, ah! slowly close;

Her mouth, a magic tongue that held;
Whose softest tone, at times, compell'd,
To peace, my loudest woes.

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,
Of stoutest oak her coffin make—

I'd not be stingy, sure:
Procure of steel the strongest screws;
For who would paltry pence refuse,
To lodge his wife secure?

Ye people who the corpse convey,
With caution tread the doleful way,
Nor shake her precious head;
Since FAME reports, a coffin toft
With careless swing against a post,
Did once disturb the dead.

Farewell, my love, for ever lost!
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghost,
That I again will woo—
By all our past delights, my dear,
No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
P—x take me if I do!

THE SOLDIER
AND THE
VIRGIN MARY.

A T A L E.

A SOLDIER at Loretto's wond'rous chapel,

To parry from his soul the wrath divine,

That follow'd mother Eve's unlucky apple,

Did visit oft the Virgin Mary's shrine;

Who ev'ry day is gorgeously deck'd out,

In silks or velvets, jewels, great and small,

Just like a fine young lady for a rout,

A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.

At first the Soldier at a distance kept,

Begging her vote and interest in heav'n:

With seeming bitterness the sinner wept,

Wrung his two hands, and hop'd to be forgiv'n;

Dinn'd her two ears with Ave-Mary flummery;

Declar'd what miracles the dame could do,

Ev'n with her garter, stocking, or her shoe,

And such like wonder-working mummery.

What answer MARY gave the wheedling finner,
Who nearly, and more nearly mov'd to win her,
The musty mouth of Hist'ry doth not mention;
And therefore I can't tell but by invention.

One day as he was making love and praying,
And pious Aves, thick as herrings, saying,
And damned sins so manifold confessing,
He drew, as if to whisper, very near,
And twitch'd a pretty diamond from her ear,
Instead of taking the good lady's blessing.

Then off he set with nimble shanks,
Nor once turn'd back to give her thanks:
A hue and cry the thief pursu'd,
Who, to his cost, soon understood
That he was not arriv'd beyond the paw
Of that same long-legg'd tiger, christen'd LAW.

With horror did his Judges quake:
As for the tender-conscienc'd Jury,
They doom'd him quickly to the stake,
Such was their dev'lish pious fury.

However,

However, after calling him hard names,
 They ask'd if ought he had in vindication,
 To save his wretched body from the flames,
 And sinful soul from terrible damnation?

The Soldier answer'd them with much *sang-froid*,
 Which seem'd to show, of sin, a conscience void,
 That, if they meant to kill him, they might kill:
 As for the diamond which they found about him,
 He hop'd their Worship's would by no means doubt him,
 That Madam *gave* it him from pure good will.

The answer turn'd both Judge and Jury pale:
 The punishment was for a time deferr'd,
 Until his Holiness should hear the tale,
 And his infallibility be heard.

The Pope to all his Counsellors made known
 This strange affair—to Cardinals and Friars,
 Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were known
 To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and liars.

The question now was banded to and fro,
 If MARY had the pow'r to *give*, or *no*?

That MARY *could not* give it, was to say,
The wonder-working Lady wanted pow'r—
This was a stumbling block that stopp'd the way—
This made Pope, Cardinals, and Friars, low'r.

To save the Virgin's credit, lo!
And keep secure the di'monds that were left,
They said, she *might*, indeed, the gem bestow,
And consequently it might be no theft;
But then they pass'd immediately an Act,
That ev'ry one discover'd in the fact
Of taking presents from the Virgin's hand,
Or from the Saints of any land,
Should know no mercy, but be led to slaughter,
Flay'd here, and fry'd eternally hereafter.

Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear
To need poetical assistance;
Which bids you not let men approach too near,
But keep the faucy fellows at a distance;
Since men you find, so bold, are apt to seize
Jewels from ladies, ev'n upon their *knees*!

AN ODE TO EIGHT CATS,

BELONGING TO

ISRAEL MENDEZ, A JEW.

SCENE, *the Street in a Country Town.**The TIME, Midnight—The Poet at his Chamber Window, in his Shirt.*

SINGERS of Israel, O ye fingers sweet,

Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,

Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,

And to the sleepless wretch the night endear!

Lo! in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,

Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks:

Your friskings, crawlings, squalls, I much approve;

Your spittings, pawings, high-rais'd rumps,

Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,

With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.

How sweetly roll your goosy eyes,

As loud you tune your am'rous cries,

And, loving, scratch each other black and blue!
No boys in wantonness now bang your backs;
No curs, nor fiercer mastiffs, tear your flax;
But all the moon-light world seems made for you.

Singers of Israel, ye no parsons want
To tie the matrimonial cord;
Ye call the matrimonial service, cant—
Like our first parents, take each other's word;
On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix—
To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas!
Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, nor ladle;
No iron, pewter, copper, tin, nor brass;
No nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle,
(Which custom, for our *Christian* babes, enjoins)
To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers have you need,
Ye males, before you seek your bed,
To settle pin-money on Madam:
No fears of cuckoldom, heav'n bless ye,
Are ever harbour'd to distress ye,
Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools ye want for fine behaving;
 No powdering, painting, washing, shaving;
 No nightcaps snug—no trouble in undressing
 Before ye seek your strawy nest,
 Pleas'd in each other's arms to rest,
 To feast on luscious Love, heav'n's greatest blessing.

Good gods! ye sweet love-chanting rams!
 How nimble are ye with your horns
 To mount a house, to scale a chimney-top;
 And, peeping down that chimney's hole,
 Pour, in a tuneful cry, th' impassion'd soul,
 Inviting Miss GRIMALKIN to come up:

Who, sweet obliging female, far from coy,
 Answers your invitation note with joy;
 And, scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope,
 Lo! borne on Love's all-daring wing,
 She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
 Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold—
 Singers of Israel sweet, adieu, adieu!
 I do suppose you need not now be told
 How much I wish that I was one of you.

SONG

SONG TO DELIA.

FORLORN I seek the silent scene,

To keep the image of my fair;

Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,

And view the spectre of despair.

Why should my heart forget its woe?

The virgin would have mourn'd for *me*.—

O nymph, th' eternal tear shall flow,

The sigh unceasing breathe of *thee*.

Forgetful of the parted maid,

Too many an unfeeling swain

Forfakes of solitude the shade,

For PLEASURE's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of constancy they boast!

Their easy hearts their tongues belie—

Who loves, reveres the fair-one's ghost,

And seeks a pleasure in a sigh.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE THIEF-TAKERS.

SIR JOSEPH, fav'rite of great Queens and Kings,
Whose wisdom, weed and insect hunter sings;
And ladies fair applaud, with smile so dimpling;
Went forth one day, amidst the laughing fields,
Where NATURE such exhaustless treasure yields,
A simpling!

It happen'd on the self-same morn so bright,
The nimble pupils of Sir SAMPSON WRIGHT,
A simpling too, for plants call'd Thieves, proceeded;
Of which the nation's field should oft be weeded.

Now did a thief-taker, so sly,
Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,
And quick espy'd the Knight with solemn air,
Deep in a ditch where watercresses grow;
On which he to his comrades cry'd, "See, ho!"
Then jump'd (unsportsman-like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir JOSEPH did not squeak, but bawl'd,
With dread prodigiously appall'd.

The thief-takers no ceremony us'd;
But taking poor Sir JOSEPH by the neck,

They bade him speak;

But first with names their captive Knight abus'd.

"Sir, what d'ye take me for?" the Knight exclaim'd.—

"A thief," reply'd the runners, with a curse:

"And now, Sir, let us search you, and be damn'd"—

And then they search'd his pockets, fobs, and purse;

But, 'stead of pistol dire, and death-like crape,

A pocket handkerchief they cast their eye on,

Containing frogs and toads of various shape,

Dock, daisy, nettletop, and dandelion,

To entertain, with great propriety,

The members of his sage society:

Yet would not alter they their strong belief,

That this their knighted pris'ner was no thief!

"Sirs, I'm no highwayman," exclaim'd the Knight,—

"No—there," rejoin'd the runners, "you are right—

"A foot-

" A footpad only—Yes, we know your trade—

" Yes, you're a pretty babe of grace:

" We want no proofs, old codger, but your face;

" So come along with us, old blade."

'Twas useless to resist, or to complain:

In vain, Sir JOSEPH pleaded—'twas in vain

That he was highly titled, that he swore—

The instant that poor BANKS his titles counted,

Which to an F. R. S. and Knight amounted,

His guardians laugh'd, and clapp'd, and cry'd "*en-*

core."

Sir JOSEPH told them, that a neighb'ring 'Squire

Should answer for it that he was no thief:

On which they plumply damn'd him for a liar,

And said such stories should not save his beef;

And if they understood their trade,

His *mittimus* would soon be made;

And forty pounds be theirs, a pretty sum;

For sending such a rogue to kingdom come.

Now to the 'Squire mov'd pris'ner Knight and Co.

The runners taking him in tow,

Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,
Towing a French East-Indiaman, their prize,
So black, and of enormous size,
Safe into port for condemnation.

Whether they ty'd his hands behind his back,
For fear the Knight might run away,
And made, indelicate, his breeches slack,
We've really no authority to say.

And now the country people gather'd round,
And star'd upon the Knight in thought profound,
Not on the system of Linnæus thinking—
Fancying they saw a rogue in ev'ry feature;
Such is the populace's horrid nature
Tow'rds people through misfortune sinking.

At length, amidst much mob and mire,
Indeed amidst innumerable ranks,
Fatigu'd, they reach'd the mansion of the 'Squire,
To prove th' identity of JOSEPH BANKS.

Now to the 'Squire, familiar bow'd the Knight,
Who knew Sir JOSEPH at first sight—

What's

What's strongly mark'd, is quickly known agen—
And, with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
The thief-takers severely reprimanded
For grossly thus mistaking *gentlemen*:

Then bade them ask a pardon on their knees,
Of him that was a Knight and F. R. S.
Who, rather than the higher pow'rs displease,
Imagin'd that they could not well do *less*.

Then on their knuckles rais'd they hands and eyes,
And crav'd Sir JOSEPH's pardon for belief,
That, when they jump'd upon him by surprise,
They took so great a *gemman* for a thief;
Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,
Viz. not to judge of people by their *looks*.

SOLOMON

S O L O M O N

AND

T H E M O U S E - T R A P .

A MAN in rather an exalted station,
 Whose eyes are always eyes of admiration,
 Without distinction, fond of all things novel,
 Ev'n from the lofty sceptre to the shovel—
 Just like stray'd bullocks saunt'ring through the lanes,
 Made frequent curiosity-campaigns;
 Sometimes caught grasshoppers—now, more profound,
 Would sometimes find a pin upon the ground;
 Where if the head towards him happ'd to point,
 His mind was wonderfully struck—
 Indeed he felt a joy in ev'ry joint,
 Because it always brings good luck.

This gentleman, *bight* SOLOMON, one day,
 In quest of novelty pursu'd his way;
 Like great COLUMBUS, that fam'd navigator,
 Who found the world we've lost, across the water.
 But rather on a somewhat narrower scale,
 Lo! on dry land the GENTLEMAN set sail:

That

That day it chanc'd to be his will,
 To make discoveries at Salt-hill;
 Where bounce he hopp'd into a widow's house,
 Whose hands were both employ'd so clever,
 Doing their very best endeavour
 To catch that vile free-booter, Monsieur Mousse;
 Whose death she oft did most devoutly pray for,
 Because he eat the meat he could not pay for:
 Resembling Christians in that saving trick,
 Who, wanting to obtain good cheer,
 Invented an ingenious scheme call'd *tick*,
 That purchases, like money, beef and beer:
 Possess'd of *tick*, for cash men need not range,
 Nor toil in taking or in giving change.
 Eager did Solomon so curious clap
 His rare round optics on the widow's trap
 That did the duty of a cat;
 And always fond of useful information,
 Thus wisely spoke he with vociferation,
 "What's that!—What, what? hæ, hæ! what's

To whom reply'd the mistress of the house,

"A trap, an't please you, Sir, to catch a mouse."

"Mouse!—catch a mouse!" said SOLOMON with glee—

"Let's see—let's see—'tis comical—let's see—

"Mouse!—mouse!"—then pleas'd his eyes began to
roll—

"Where, where doth he go in?" he marvelling cry'd—

"There," pointing to the hole, the dame reply'd.

"What! here?" cry'd SOLOMON; "this hole? this
hole?"

Then in he push'd his finger 'midst the wire,

That with such pains that finger did inspire,

He wish'd it out again with all his soul:

However, by a little squall and shaking,

He freed his finger from its piteous taking—

That is to say, he got it from the hole.

"What makes the mouse, pray, go into the trap?"

"Something," he cry'd, "that must their palates
please."—

"Yes," answer'd the fair woman, "Sir, a scrap

"Of rusty bacon, or of toasted cheese."

"Oh

" Oh! oh!" said SOLOMON, " oh! oh! oh! oh!

" Yes, yes, I see the meaning of it now:

" The mouse goes in, a rogue, to steal the meat,

" Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat."

Then laugh'd he loudly, stretch'd his mouth a mile,

Which made the muscles of the widow smile.

" Let's see, let's see," cry'd SOLOMON—" let's see—

" Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me, let me."

Then took he up some bacon, and did clap

A little slice so clever in the trap:

Thus did he, by his own sole, sage advice,

Induce himself to bait a trap for mice!

Now home he hied so nimbly, whelm'd with glory,

And told his family the wond'rous story

About the widow's cheese and bacon scrap!

Nought suffer'd he to occupy his head,

Save mouse-ideas, till he went to bed,

Where blest he dreamt all night about the trap.

Here let me pause, and Heav'n's great goodness
chaunt—

How kind it is in gracious Heav'n to grant

U 2

To

To full-grown gentlefolks of lofty station,
 A pow'r of relishing most trifling things,
 Pleasures ordain'd for brats in leading strings,
 By way of happy harmless relaxation!

Next day the Man of Wisdom came,
 All glorious, to the house of this fair dame,
 To know if Master Mouse had smelt to bacon;
 When, lo! to fill with joy his eager eyes,
 And load those staring optics with surprise,
 A real mouse was absolutely taken!

Not more did RODNEY's joy this man's surpass,
 When in his cabin first he saw DE GRASSE!
 Not more the hair-brain'd Macedonian boy,
 Leap'd, like a Bedlamite, for joy,
 Than SOLOMON to see the mouse in jail!
 Not ALEXANDER, foe of great DARIUS,
 (Men that with rich comparison supply us)
 When blest he caught the Persian by the tail.

Around the room the captive mouse he bore,
 Insulting the poor pris'ner o'er and o'er;
 Laughing, and peeping through the wire,
 As if his eyes and mouth would never tire!

How vastly like to TAMERLANE the Great,
Possess'd of most unlucky BAJAZET,

Who kept the vanquish'd hero in a cage;
Mock'd him before his mighty host,
With cruel names and threats, and grin and boast,
—And daily thus indulg'd imperial rage!

Now o'er the widow's cat, poor watching puss,
The great man triumph'd too, and ask'd the cat,
When he would act heroically thus—

And if he dar'd to venture on a rat?

To whom the cat, as if in answer, mew'd,

Which made the Man of Wisdom cry, "Oh! oh!"
As if, with knowledge of cat-speech endu'd,

He thought that puss had answer'd "No."
On which he laugh'd, and much enjoy'd the joke—

Then told the widow what GRIMALDIN spoke.

Six days the Man of Wisdom went

Triumphant to Salt-hill, with big intent

To catch the bacon-stealing mouse:

Six mice successively proclaim'd his art,

With which, safe pocketed, he did depart,

And show'd to all his much-astonish'd house.

But pleasures will not last for aye;
Witness the sequel of my lay:
The widow's vanity, her sex's flaw,
Much like the vanity of other people—
A vapour, like the blast that lifts a straw,
As high, or higher, than Saint Martin's steeple—

This vanity then kidnapp'd her discretion,
Design'd by God Almighty for her guard;
And of its purpose got the full completion,
And all the widow's future glories marr'd:

For, lo! by this same vanity impell'd,
And to a middle-siz'd balloon,
With gas of consequence sublimely swell'd,
She bursted with th' important secret soon.

Loud laugh'd the tickled people of Salt-hill;
Loud laugh'd the merry Windsor folks around:
This was to SOLOMON an ugly pill!
Her fatal error soon the widow found;
For SOLOMON relinquish'd mouse-campaign,
Nor deign'd to bait the widow's trap again!

PETITION TO TIME,

IN FAVOUR OF

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Too long, O TIME, in *Bienſeance's* school,
 Have I been bred, to call thee an old fool;
 Yet take I liberty to let thee know,
 That I have always *thought* thee so:
 Full old art thou, indeed, to have more ſenſe;
 Then, with an idle custom, TIME, diſpenſe.

Thou really aſteſt now like little miſſes,
 Who, when a pretty doll they make,
 Their curious fingers itch to take
 The pretty image all to pieces:
 Thus, after thou haſt form'd a charming FAIR,
 Thou canſt not quit the Syren for thy ſoul,
 Till, meddling, thou haſt ſpoil'd her bloom and air,
 And dimm'd her eye, with radiance taught to roll.

But now forbear ſuch doings, I deſire;
 Hurt not the form that all admire:

Oh, never with white hairs her temple sprinkle!
 Oh, sacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom!
 And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,
 Place a hard mortifying wrinkle.

Know, shouldst thou bid the beauteous Duchess fade,
 Thou, therefore, must thy own delights invade;
 And know, 'twill be a long, long while,
 Before thou giv'st her equal to our isle;
 Then do not with this sweet *chef-d'œuvre* part,
 But keep, to show the triumph of thy art.

ECONOMY.

ECONOMY's a very useful broom;
 Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
 To catch each straggling pin to make a plumb,
 Too oft ECONOMY's an iron vice,
 That squeezes ev'n the little guts of mice,
 That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper

Proper Economy's a comely thing;

Good in a subject—better in a King;

Yet, push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling,

Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean;

Inclines them, too, to villany to lean,

To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing,

Ev'n when the heart should only think of grief,

It creeps into the bosom like a thief,

And swallows up th' affections all so mild—

Witness the Jewess, and her only Child.

THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

POOR Mistress LEVI had a luckless son,

Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,

In imitation of th' ambitious great,

High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,

He fell all plump into the pit,

Dead in a minute as a nit:

In a short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;

Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck!

The

The mother was distracted, raving, wild;
 Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiss'd her child,
 Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around.

Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,
 And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,

She cast about her eyes in thought profound;
 And being with a saving knowledge blest'd,
 She thus the playhouse-manager address'd:

" Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,

" Dat meet mishfartin here so bad—

" Sher, I mufs haf de shilling back, you know,

" Als Moses haf nat see de show."

THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

BUT as for Av'rice, 'tis the very devil;

The fount, alas! of ev'ry evil;

The cancer of the heart—the worst of ills:

Wherever sown, luxuriantly it thrives;

No flow'r of virtue near it thrives—

Like Aconite, where'er it spreads, it kills.

In ev'ry soil behold the poison spring!
Can taint the beggar, and infect the king.

The mighty MARLB'ROUGH pilfer'd cloth and bread;
So says that gentle satirist 'Squire POPE;
And PETERBOROUGH's Earl, upon this head,
Affords us little room to hope,
That what the Twick'nam Bard avow'd,
Might not be readily allow'd.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

AND

THE MOB.

THROUGH London streets upon a day,
The Earl of PETERBOROUGH took his way,
All in his pompous coach—perhaps to dine:
The mob of London took it in their head,
This was the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, so dread
To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable such high merit to reward,
 The mob resolv'd to show a great regard;
 And so, uniting, join'd their forces
 To draw his carriage, and dismiss the horses.

The Earl from out the window pok'd his face,
 And told the mob that he was not his Grace;

Then bid them be convinc'd, and look:
 Hard of belief, as ev'n the hardest Jew,
 They plumply told him that they better knew;

Then swore by G— he was the *Duke*;
 Then threw their hats in air with loud huzzas,
 And, shouting, form'd a thunder of applause.

Loud bawl'd the Earl that they were all deceiv'd;
 Loud bawl'd the mob he should not be believ'd:

“Zounds!” cry'd the Earl, “be converts, then,
 this minute;”

So throwing sixpence to them, “There, there, there,

“Take that,” cry'd PETERBOROUGH, with a sincere—

“Now if you think I'm *be*, the devil's in it.”

ODE TO A DISTRESSED BEAUTY.

SWEET girl, forbear to droop thy head with shame—
 What though the parson did not tie the knot?
 What though the boy *should* come?—he'll bring thee
 fame—

The world's an ass, and custom is a sot—
 Hold up thy head, and meet mankind with pride,
 And throw thy blushes and thy fears aside.

Eve had no parson—for no priest was ADAM,
 And yet not out of countenance was Madam:
 Her modesty receiv'd no grievous shocks,
 When Master CAIN was put upon the stocks;
 Nor when, t' increase the number at her table,
 She set about the frame of Master ABEL.

Once more, then, do not be afraid:
 Without thy boy, a wonder may be missing;
 A likeness of my charming maid,
 The boy may do a credit to thy kissing.

Thou

Thou putt'st me of the MORNING much in mind,
Who seems afraid to peep upon mankind;
So slow her motions! all so very slow!

And then her cheeks so deep with crimson glow:

But safe deliver'd of her boy, the SUN,

The lusty lad, so proud his race to run,

Mounts high, exulting in his birth;

Dries up her tears, her blushes puts to flight,

Tow'rs in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,

And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth,

Then let me kiss away thy tears;

Oh! cease thy sighs, and be a happy mother;

And when this chopping boy appears,

Suppose we give the lad a little brother?

THE GENTLEMAN

AND

HIS WIFE.

PEOPLE may have too much of a good thing:
Full as an egg of wisdom, thus I sing!

A MAN of some small fortune had a wife,
Sans doute, to be the comfort of his life;
And pretty well they bore the yoke together:
With little jarring liv'd the pair one year;
Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear;
At times 'twas dark, and dull, and hazy weather.

Now came the time when mistress in the straw
Did, for the world's support, her screams prepare;
And SLOP appear'd, with fair obstetric paw,
To introduce his pupil to our air;
Whilst in a neighb'ring room the husband sat,
Musing on this thing now, and now on that;

Now fighting at the sorrows of his wife;
Praying to Heav'n that he could take the pain;
But recollecting that such pray'rs were vain,
He made no more an offer of his life.

Alone, as thus he mus'd in solemn study,
Ideas sometimes clear, and sometimes muddy,
In BETTY rush'd with comfortable news:
"Sir, Sir, I wish ye joy, I wish ye joy;
"Madam is brought to bed of a fine boy,
"As fine as ever stood in shoes."

"I'm glad on't, BETTY," cry'd the master:
"I pray there may be no disaster;
"All's with your mistress, *well*, I hope?"
Quoth she, "All's well as heart can well desire
"With Madam and the fine young 'Squire;
"So likewise says old DOCTOR SLOP."

Off BETTY hurried fast as she could scour,
Fast and as hard as any horse
That trottesth fourteen miles an hour—
A pretty tolerable course.

Soon

Soon happy BETTY came again,
Blowing with all her might and main;

Just like a grampus, or a whale;
In founds, too, that would Calais reach from Dover:

"Sir, Sir, more happy tidings; 'tis not over—

"And Madam's brisker than a nightingale:

"A fine young lady to the world is come,

"Squalling away just as I left the room:

"Sir, this is better than a good estate."

"Humph," quoth the happy man, and scratch'd his
pate,

Now gravely looking up—now looking down;

Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown—

"Good God," says he, "why was not I a cock;

"Who never feels of burd'ning brats the shock;

"Who, Turk-like, struts amidst his madams,

"Whilst to the *hen* belongs the care [picking,

"To carry them to eat, or take the air,

"Or bed beneath her wing the chicken?"

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,

He found affairs not greatly mended;

For in bounc'd BET, her rump with rapture jiggling:
 " Another daughter, Sir—a charming child."—
 " Another!" cry'd the man, with wonder wild;
 " Zounds! BETTY, ask your Mistrefs if she's *pig-*
ging."

THE PARSON-DEALER.

WHAT pity 'tis, in this our goodly land,
 Amongst the apostolic band,

So ill divided are the loaves and fishes!
 Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Deacons,
 With ruddy faces blazing just like beacons,
 Shall daily cram upon a dozen dishes;
 Whilst half th' inferior Cassocks think it well,
 Of beef and pudding ev'n to get the *smell*.
 A plodding Hostler willing to be master,
 And rise in this good world a little faster,
 Left broom and manger at the Old Blue Boar;
 Meaning by *pars'ning* to support a table,
 Lo, of Divines he kept a liv'ry stable;
 A pretty stud, indeed—about a score.

Of different colours were his Gospel hacks;
Some few were whites, indeed—but many blacks: A

That is, some tolerable—many sad;
And verily, to give the Devil his due,
The man did decency pursue,

Which shows he was not *quite* so bad.

For, lo! to dying persons of nobility,

He sent his parsons of *gentility*,

To give the necessary pray'r:

To parting people of a *mean* condition,

Wanting a soul physician,

He suited them with blackguards to a hair.

To such as were of mild disorders dying,

Viz. of the doctor, gouts, or stones, or gravels,

He sent *good* priests—of manners edifying—

To comfort sinners on their travels:

But to *low* people in infectious fever,

Or any other dangerous one in vogue,

Such was his honesty, the man for ever

Most scrupulously sent a *rogue*.

It happen'd, on a day when FATE was raging,

Crimp-like, for other regions, troops engaging,

When clergymen were busy all as bees,
 A poor old dying woman sent
 To this same parson-monger, compliment,
 Begging a clergyman her soul to ease.

Unluckily but *one* was in the stall,
 And *be* the very best of all.—

What should be done?

Necessitas non habet legs—

So to the priest he goes, and begs

That he would visit the old crone.

“ Sir, quoth the parson, “ I agreed

“ To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need,

“ But not to ev’ry poor old lousy soul.”—

“ True,” cry’d the patron; “ to be sure ’tis true:

“ But parson, do oblige me—prithce do—

“ Let’s put her decently into the hole:

“ All my black tribe, you know, are now abroad—

“ I’d do it, if I could, *myself*, by G-d;

“ Then what a dickens can I do or say?”

“ Go, mumble, man, about a pray’r and half;

“ Tell the old b—ch her soul is safe;

“ Then take your fee, and come away !!!”

BIENSÉANCE.

THERE is a little moral thing in France,
 Call'd by the natives *Bienſéance*:
 Much are the English mob inclin'd to scout it,
 But rarely is *Monſieur Canaille* without it.

To *Bienſéance* 'tis *tedious* to incline,

In many caſes;

To flatter, *par exemple*, keep ſmooth faces
 When kick'd, or ſuffering grievous want of coin.

To vulgars, *Bienſéance* may ſeem an oddity.

I deem it a moſt portable commodity;

A ſort of magic wand;

Which, if 'tis uſ'd with ingenuity,

Although an uſenſil of much *tenuity*,

In place of ſomething *ſolid*, it will ſtand.

For verily I've marvell'd times enow

To ſee an Engliſhman, the ninny,

Give people for their ſervices a guinea,

Which Frenchmen have rewarded with a *bow*.

Bows are a bit of *Bienſéance*
 Much practis'd too in that ſame France;
 Yet call'd by Quakers, children of inanity:
 But as they pay their court to people's vanity,
 Like rolling-pins they ſmooth where'er they go
 The ſouls and faces of mankind, like dough!
 With ſome, indeed, may *Bienſéance* prevail
 To folly—ſee the under-written tale.

THE PETIT-MAITRE

AND

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

AT Paris, ſome time ſince, a murd'ring man,
 A German, and a moſt unlucky chap,
 Sad, ſtumbling at the threshold of his plan,
 Fell into Madam Juſtice's ſtrong trap.

The bungler was condemn'd to grace the wheel,
 On which the dulleſt fibres learn to feel;

His

His limbs *secundum artem* to be broke
Amidst ten thousand people, p'rhaps, or more,
Whenever Monsieur Ketch apply'd a stroke,
The culprit, like a bullock, made a roar.

A flippant *Petit-maitre*, skipping by,
Stepp'd up to him, and check'd him for his cry:

"Boh!" quoth the German; "an't I 'pon de wheel?"

"D'ye tink my nerfs, an blood, and bons can't feel?"

"Sir," quoth the beau, "don't, don't be in a passion;

"I've nought to say about your situation;

"But making such a hideous noise in France,

"Fellow, is contrary to *Bienfiance*."

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS;

OR,

DOCTOR CHAPMAN'S THESIS.

OXFORD'S Vice-Chancellor, a man
Who fear'd the Lord, and lov'd the courtier clan,

By virtue of his trade a THESIS* order'd,

Which curs'd the terrible assassination

Intended for the Monarch of our nation

By MARG'RET NICHOLSON, in mind disorder'd;

That likewise prais'd the royal peep

On Oxford and the arts so deep.

So violent was Doctor CHAPMAN's zeal,

He quite forgot Latinity and graces;

Poor Priscian's head, whose wounds he cannot heal,

Was broken in half a dozen places.

Yet, though a simple Doctor, how amazing!

He set the University a blazing:

Such

* A Latin Thesis is annually given out by the Vice-Chancellor for the subject of a Poem, and twenty pounds allotted to the prize candidate.

Such was the kindling zeal that he inherits—
A farthing candle in a cask of spirits!

Richards of Trinity, who won the prize,
Now strutted victor forth with scornful eyes;
Bringing to mind the bards and tuneful dames
Who vied for conquest at th' Olympic games.

Forth march'd, too, *Vice—videlicet*, the Doctor,
Who, purring for preferment, sily *mouses*,
Attended by each dog-whipper, call'd Proctor,
And *eke* the heads and tails of all the Houses.

Forth march'd the Nobles in their Sunday's geer;
Forth strutted, too, each beadle, like the Peer,
With silver staffs, blue gowns, and velvet caps;
A set of very pompous-looking chaps!

Whilst Hayes,* who sticks like stag-hounds to a haunch,
Mov'd on in all the majesty of paunch:
To greet of all our ears the trembling drums,
The piper play'd 'The conqu'ring hero comes.'

Loud groan'd the organ through his hundred pipes,
As if the poor machine had felt the gripes;

As

* The organist.

As if, too, 'twas the organ's firm persuasions,
He oft had roar'd on more sublime occasions.

NOW CHAPMAN took, 'midst great compeers, his
CREW open'd subject in a fair oration; [station;
Then clapp'd was CREW—to him applause was
Now 'gan the BARD his poem to recite, [news.
And, soaring, bade poor Common Sense good night,
So lofty were the pinions of his Muse!

Thick as the pattering hail his praises show'r;
So strong is POETRY's mechanic pow'r,
High mounts the Monarch by his tuneful lever;
His Muse's magnifying art so great,
Behold his George, an Alfred form complete;
Small Peg, Goliath; and her knife a cleaver!

Now back the fable bodies mov'd again,
Like beetles all so thick, a crawling host;
Whilst contemplation wrapp'd the loyal train,
Expecting, by the next day's post,
To see their acts in pompous print display'd,
And wreaths of glory crown the cavalcade!

A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

HOW useless was th' above! each person grieves,
 And, with the grieving Doctor, cries out shame,
 That so much loyal zeal for nought should flame:
 Not ev'n obtain a pair of coarse lawn sleeves,
 Which poor Saint David giveth to support
 The holy oil-of-fool men of a Court!

ODE TO PATIENCE.

SWEET daughter of Religion, modest fair,
 Thy hands upon thy bosom so *tranquille*,
 With eyes to Heav'n, with so divine an air,
 So calmly smiling, so resign'd thy will;
 Oh, sent to teach us, and our passions cool,
 I wish thou hadst a little larger school.

Lo, man, so great his want of grace,
 If he but cuts a pimple on his face
 When

When shaving;
 Like man bewitch'd he jumps about,
 Kicks up a most infernal rout,
 And seemeth absolutely raving;
 And, lo, all this for want of thy tuition:
 Thus travel souls of people to perdition!
 Stand at my side, O stoic dame!
 On starling MARTYN bid me cry out "shame,"
 Instead of knocking the dull fellow down;
 When up the ninnyhammer starts to preach,
 And impudently interrupts a speech
 Of orators of fair and first renown,
 Just like the owl that scares the moonlight hour,
 Whilst Philomela warbles from her bow'r.
 And, oh! attend me when my eyes
 View dedications fill'd with fulsome lies;
 In praise of *gen'rous* Queens and Kings!
 Heav'n swell the fountains of their hearts,
 That seldom water the poor shrivell'd arts,
 However sweetly ADULATION sings!
 Eke, when I hear that stupid Parson HILL,
 God's house with ev'ry nonsense fill,
 And

And then with blasphemy each sentence cramm'd;
And when I hear th' impostor cry,

"I've news, ye raggamuffins, from the sky;

"I'm come to tell ye, that you'll all be damn'd;

"I'm come from God, ye strumpets—come from
God—

"I'm God Almighty's servant—hear my voice!"—

Which, if it were so, would be vastly odd,
Since Heav'n would show bad judgment in the
choice.

Dead all his money-loving soul's desires,

When subtle HAWKESB'RY talks of patriot fires,

And yielding places up to save the nation;

When of importance braggeth simple LEEDS;

When GLO'STER's far-fam'd wife for meekness pleads;

And GLO'STER's Duke breathes war and desolation:

When BRUDENELL talks of elegance and ease;

When THURLOW turns the first of devotees,

And, to astound the million, builds a church;

When royal folk of purest friendship boast,

Make generosity their constant toast,

Yet leave poor pining MERIT in the lurch;

When

When wonders through his spyglass MARLB'ROUGH
 views,
 And sends to BANKS the great, th' important news,
 Fresh from his *cranium's* philosophic fogs;
 When DICK descants on any thing but croute;
 When THOMPSON ought performs beyond a scout,
 And MAWBAY talks of any thing but hogs;
 Sweet PATIENCE, sooth me with thy saint-like note,
 Or, driv'n to madness, I shall cut my throat!

TO A NEST OF LORDS.

BEDCHAMBER utensils, ye seem distress'd,
 And swear with horror that my rhymes molest
 Of certain folks so great the sweet repose;
 Running about with horrors, groans, and sighs,
 And floods, produc'd by onions in your eyes,
 So strong your friendship, and so vast your woes!

Dear humming Lords, on friendship bray no more,
 Nor thus the Bard's depravity deplore:

Lo!

Lo! like yourselves, each man his trumpet bears,
 In tame CREDULITY's wide-gaping ears,
 Of friendship the sublimity to found;
 Friendship! in dictionaries only found!

Perchaunce, my Lords, in foreign parts you've been;
Perchaunce your optics fair Versailles have seen;

Likewise the Vatican, with all its state;
 And *eke* th' Escorial, pride of Spain confest:
 But, 'midst those scences, did e'er your eyeballs blest
 See a pig hanging in a gate?

If e'er you did this last great sight behold,
 You need not, Lords so sapient, to be told

What most untuneful notes the pris'ner makes:
 Indeed the hog his mouth and lungs employs
 In raising such ear-crucifying noise,
 As if he really was transfix'd with stakes.

Now near him should there happen to be hogs
 Passing their happy hours amidst the bogs,

Grunting soft things to their own flesh and blood;
 That is, unto their sweethearts and their brides,
 Lying like ancient Romans on their sides,
 And dining on the dainties of the mud;

Forgetting

Forgetting love, and dainty mud so fatt'ning,
In which they had been batt'ning,
Up leaps the herd of swine for his protection;
Just like the herd that had the devil,
Away they scamper, all so civil,
Resolving or to free him or to die!
Such is of swine the friendly quality,
Although proverbial for brutality!

But when, at Newgate to be hung,
A Christian pours a dying song,
I grant that numbers hasten to the wretch,
Most pig-like—but, alas! lift not a hand
To keep him longer in the land,
And snatch him from the talons of Jack Ketch.

No; on the contrary, so fond their eyes
Of seeing how a brother dies,
I, from the bottom of my soul, believe
They would not wish him a reprieve.

Thus, were your good friend PITT condemn'd to swing;
Nay, ev'n were *greater people* I could name,
For whom with goodly zeal ye seem to flame;
I don't believe you'd wish to cut the string,

Were ye but tolerably sure
The next in pow'r would give you sixpence more.

Learn then, my Lords, (though with contempt ye
treat 'em)

Friendship from hogs, as well as eat 'em.

GREAT DUKE,

AND A

AT length my subjects end; and now
To FOLLY let me make my best Court bow.

O Goddess! still monopolize the GREAT:

Then oft, to please the palate of the times,
The Muse shall ride to market with her rhymes,
And thrive upon her Helicon estate.

Forgetting love, and yet
The next in bow would give you likeness more
Up here the hand of fate
Learn then, my I order, (though with contempt ye
Away they scamper, all of us, (live of us, ye say)
Friendship from hope, as well as car
Although

At length my subject end; and now
To Fortly let me make my best Court bow
O Goddess! still monopolize the Great;
Then off, to please the palate of the times,
The Mole shall ride to market with her rhymes,
And thrive upon her Helicon clime.

No; on the contrary, to find their eyes
Of feeling how a brother dies,
I, from the bottom of my soul, believe
They would not wish him a requite.

Thus, were your good friend Pitt's condition
Nay, ev'n were greater pains I could name;
For whom will you be so kind as to name,
I don't believe you'd have travelled thus

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

EXPOSTULATORY ODES

TO A
GREAT DUKE,
AND A
LITTLE LORD.

I am, my LORDS,

*Torrents dicendi copia multis,
Et sua mortifera est facundia!*

Full many a wight hath suffer'd for a song,
And curs'd his volubility of tongue.

That PETER may not thus have cause to say
With JUVENAL poor fellow, let us pray!

EXPOSTULATORY ODES

TO A

GREAT DUKE,

AND A

LITTLE LORD.



Thou art a little lord, and art a duke,

Thou art a little lord, and art a duke,

JUVENAL.

Tell many a night hath suffer'd for a long,

And every his verbiage of tongue.

That latter may not have been said to say,

With JUVENAL poor fellow, let us say!

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

MY LORDS,

YOUR *UNCOMMON ATTENTION* to my late publications demands a return of gratitude. Permit me to present to your LORDSHIPS the following Lyric Trifles, which, if possessed of merit sufficient to preserve them from oblivion, will inform Posterity that you *existed*.

I am, my LORDS,

Ec. Ec. Ec.

PETER PINDAR.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

MY LORDS,

YOUR uncommon attention to
my late publications demands a return of gratitude.
Permit me to present to your Lordships the fol-
lowing Lyric Trifles, which, if possessed of merit
sufficient to preserve them from oblivion, will inform
Posterity that you existed.

I am, my Lords,

Very truly
Your humble servant,

PETER PINDAR.

EXPOS

T 1

EXPOSTULATORY ODES.

O D E I.

MOST noble Peers, there goes an odd report,
That you, prime fav'rites of an *bonest* Court,
Are hunting treason 'midst my publications,
Hunting, like bloodhounds, with the keenest noses,
Which hound-like hunting nat'rally supposes
The Bard dares satirize the **KING OF NATIONS!**
Ye sharp state-mousers, with your watering jaws,
God keep me from the vengeance of your claws!
An Asiatic fight may be renew'd:
What feathers flying, what a field of blood,
'Twixt falcon **BURKE** and **SHERIDAN**, so brave,
And heron **HASTINGS**, such a dainty dish,
So wont to cram on Asiatic fish,
The largest, fattest of the eastern wave!

Yes, yes, I hear that ye have watch'd my note,
 And wish'd to squeeze my tuneful throat;
 When THURLOW your designs most wisely scouted,
 Swearing the Poet should not yet be knouted.

Thus when grimalkin in its cage espies

A linnet or canary-bird, so sweet,

The scoundrel lifts, so sanctified, his eyes,

Contriving how the warbler's back to greet:

He squints, and licks his lips, stalks round and round,

Twinkling with mischief fraught his tiger tail;

Now on his rump he sits, in thought profound,

Looks up with hungry wishes to assail;

When sudden enters master with a roar,

And kicks the scheming murderer to door.

O D E II.

RIGHT honest watch-dogs of the State,
I like to smile at Kings, but treason hate.

Most busy **JENKINSON**, **BUTE**'s once best friend,

A praise that stamps a character divine;

Believe not thus the Poet can offend;

Ye gods! can **PETER** pour th' unloyal line?

I PETER, perpetrate so foul a thing!

I offer mischief to so good a King!

Now be it known to all the realms around,

I would not lose my **LIZOR** for twenty pound!

Mild **OSBORNE**, softer than the down of goose,

I beg thou wilt not let suspicion loose;

If so, of history I'll turn compiler—

Divulge some tame amours with Mistress **CUYLER**;

So tame, indeed, so singularly stupid,

As gave a blush to little pimping Cupid!

O Heav'ns! can **JENKINSON** and **OSBORNE** long,

Foes to the Muse, to cut out **PETER**'s tongue?

Arm'd with the Jove-like thunders of the crown,

To knock with those dread bolts a simple Poet down?

Lo! into life against my will I tumbled;

And, says my nurse, I made a horrid clatter;

Kick'd, sprawl'd, and sputter'd, gap'd, and cry'd, and
grumbled,

Quite angry, seemingly, with Mother NATURE;

Who, *queen-like*, thinking all she does is right,

Against my wishes lugg'd me into light;

And what is harder, and worse manners still,

She'll kick me out of it against my will.

Yet since on this world's theatre I'm thrown,

Which with my temper now begins to suit;

And since its *drama* pleases, I must own

I should be sorry to remain a mute;

Inclin'd to say, like BECKFORD, undeterr'd,

"By G— I'll speak, and d-mme I'll be heard."

My Lords, I fain would live a little longer;

For lo! desire, as to a bosom wife,

Undoubtedly the greatest bliss of life,

Hath taken deeper root and stronger.

Would

* The House of Commons frequently resounded with those emphatic expressions of the late angry patriotic Alderman, when gentlemen, by scraping, hemming, coughing, and groaning, (to adopt the phraseology of my old friend Dr. Johnson) meant to oppugn the impetuosity of pecuniary arrogance, and annihilate the ebullition of pertinacious loquacity.

Would HE who made the world look down, and say,

"PETER, wilt live on earth a thousand years?"

"Lord, Lord," I should delighted roar away,

"Ten thousand, if to thee it meet appears."

"So long! what for?" the Deity may cry.

"O great Divinity, quoth I,

"A thousand reasons; principally one,

"To see the present Prince of Wales,

"Whom many an aspic tongue assails,

"Aloft on Britain's envied throne;

"Where half the Monarchs that have sat before

"Have only fat to eat, and drink, and snore;

"To blast, nay damn the credit of the age,

"And load with folly Hist'ry's blushing page."

And, JENKINSON, should thy hard face behold

A GEORGE THE FOURTH upon the throne,

Adieu at once *thy* age of gold!

Behold *thy* hopes of higher honours gone!

Then get thyself an Earldom quick, quick, quick,

For fear of FORTUNE's wild vagaries;

Thus shall thy daughters all, like mushrooms thick,

Rise Lady JOANS and MADGES, NELLS and MARYS.

O D E III.

I OWN I love the PRINCE—his virtues charm

I know the youth receiv'd from heav'n a heart;

In friendship's cause I know his bosom warm,

That maketh *certain* folk with wonder start.

'Tis true that from my soul the man I hate,

Immers'd in mammon, and by mis'ry got;

Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,

And wishes to have ev'ry thing for nought;

Who, if he gam'd, the dice would meanly cog;

Rob the blind beggar's scrip, and starve his dog!

And that there are such wretches near a throne,

Degraded NATURE tells it with a groan.

Perdition catch the money-grasping wretch,

With hook-like fingers ever on the stretch,

Who, sighing, vents on CHARITY a curse,

That asks, for WANT, a penny from his purse!

The heart that lodges in that miser's breast,
 For money, feels the hunger of the shark;
 Resembling, too, the rusty iron chest

That holds his idol—close, and hard, and dark,

Give me the youth who dares at times unbend;

And, scorning MODERATION's prude-like stare,

Can to her teeth, and to the world, declare,

Ebriety a merit with a friend.

When FRIENDSHIP draws the corks, and bids the dome

With mirth and fallies of the soul, resound;

When FRIENDSHIP bids the bowl o'erflowing foam,

Till MORNING eyes the board with plenty crows'd

Behold the VIRTUES that sublimely soar,

Instead of meanly damning, cry "Encore."

O D E IV.

WITH you, my Lords, I'm ev'ry thing that's evil;

There's scarce a crime I've not committed;

The very essence of the devil;

Deserving by the demon to be spitted,

Just like a turkey, goose, or duck,

Prepar'd by Joan the cook to go to fire;

So wanton have you both been pleas'd to pluck

The swan who beats in song his Theban fire.

Of ev'ry quality am I bereft—

Not even the shadow of a virtue left;

Not one small moral feather in my wings,

When dead, to lift me to the King of Kings.

My Lords, beware—by mouthing oft my name

Unwisely, ye may *damn* me into fame:

By letting thus your spleen on PETER loose,

He builds triumphal arches on *abuse*!

In vain the BARD turns oculist, and tries

To purge the film from this world's darken'd eyes:

In vain to Printers and to Printers devils
 I fly, and advertise to cure King's Evils:
 With huge contempt ye look on me, alack!
 My *nostrums* curse, and call the BARD a quack.

In general, authors are such coward things,
 They fear to speak their sentiments of Kings;
 Till those same Kings are dead; and then the crowd,
 (Just like a pack of hounds) historian, bard,
 With throats of thunder run his mem'ry hard,
 And try to tear him piecemeal from his shroud.

Now, if we wish a Monarch to reclaim,
 In God's name let us speak before he's dead;
 Or else 'tis ten to one we miss our aim,
 By staying till the FATES have cut his thread:
 After this operation of their knife,
 I ne'er knew reformation in my life.

And yet, what is the greatest King when dead,
 When dust and worms his eyes and ears o'erspread,
 And low he lies beneath the stone?
 The man who millions call'd his own,
 Howe'er his spectre may be willing,
 Cannot give change t'ye for a *shilling*!

O D E V.

YOUR taunting voices now, my Lords, I hear,

And thus they grate the poet's loyal ear:

"BARD, we are both superior to thy lays;

"Deaf to thy censure, and despise thy praise,

"Know that our Monarch lifts his head sublime

"Beyond the reach of groveling rhyme,

"An Atlas, hiding midst the thickest clouds;

"Whilst thou, a beetle, doom'd to buzz below,

"In circles, envious, rambling to and fro,

"Survey'st the shining mist, his head that shrouds,

"Thy rhymes, insulting Kings with pigny pride,

"Are like the sea's mad waves that make a pother,

"Wild rushing on some promontory's side,

"One noisy blockhead following another;

"The stately promontory seems to say,

"Aspiring fools, go back again, go home;

At once the shoulder'd bullies, dash'd away,

"Sink from his lofty side in fruitless foam.

"Thou,

- " Thou, with rascallions like thyself,
 " A poor opiniated senseless elf,
 " Letting on Kings thy pen licentious loose,
 " Art like an impudent lane goose,
 " Who, as the trav'ler calmly trots along,
 " Starts from amongst his flock, an ill-bred throng,
 " Waddling with pok'd-out neck, and voice so coarse,
 " As if to swallow up the man and horse:
 " With ruffled feathers to the steed he steals,
 " And, like a coward, snaps him by the heels:
 " Then to his gang, with flapping pinions hobbling,
 " The fool erect returns *Te Deum* gobbling,
 " And from each brother's greeting gullet draws
 " The mingled triumph of a coarse applause,
 " As if the trotting enemies were beaten,
 " And man and palfry fairly kill'd and eaten.
 " Poor rogue, thou hast not got the trifling spirit
 " To own thy King e'er did *one* act of merit."

My Lords, with great submission to your sense.

Giving the lie, yet hoping no offence;

An act is *his* my heart with rapture hails—

GEORGE gave the world the PRINCE OF WALES;

VOL. II.

Z

A Prince,

A Prince, who, when he fills Old England's throne,
 The VIRTUES and fair SCIENCE shall surround it;
 And when he quits the sceptre, all shall own
 He left it as *unsullied* as he found it.

O D E VI.

GREAT was the Bard's desire to sing the Queen,
 Vast in her soul, majestic in her mien:
 But fierce GEORGE HARDINGE* swore if pens or pen,
 Of woman, women, man, or men,
 In any wise or shape, in ode or tale,
 Dar'd mention that superior Lady, lo!
 The law should deal them *such* a blow!—
 Hang, pill'ry, or confine for life in jail!

And as a kite, on whom the small birds stare,
 That tow'ring critic of the air,

Is oft beset by tribes of rooks and crows,
 Amidst the crystal fields of heav'n;

By whose hard beaks and wings, no common foes,
 Sad knocks to gentle kite are giv'n;

Surrounded

* Solicitor to the Queen.

Surrounded thus amidst that lofty hall,
 Nam'd Westminster, the gentle Bard
 Might of the fable legions taste the gall:

He, therefore, *wisely* means to-play his card;
 The Poet's *quidlibet audendi* waves,
 And thus his hide an old companion saves.

Ah, me! the legislators of Parnassus,
 In liberty, though Englishmen, surpass us!
 What's found at Hippocrene, the Poet's SPA,
 Is not, I ween, at Westminster, found law!

Parnassus never with rare GENIUS wars;
 But aiding, lifts its head to strike the stars:

At Westminster how diff'rent is his fate!
 Where if he soars sublime, and boldly sings,
 The sheers of LAW, like FATE's, shall snip his wings,
 And bid him warble through an iron grate.

Perchance law-neckcloths, form'd of deal or oak,
 Like marriage, often an unpleasant yoke,
 Shall rudely hug his harmless throat,
 And stop his Apollinian note;
 The empire of fair Poetry o'erturning,
 And putting every gentle MUSE in mourning.

O D E VII.

YE tell me both, with grievous malice carping,
On one dull tune eternally I'm harping.

You would have said to MILTON just the same;
Who through twelve books the head of Satan maul'd;
Such names the prince of darkness call'd,

As must have made you roar out 'shame!'

Ye would (or greatly I mistake) have said,

"What! MILTON, always plaguing the poor Devil!

"For ever beating Nick about the head!

"How canst thou be so dev'lishly uncivil?"

"Was not *one* book sufficient for thy spleen,

"But must thou to a mummy beat him,

"And, like a pickpocket, so barb'rous treat him

"Through books a dozen or fourteen?"

Suppose these things ye could have utter'd,

And glorious MILTON, like a ninny,

Had answer'd, "There is sense and reason in ye—

"Thank ye, kind Gentlemen, for all you've utter'd;

"The

"The hint you offer, not amiss is;

"I'll tear my Paradise to pieces."

Suppose I ask you, what had been the evil?

Believe me, something to the world's sad cost:

By such civility to spare the Devil,

My Lords, a second Iliad had been lost.

Thus from poor PETER take the GREAT away,

Of fun ye rob him of cart-loads.

What would his customers all do and say?

Lord! curse you for the loss of Odes.

You'll say, "Let SATIRE meaner subjects look."

Well, JENKY,* grant my satire flies at you,

Who'd buy my melancholy vulgar book?

Adieu, fair FAME, and FORTUNE's smiles adieu!

But if we, daring, trim a royal jacket,

Lord! what a buying, reading! what a racket!

How spruce the metamorphos'd bard appears!

With what a confidence he pricks his ears!

Z 3

Who

* Here seemeth to be a contradiction; but when the reader is informed that JENKY cannot without mockery be ranked amongst the GREAT, the mystery stands explained.

Who juſt before, in piteous chop-fall'n plight,
Look'd of the woeful face, LA MANCHA'S KNIGHT!

Who runs to ſee a monkey in a trap?
But let the noble lion grace the gin,
Lo! the whole world is out to ſee him ſnap,
To hear him growl, and triumph o'er his grin!

Cut off the head of a great Lord,
Not wiſer than the head of a great gooſe,
Tow'r-Hill at once with gapers will be ſtor'd,
As if the world was all broke looſe:

But when a *little* villain haps to ſwing,
What a poor ſolitary ſtring!
How few by CURIOSITY are fetch'd
To ſee the rope of Juſtice ſtretch'd!

Scarce any but the hangman and the prieſt,
To do their duty at the culprit's ſide,
With hemp and pray'rs his neck and ſoul aſſiſt,
And wiſh the lonely tray'ler a good ride,

O D E VIII.

HARK! hark! I hear your courtier pair exclaim,

“ This PETER is the most audacious dog;

“ The fellow hath no rev'rence for a name—

“ A King to him is scarce above a log.”

Sometimes *below** a log, Sirs, if you please;

A bold assertion, to be prov'd with ease.

But, goodly Gentlemen, I do desire ye

T' avoid in this affair minute enquiry

Concerning their respective merit;

I fear less prudence will be seen than spirit:

Logs *universally* are useful things;

A *postulatum* not allow'd to Kings.

“ For us, on Honour's pinnacle,” ye cry,

“ Whose heads are nearly level with the sky,

“ High basking in the blaze of regal pow'r;

“ This PETER, seldom from rank pride exempt,

“ Calls us, with scowling eyes of fix'd contempt,

“ A pair of jackdaws perch'd upon a tow'r.

Z 4

“ Arch-

* A few *foreign* Monarchs justify the Poet's assertion.

“ Archbishops, bishops, servants of the Lord,
“ Head servants, too, who preach the purest word,
“ With waving hands enforcing goodly matter,
“ No more by him, the scorner, are accounted
“ Than imp-like sweepers on their chimneys mounted,
“ That wield their brush, and to the vulgar chatter.”

True, my dear Lords—for merit only warm,
Me, rank and trappings long have ceas'd to charm;
And yet, their eyes the stupid *million* bless,
For barely getting *fights* of rank and dress!

When Judges a campaigning go,
And on their benches look so big,
What gives them consequence, I trow,
Is nothing but a bushel wig:

Yet bumpkins, gaping with a bullock stare,
See lofty learning lodg'd in ev'ry hair.
But *heads*, not *bair*, my admiration draw;
Not *wigs*, but *wisdom*, strikes *my* soul with awe.

O D E IX.

THE man who printeth his poetic fits,
 Into the Public's mouth his head commits;
 Too oft a lion's mouth, of danger full,
 Or flaming mouth of PHALARIS's bull:
 He pours the sad repentant groan in vain:
 The cruel world but *giggles* at his pain.
 For lo! our world, so savage in its nature,
 Would rather see a fellow under water,
 Or, from the attic story of a house,
 Fall down soufe
 Upon a set of curfed iron spikes,
 Than see him with the blooming lass he likes,
 Blest on a yielding bed of down or roses,
 Where LOVE's fond couples often join their noses,
 Upon me what a host I've got!
 Who by their black abuses boil their pot.
 Ay, that's the reason—wide-mouth'd HUNGER calls;
 And from the hollows of each stomach bawls!

Thus

Thus the poor filk-worms, born to bless mankind,
 Whilst for the shiv'ring world the robe they spin,
 In ev'ry ring a thousand insects find,
 Gnawing voraciously their harmless skin.

And thus the lambs, whose useful fleeces treat
 With coats and blankets people of all stations,
 By preying maggots are beset,
 Harb'ring whole stinking nations;
 Which, from their backs, the crows so kindly pick,
 Enough to make a Christian sick.

Oh, would some critic crow but eat the pack
 Now nestling in my lyric back,
 That daily in their hosts increase,
 And try to spoil the finest fleece!
 Why am I persecuted for my rhymes,
 That kindly try to cobble Kings and times?

To mine, CHARLES CHURCHILL'S rage was down-
 right rancour:

He was a first-rate man-of-war to *me*,
 Thund'ring amidst a high tempestuous sea;
 I'm a small cockboat bobbing at an anchor;

Playing

Playing with patereroes that *alarm*,
Yet scorn to do a bit of harm.

My satire's blunt—his boasted a keen edge;
A sugar-hammer mine—but his a blacksmith's sledge!

And then *that* JUNIUS! what a scalping fellow!
Who dar'd such treason and sedition bellow!

Compar'd to them, whose pleasure 'twas to stab,
Lord! I'm a melting medlar to a crab!

My humour of a very diff'rent sort is:
Their satire's horrid hair-cloth; mine is silk:
I am a pretty nipperkin of milk;
They, two enormous jugs of *aqua-fortis*.

Compar'd to their high floods of foaming satire,
My rhyme's a rill—a thread of murmuring water:
A whirlwind they, that oaks like stubble heaves;
I, zephyr whisp'ring, sporting through the leaves.

And such all candid people must conclude it—
The world should say of PETER PINDAR's strain,
“ In *him* the courtly HORACE lives again—
“ *Circum præcordia Petrus ludit.*”

Which

Which easy scrap of Latin thus I render:

No man by PETER's verse is harshly bitten;
Like lambkins bleats the bard so sweet and tender,
And playful as the sportive kitten.

So chaste his *smiles*, so soft his style,

That ev'n his bitt'rest enemies should *smile*:

He biddeth not his verse in *thunder* roar—
His lines perpetual summer—sunshine weather:

He *tickles* only—how can he do more,
Whose only instrument's a *feather*?

O D E X.

LIKE children, charm'd with PRAISE's sugar'd song,
How much the Great admire the cringing throng!

And how most *lovingly* the men they hate,
Who, to the stubbornness of conscience born,
Tenacious of the rights of nature, scorn
To hold the censer to the nose of STATE!

Too

Too many a weak-brain'd man, and silly dame,
Are made ridiculous by fulsome fame;
Rais'd on high pedestals in rich attire,
For half the globe to laugh at, not admire.

Ye bid the bard in panegyric shine;
With courtly adulation load the line:
Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing—
Rank poison for a subject, or a King.

My Lords, I do declare that it requires
A brain well fortified, to bear great flatt'ries;
Such very dangerous mask'd batteries,
That keep on great men's brains such ceaseless fires!
I hope that God will give such great men grace
To know the gen'ral *weakness* of the place.

Pray do not fancy what I utter strange—
The love of flatt'ry is the soul's rank mange,
Which, though it gives such tickling joys,
Instead of doing service, it destroys:
Just as the mange to lapdogs' skins apply'd,
Though pleasing, spoils the beauty of the hide.

A sonnet now and then to please the fair,
With flatt'ry spic'd a little, does no harm;
That talks of flames, perfections, hope, despair,
And hyperbolically paints each charm.

P'rhaps to a fault at times, my Muse's art,
By admiration swell'd, hath soar'd too high;
But CYNTHIA knew the lover's partial art,
And chid her poet for the tuneful lie.

Perhaps too loud the bard hath struck the lyre:
And when th' enthusiast, with a lover's fire,
More bright than angels, gave the nymph to glow;
By TRUTH's delightful dictates solely sway'd,
Ought of his fav'rite CYNTHIA to have said,
"She triumphs only o'er the world *below*."

O D E XI.

MY Lords, I won't consent to be a bug,
 To batten in the royal rug,
 And on the backs of Monarchs meanly crawl;
 And more, my Lords, I hope I never shall.
 Yet certain vermin I can mention, love it;
 You know the miserables that can *prove* it.
 I cannot, Papist-like, (a dupe to Kings)
 Create divinities from wooden things.

Somewhere in Asia—I forget the place—
 Ceylon I think it is—yes, yes, I'm right—
 There, Kings are deem'd a heav'nly race,
 And blasphemy it is their pow'r to slight.

Like crouching spaniels down black Lords must lie,
 Whene'er admitted to the Royal eye,
 And say, whene'er the mighty Monarch chats
 To those black Lords about their wives and brats,
 That happen in the world to tumble:
 "Dread Sire, your slave and bitch my wife
 Hath brought, to bless your dog so humble,
 "One, two, three, four, five puppies into life;

" All subject to your godlike will and pow'r,
" To hang or drown in half an hour."

This is too servile, I must dare confess—
'Twixt man and man the diff'rence should be *less*.

I own I brought two wond'ring eyes to town,
Got bent by mobs my ribs like any hoop,
To see the mighty man who wore a crown—
To see the man to whom great courtiers stoop.

Much had I read, which *certes* some time since is,
My Bible so replete with Kings and Princes,
And thought Kings taller than my parish steeple;
I thought too, which was natural enough,
Jove made their skins of very diff'rent stuff
From that which clothes the bones of *common* people.

But mark ! by staring, gaping ev'ry day,
The edge of admiration wore away,
Like razors' edges rubb'd against a stone;
Kings ceas'd to be such objects of devotion;
I saw the Beings soon without emotion,
And thought like mine their bodies flesh and bone.

Like

Like many thousands, I was weak enough
To think Jove kept a soul and body shop;
Like mercers, had variety of stuff

For such whose turn it was to be made up;
And that he treated with great liberality
Folk born to figure in the line of quality;
Giving souls superfine, and bones and bloods,
In short, the choicest of celestial goods:

But on the lower classes when employ'd,
It struck me that he work'd with much *sang-froid*,
Not caring one brass farthing for the chaps;
Forming them just as girls themselves amuse
In making workbags, pincushions, and shoes—
VIDELICET, from scraps.

Now can't I give a *thimbleful* of praise,
E'en to an Emp'ror, if uncrown'd by merit;
A starving principle, 'faith, now a-days,
And unconnected with the courtier's spirit.
You, Sirs, I think, can give it with a *ladle*,
And rock of grinning Idiotism the cradle.

O D E XII.

SO much abus'd, I lose my lyric merit—
Evaporated half its spirit;
Reduc'd from alcohol to phlegm;
From solid pudding to whipp'd cream!

There was a time, when, not one bit afraid
Of ought the people roar'd, or sung, or said,
I carelessly my fav'rite trade pursu'd;
Invok'd Apollo, and the Muses woo'd:
And, with the stoicism that lulls a stone,
I sat me down, and pick'd my mutton bone.

Thus when, amidst the tumbling world of waves,
The cloud-wrapp'd Genius of the tempest raves,
And, 'midst the hurrying mass of spectred gloom,
FATE, mounted on the wild wing of the blast,
Shouts desolation through the twilight waste,
And, thund'ring, threats a system's doom;

Lo! with light wing a gull the billows sweeps,
Sports on the storm, and mocks the bellowing deeps;

Now

Now on the mountain furge compos'd he squats,
Adjusts his feathers, and looks round for sprats.

I now may say, with righteous DAVID, "Lord,
" With foes I'm fore encompassed about;"
And rhyme like STERNHOLD, once for verse ador'd,
" I wote not when I shall get out;
" So craftily the heathen me affail,
" My canticle doth not a whit avail."

Lo! almost ev'ry one at PETER's head
Levels his blunderbuss, and takes a pop—
Bounce on my dear *os frontis* falls the lead;
But harmless yet, thank God, I've seen it drop:

Yet, by and by, some luckless shot
May knock about the brains of tuneful PETER:
Thousands will smile to see him go to pot,
And mock him in his grave, with shameless metre:
Not so our gracious King and Queen, I know it—
They've *pity*, if not *pence*, to give a poet.

Patient as JOB, when SATAN, all so vile,
Betting his skin against the LORD's,
Adding a most contemptuous smile,
As well as most indecent words,

Cover'd the man of UZ with boils,
At which, with horror, ev'ry heart recoils :

Yes, patient as the man of UZ am I,
Though forc'd on ENVY's burning coals to fry.

Seek I the Court?—Lords, Lordlings fly the place—
The ladies, too, so full of loyal grace,
Turn their gay backs when there I show my head;
As happen'd at St. James's t'other day,
When up the stairs I took my solemn way,
And fill'd the fine-dress'd gentlefolks with dread.

Off BRUDENELL flew; and, with his star so blazing,
Off flew the frighten'd Sir JOHN DICK, so stout,
Who won his blazing star by means amazing—
By manufacturing four crout.

Off flew, with this great crout-composing DICK,
THOMSON and SALISB'RY, HARCOURT, and Gold-
stick;
Such was the terror at the man of rhymes,
As though he enter'd to divulge their *crimes*.

Thus on a bank, upon a summer's day,
 Of some fair stream of East or Western Ind,
 When puppies join in wanton play,
 Free from the slightest fear of being skinn'd;

If from that stream, which all so placid flows,
 A fly old alligator pokes his nose;
 Wishing, *perebaunce*, to take a slice of cur;
 At once the dogs are off upon the spur;
 Nor once behind them cast a courtly look,
 To compliment the monarch of the brook.

O D E XIII.

DESERTED in my utmost need by fate,
 Like fam'd DARIUS, great and good;
 Fall'n, fall'n, poor fellow, from a large estate;
 Forc'd, forc'd to brouse, like goats, the lanes for food!

Alas! deserted quite by ev'ry friend;
 And what than friendship can be sweeter?
 Lo! not a soul will kind assistance lend;
 Lo! ev'ry puppy lifts his leg at PETER!

Like some lone insulated rock am I, *And a no man's*
 Where, midst th' Atlantic vast, old Æol raves;
 Shook by the thunders of each angry sky,
 And roll'd on by the rushing world of waves!

So hard, indeed, the critic tempest blows,
 I scarce can point against the gale my nose—
 A storm more violent was never seen!
 So dread the war!—indeed it must be *dread*,
 When from his shop JOHN NICHOLS pops his head,
 And pours the thunders of his Magazine.

For heavier artill'ry ne'er was play'd:

And yet, not all th' artill'ry is his own;
 HAYLEY, a close ally, in ambuscade
 Behind, assists the war of furious JOHN,

JOHN NICHOLS, with WILL. HAYLEY for his 'Squire,
 Are serious things, howe'er the world may laugh;
 And therefore dread I much to face the fire
 Of this intrepid *Hudibras* and *Ralph*.

You too, my Lords, combin'd with those dread foes
 To tear the bard to pieces for his rhymes,
 Is very cruel, righteous Heav'n well knows,
 And does no sort of credit to the times.

Yet let me *feel* myself—I'm not yet dead,
 Though maul'd so terribly about the head;
 By Printers Devils and allies surrounded:
 P'rhaps, like the Prussian Monarch, I may rise
 Herculean, to the world's surprise,
 And see my enemies confounded.

Full many a cock hath won ten pound,
 Though seeming dead, stretch'd out amidst the pit—
 Leap'd up, and giv'n his foe a fatal wound—
 Then why not mine, ye Gods, the lucky hit?

O D E XIV.

WITH your good leave, my Lords, I'll now take
 mine.

Not deem'd, *perchaunce*, a poet quite divine—

Perchaunce with beasts at Ephesus I've warr'd,
 Like that prodigious orator Saint Paul;
 And for my stanzas, p'rhaps both great and small,
 Ye kindly wish me feather'd well, and tarr'd.

Ye think I loathe the *name* of King, no doubt—
Indeed, my Lords, you never were more out:

I am not of that envious class of elves;
Though Dame MACAULEY turns on Kings her tail,
With great *respect* the sacred names I hail,
That is, of Monarchs who *respect themselves*.

But should they act with meanness, or like fools,
The MUSE shall place a fool's-cap on their skulls,
Stubborn as many a King, indeed, I am—
That is, as stubborn as a halter'd ram:

A change in PETER's life ye must not hope:

To try to wash an ass's face,

Is really labour to misplace;

And really loss of time, as well as soap.

VIX E D O

O D E XV.

PRAY let me laugh, my Lords; I must, I will—
 My Lords, my laughing muscles can't lie still:
 Unpolish'd in the supple schools of France,
 I cannot burst, to pleasure COMPLAISANCE.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
 And ev'ry grin, so merry, draws one out:
 I own I like to laugh, and hate to sigh;
 And think that risibility was giv'n
 For human happiness, by gracious Heav'n,

And that we came not into life to cry:

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
 The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
 Well pleas'd to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
 In sorrow's dismal crape, or bombasin.

Methinks I hear the Lord of Nature say,

"Fools, how ye plague me! go, be wise, be gay;

"No tortures, penances, your God requires—

"Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore,

"And know that Heav'n hath not one angel more

"In consequence of groaning nuns and friars.

"Heav'n

- “Heav’n never took a pleasure or a pride
 “In starving stomachs, or a horsewhipp’d hide.
 “Mirth be your motto—merry be your heart:
 “Good laughs are pleasant inoffensive things;
 “And if their follies happen to divert,
 “I shall not quarrel at a joke on *Kings*.”

O D E XVI.

IF Monarchs (the suggestion, p’rhaps, of liars)
 Turn housebreakers, and rob the nuns and friars;
 Steal pictures, crucifixes, heav’nly chattels,
 To purchase swords and guns and souls for battles:
 In spite of all the world may say and think,
 If Empreſſes will, punk-like, kiſs and drink:
 If Kings will ſell the hares and boars they kill,
 And ſnipe and partridge-blood for Mammon ſpill,
 Denying thus *themſelves* a dainty diſh;
 And go *themſelves* to market with their fiſh:

Pleas’d

Pleas'd with the vulgar herd to join their name,
If Kings, ambitious of a blacksmith's fame,
Not wond'rously ambitious in their views,
Instead of mending empires, make horse shoes:

Dead to fair SCIENCE, if to vagrant hogs,
To toymen, conjurors, and dancing dogs,
Great Princes, pleas'd, a patronage extend;
Whilst modest GENIUS pines without a friend:

Dismissing grandeur as an idle thing,
If on bob-wigs, flouch'd hats, and thread-bare coats,
Upon vulgarity a Monarch doats,
More pleas'd to look a coachman than a King:

If with their bullocks Kings delight to battle;
On hard horse-chestnuts make them dine and sup,
Resolv'd to starve the nice-mouth'd cattle
Until they eat the chestnuts up;
Poor fellows, from the nuts who turn away,
And think it dev'lish hard they can't have hay:

If Kings will mount old houses upon rollers,
Converting sober mansions into strollers,
HERACLITUS's gravity can't bear it—
I must laugh out, and all the world must hear it.

O D E XVII.

JUST one word more, my Lords, before we part:

Do not vow vengeance on the tuneful art;

'Tis very dang'rous to attack a poet—

Also ridiculous—the end would show it.

Though not to *write*—to *read* I hear you're able:

Read, then, and learn instruction from a fable.

THE PIG AND MAGPIE.

A FABLE.

COCKING his tail, a saucy prig,

A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,

To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest;

And with such ease began the hair-attack,

As thinking the fee-simple of the back

Was by *himself*, and not the *Pig*, posselt.

The Boar look'd up, as thunder black, to Mag,

Who, squinting down on him, like an arch wag,

Inform'd

Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn ;
Then busy went to work, not nicely culling ;
Got a good handsome beakfull by good pulling,
And flew, without a "Thank ye," to his thorn.

The Pig set up a dismal yelling ;
Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,
Who, like a fool, had built it 'midst a bramble :
In, manfully, he sallied, full of might,
Determin'd to obtain his right,
'And 'midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his nest to rags,
And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags :
But ere he from the brambles came, alack !
His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

THIS is a pretty tale, my Lords, and pat :
To folks like *you* so clever, *verbum sat*.

John's d'Almeida some business must be done:
Then duly went to work, not nicely cutting,
Got a good handsome dealing by good pulling,
And drew without a "Thank ye," to his store.
The pig let up a dismal yelling,
Follow'd the hog to his dwelling,
Who, like a fool, had built a pen for him;
Incessantly he bawled, full of might,
Determined to obtain his right,
And when the battle now began to stir,
He drove the pig, and his self to rage,
Let, happy on the dwellings, proud his trays;
But ere he took the penance came, sick,
His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
His bleeding side in such a plight to show,
He could not connect his upon his back.
And with a wailing cry, and many a sob,
He lay in pain, and with a groan,
This is a grievous ailment, and but
To take the pain to cheer, comes far
The pain is such, and such the pain,
The pain is such, and such the pain.

A
BENEVOLENT EPISTLE
TO
SYLVANUS URBAN,

ALIAS

MASTER JOHN NICHOLS, PRINTER,
COMMON-COUNCILMAN OF FARRINGDON WARD, AND
CENSOR-GENERAL OF LITERATURE;

NOT FORGETTING
MASTER WILLIAM HAYLEY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
AN ELEGY TO APOLLO;

ALSO,

SIR JOSEPH BANKS AND THE BOILED FLEAS:
AN ODE.

Fie, nay, prithee, John;

Do not quarrel, man;

Let's be merry and

Drink about.

CATCH.

REVOLUTIONARY EPISTLE

TO

SYLVANUS URBAN

ALIAS

MASTER JOHN NICHOLS, PRINTER

COMMONS-COURTMAN OF VARRINGTON WARD, AND
CHIEF-GENERAL OF MISTAKES

NOT FORGETTING

MASTER WILLIAM HAYLEY

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN EPIQUE TO APOLOGY

BY

JOSEPH BARKS AND THE BOILED LEGS

AN ODE

The old rhyme, John

For a rhyme, and

And for a rhyme, and

Dark words, and

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Poet commenceth in a sublime strain of happy imitation of classic simplicity with the *ille ego*—self-consequence of the Mantuan Bard; giving an account of the various themes of his Muse, from MAJESTY to Master JOHN NICHOLS—He asketh the reason of JOHN's great anger, and freeth himself from the imputation of illiberality, by telling the world what handsome things he hath said of the Printer—The Poet attacketh JOHN in turn for *his* want of candour—speaketh oracles to JOHN—maketh a fine comparison between himself and purling streams; also between curs, cats, and courtiers—The Poet declaimeth virtuously and politically against swearing in a passion—complaineth of instances of JOHN's cruelty towards him for barely administering a few admonitory lashes to the back of the PRESIDENT of the ROYAL SOCIETY, Madam PIOZZI, and Mister JAMES BOSWELL—The Poet again complaineth of JOHN's disingenuousness; praising, at the same time, his own sweetness of disposition—he mentioneth the horrors of dying people at the thought of being exhibited in JOHN's Magazine, in which the Poet is supposed to allude to the letters of the Rev. Mister BADCOCK and others, as well as scandalous anecdotes collected from families, to give a zest to his monthly lumber—The Poet informeth JOHN of the appellation given him by some people, and which the Poet was always too delicate to use—The Poet confesseth that he marvelleth at JOHN's impudence in assuming the management of the Gentleman's Magazine after Doctor JOHNSON; on which Doctor JOHNSON, the Poet passeth a just stricture with unprecedented delicacy—The Poet challengeth JOHN to say he ever exposed him for his praises of such as contributed to his Magazine—or when he

tried to eclipse the biographical fame of PLUTARCH, by his anecdotes of poor old BOWYER—The Poet exhibiteth more instances of grandeur of soul—still more nobleless—still more—The Poet maketh a most luminous remark on the difference between the happiness of *fools* and *wise men*, and concludeth with advising JOHN to make a proper application of his talents.

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE,

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I, WHO, ambitious that the brats, my rhymes,
Should see the gentlefolks of future times;
Rise like antiques in value, nor expire,
Till Ruin spreads his universal fire:
Dread thought! that to destruction must be giv'n
This charming world, this handsome work of Heav'n!
I, who, regardful of the courtier throng,
To Kings, and Lords, and Commons, tun'd the song;
Bade Tom* no more indulge the golden dream,
And kindly wish'd his wit a *wiser* theme;
Struck to the lime and mortar Knight† the string,
And hail'd of butterflies the nursing king,‡
Who, scorning suns and moons, with happier eyes
Beholds from dunghills purple Emp'rors § rise;

B b 2

More

* Mr. Warton.

† Sir William Chambers.

‡ Sir Joseph Banks.

§ A rare species of butterfly.

More blest on this our earth a frog to see,
 To find a cockleshell, and boil a flea,*
 Than dwell in yonder skies, with glory crown'd,
 Where frogs, nor fleas, nor cockleshells abound;
 More blest to mark a bat's than angel's wing,
 To hear a grasshopper than seraph sing;
 More pleas'd to view (if rumour justly paints)
 The tails of tadpoles than the heads of saints;
 And hear (to fame if credence may be giv'n)
 One humming-bird than all the host of heav'n:
 I, who to men of canvass struck the lyre,
 And set with rhyme th' Academy on fire;†
 O'er Mount Parnassus, Jove-like, cast my shoe;
 At poets smil'd, and poetesses too;
 Preferr'd the ballads of the good Old Bailey,
 To all the cold pomposities of HAYLEY,
 Whose rhymes,‡ as soon as litter'd, join the heaps,
 Where 'midst her shadowy gulph OBLIVION sleeps:

So

* See the Ode at page 393.

† [*The Academy on fire.*] i.e. produced an emulation amongst the ingenious artists. This passage seemed to want an explanation, as an illiberal reader might have imagined that I meant that my academic odes had put the members into a violent passion; an idea so very foreign to my wishes.

‡ Such is really the present sunk condition of this Lady-author.

So deep, who scarce can dive into himself!
 So lofty, too, the tenant of the shelf!
 Now stiffer than recruits so raw at drill;
 Now *petit-maitre* of the Muses' hill:
 I, who to grave Reviewers sigh'd my pray'r,
 Submissive bending at the critic chair;
 And, blushing, begg'd one little laurel sprig,
 To bring importance, and adorn my wig:
 I, who Sam Whitbread's brewhouse prais'd in song,
 So highly honour'd by the Royal throng;
 Berhym'd a goodly Monarch and his spouse,
 Miss Whitbread's curtsies, Mister Whitbread's bows,
 Amounting, hist'ry says, to many a score,
 Such, too, as Chiswell-Street ne'er saw before;
 Not e'en forgetting, with my classic force,
 The Brewer's bulldog, and his marv'ling horse;
 The curious draymen into puncheons creeping,
 And, charm'd with greatness, through the bung-holes
 I, who to Pitt the chords in anger struck, [peeping:
 Who whelm'd his PRINCE so gracefully with muck;
 Lycurgus Pitt, whose penetrating eyes
 Behold the fount of freedom in *excise*;
 Whose patriot logic possibly maintains
 Th' identity of liberty and chains:

I, who of Leeds and Hawkesb'ry deign'd to sing,
 The blessed fav'rites of a blessed * * * *;
 High on the lab'ring pinions of an ode,
 Heav'd Brudenell's folly, what a leaden load!
 Brudenell who bids us all the proverb feel;
 "The largest calves are not the sweetest veal:"
 I, who on such subjects deign'd to shine,
 Now tune to once a Printer's DEV'L the line;
 But now no more a dev'l—with Atlas mien,
 The great supporter of a Magazine;
 No more, no more a dev'l with humble air,
 But fit companion for our great LORD MAY'R!
 How like the worm which crawls at first the earth,
 But, getting a new coat, disdains its birth;
 Spreads its gold tissue to the solar ray,
 And wings o'er trees and tow'rs its airy way!
 With anger foaming, and of vengeance full,
 Why belloweth JOHN NICHOLS like a bull?
 Say, Goddess, could a few poetic stripes
 Make JOHN, so furious, kick about his types;

* The *Gentleman's*, as it is modestly called; to whose gentility
 MISTEY HAYLEY is a constant contributor, in the way of ingenious
 rhyme and liberal criticism.

Spin round his pandemonium like a top,
 And, thund'ring, to its centre shake the shop?
 Could SATIRE's twig produce so dire a din?
 And dwells such softness in a *printer's* skin?

Illib'ral! never, never have I said,
 That thou wert not an honest man in trade!
 Whether from principle or jail dismay
 Springs thy morality, we dare not say;
 Since jails, those iron agents of the law,
 Keep many a graceless rogue in pious awe.
 Yet, son of ink, devoutly let us hope
 Thou lov'st a *virtue* more than dread'st a *rope*;
 Nay, to thy honour let me this declare,
 To make the rigid sons of conscience stare,
 That when thou money lendest, such thy purity,
 Detesting *bad*, thou seekest *good* security.
 Inclined for ever, JOHN, to take thy part,
 Thus have I pour'd the dictates of my heart:
 "If 'midst a *vulgar* mass his stars unkind
 Have plac'd most niggardly a pigmy mind,
 "'Tis not JOHN's fault—JOHN should not blush for
 "His parsimonious *planets* are to blame. [shame;
 "What though in WISDOM's crucible his head,
 "Prove that it dealeth less in gold than lead:

" Unskill'd on classic ground to cut a caper,
 " Yet knoweth JOHN the price of print and paper;
 " His nice discerning knowledge none deny,
 " On crown, imperial, fool's-cap, and demy.
 " On blanket, sheepskins,* urine, JOHN can *think*;
 " Myself would take his sentiments on ink;
 " Myself would take his sentiments on letters:
 " On syllables, indeed, I'd ask his betters.
 " The *meanest* mortal let us not deride:
 " Lo! beasts of burden oft must be our guide;
 " Yes, through the dark and unknown track, of course,
 " I yield up all opinion to my horse."
 TRUTH, let fair TRUTH for ever rule my rhymes!
 I'm told this lady visits *thee* sometimes!
 How kind! how humble! thus the God of day
 Deigns to a mudpool to impart his ray!
 Amidst the passions rear, a clam'rous host,
 Oft is the gentle voice of REASON lost!
 How try'st thou, butcher-like, to carve my work,
 And treat each sweet-soul'd stanza, like a Turk!
 From such sad readers Heav'n the Muse protect,
 Proud to find fault, and raptur'd with defect!
 Yet, though thou *frown'st* on PETER's every line,
 Behold the difference, JOHN! he *smiles* on *thine*.

Say

* Necessary for making Printers balls.

Say not I hate each man of verse and prose;
I rev'rence genius, JOHN, where'er it grows:
Whene'er it beams through IGNORANCE's night,
I mark the stranger with as keen delight
As looks the Pilgrim on Bassora's tow'rs,
Her streams, ambrosial blooms, and myrtle bow'rs;
Who, long deny'd of HOPE's sweet cup to taste,
Had sigh'd amidst the solitary waste.

Blame not the Bard, thou man of *letter'd* pride,
Who, taking not Dame PRUDENCE for thy guide,
Didst stone the poet's mansion like an ass,
Forgetting that thy own was made of glass.
Know, JOHN, that passion maketh man a swine:
Know this, and bid thy conduct copy *mine*.
When deeming me a Saracen in heart,
Why, simple JOHN, attempt my road to thwart?
Amidst thy walks, should bullies meet thine eye,
Compos'dly let those bullies pass thee by.
To bustling bravoes, for my ease and pride,
I give the wall, and smiling turn aside.
Thus, if a rock or log the stream oppose,
That sweetly lambent from its fountain flows,
No foamy turbulence the rills betray,
But, easy yielding, wind in peace away.

My

My hate of courtiers, how thine anger drew!
 I own I loathe St. James's servile crew:
 Where'er the smiles of royalty are found,
 The lazy clan of courtiers crouch around:
 Thus, on the country towns when Phoebus shines,
 Amidst the radiance ev'ry cur reclines;
 And lo! neglectful of the mice and rats,
 Each street presents us with a line of cats.

Truth needs not, JOHN, the eloquence of oaths,
 Not more so than a decent suit of clothes
 Requires of broad gold lace th' expensive glare,
 That makes the linsy-woolsey million stare:
 Besides, a proverb, suited to my wish,
 Declares that swearing never catcheth fish.
 'Tis vulgar—I have said it o'er and o'er;
 Then keep thy temper, man, and swear no more.
 Struck, nay, half-petrified, that BANKS should dare,
 Indecent fellow! ravish NEWTON's chair;
 Mock such as WISDOM's sacred mines explore,
 And kick the Arts and Sciences to door;
 Making (methinks a monstrous impropriety)
 A fly-club of a great and fam'd Society:
 The Muse, with virtuous indignation stung,
 In rhyme's strong chains the brazen culprit hung;

When, with the fury of a thousand foes,
Howl'd the wild tempest of thy verse and prose!
Shock'd that an idle gossip, Madam THRALE,*
And he,† a feather, GENIUS in thy scale,
High panting for the echo of a name,
Should meanly crucify poor JOHNSON's fame;
I own I glow'd with more than mortal ire,
And fix'd to SATIRE's scourge my sharpest wire;
When lo! the poet's visage to begrime,
Forth rush'd thy muddy sluice of prose and rhyme:
For this, against my will, indeed with tears,
I show'd a grinning land thy ass's ears.

Fir'd that the Muse should daringly suggest
How stars have beam'd upon the *blakest* breast;
Just like their heav'nly cousins all so bright,
O'er the dark mantle of old mother NIGHT;
Should hint (by FORTUNE's wild vagaries plac'd)
That *Crowns* may feel themselves at times disgrac'd;
To take a King's and courtiers part so prone,
Full at my forehead didst thou fling the stone;
But thanks to Phœbus, who secur'd my crown,
No *David* thou, to bring Goliath down!

Griev'd

* Now Madam Piozzi.

† Mr. James Boswell.

Griev'd that th' ambitious Muse a PRINCE should
 Whose name diffuses lustre o'er her lays; [praise,
 A PRINCE whose only fault is want of art,
 Whose horrid vice, benevolence of heart;
 Which little abject souls profusion call,
 And o'er each action vainly spit their gall:
 Griev'd that the Muse attack'd with scorn a MAN,
 Unlucky form'd on NATURE's hungry plan;
 Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
 And fears to give a farthing to the poor;
 Proclaims that penury will be his fate,
 And, scowling, looks on charity with hate;
 Whose matchless avarice is meat and drink,
 That dreads to spill a single drop of ink;
 On each superfluous letter vents a sigh,
 And saves the little dot upon an i;
 Happy e'en NATURE's tenderest ties to slight,
 And vilely rob an offspring of his right:
 Forth rush'd thy venom—harmless, too, it flow'd,
 For man defies the poison of a toad;
 Vex'd that the Muse (as if she utter'd treason)
 Should try to bring poor BOSWELL back to reason;
 (Herculean toil, to keep such folly under!)
 Loud from thy head's dark cloud I felt thy thunder!

When

When, mad t'induce the world to deem thee wise,
 Thou star'dst through spectacles with sapient eyes;
 Say, did I cry, th' impostor to expose,
 "See JOHN's whole stock of wisdom on his nose!"
 Cat-like, because the world my lyrics read,
 Thine envy claw'd the laurel on my head;
 Yet claw'd I not again, with cat-like spleen,
 The drooping leaves of thy sad Magazine:
 Touch'd not *thy* trash, nor HAYLEY's tinsel stuff;
 Nor fresh, stale, new antiquities of GOUGH:
 Indeed I'm tender-conscienc'd on that score,
 And learn to look with pity on the poor:
 No Mohawk I, in scenes of horror bred,
 I scorn to scalp the dying or the dead;
 Yet well thou knowest that, with trifling toil,
 On SATIRE's gridir'n I could bid thee broil—
 Turn tuneful butcher, cut thee into quarters,
 And give thee, JOHN, for one of FOLLY's martyrs.
 I see thy vanity in all its fulness;
 The turbot, ven'son of aspiring dulness!
 And let me, O rare epicure, remark,
 That thou hast got a gullet like a shark.

"A maga-

* A maker of antiquities, and one of Sir Joseph Banks's
 copper-farthing oracles, and constant tea and toast men.

Myself as merciful as man can be,

I grieve to find that mercy not in *thee*.

Behold, amidst their short'ning, panting breath,

Poor souls! the dying dread thee more than death:

"Oh! save us from JOHN NICHOLS!" is the cry,

"Let not that death-hunter know where we lie;

"What in *delirium* from our lips may fall,

"Oh! hide—our letters, burn them, burn them all!

"Oh! let not from the tomb our ghosts complain!

"O Jesu! we shall soon be up again;

"Condemn'd, alas! to grin with grisly mien,

"'Midst the pale horrors of his Magazine;

"Like felons first in Newgate-ballads sung,

"Then (giv'n to INFAMY) on Hounslow hung!"

Know, when thou took'st of Aristarch the chair,

My eyes expanded only to a stare:

Softly, indeed, unto myself, I sigh'd,

"JOHNSON,* thy place is d--nably supply'd:

"Not that I think this idol of the million,

"Longinus, Aristotle, or Quintilian;

"Who gives (against sound taste so apt to sin)

"A pyramid's importance to a pin;

"On

* The late Dr. Johnson superintended this Magazine: a post of honour and profit assumed afterwards by Mister John Nichols.

" On ev'ry theme, alike his pompous art;

" The general conflagration or a f—."

When into FAME's fair dome, t'insult her throne,
So free, as if the house had been thy own,

Thou dar'dst to shove a vile conundrum crew,

Fellows whom Phœbus nor the Muses knew;

Speak, did I tell the Nation with my pen,

How FAME in anger kick'd them out agen;

Threw at their heads the lumber of their brains,

And call'd thee a pert puppy for thy pains?

On such mark'd impudence did I harangue,

And give to public scorn the pigmy gang?

Short are the hours that smuggled praise can last,

An echo, a poor meretricious blast;

A sudden gust that bids old ruins stare,

And, howling, whirls a feather through the air.

FLATT'RY, a little sly deceiving lass,

With smile resistless, and a front of brass,

Shall reign, perchance, the idol of a day;

Then, like a batter'd harridan, decay;

Whilst TRUTH, unfading, lifts the head sublime,

And dares the formidable rage of TIME.

Thou dragon of th' Hesperian fruit, call'd *praise*,

Whose leather-stretching conscience interest sways;

Shame,

Shame, that, through sordid avarice and spleen,
 None taste, but such as cram thy Magazine!
 Charm'd as a child whose doting eye regards
 Its imitation of Saint Paul's with cards;
 When, fir'd by Plutarch's venerable name,
 Whose genius rais'd a pyramid to fame,
 Thou gav'st of ROWYER's life a gossip's story,
 And only rear'dst a dunghill to thy glory;
 I rail'd not at thine infant emulation,
 Nor spread thy weakness, JOHN, around the nation;
 Nay, griev'd was I, as all the world can tell,
 That thou shouldst write a book* that would not
sell.

When, tort'ring the poor gamut wild and loud,
 Thou scrap'dst harsh discords on thy Muse's crowd;
 What though I stopp'd my ears with all my pow'rs,
 I mourn'd the labour of thy tuneless hours.

Oft have I whisper'd to myself, "Enough
 " Of this most tiresome fellow's monthly stuff:

" Pan,

* Unfortunately for poor John, every book that he has published has been possessed of so much of the *vis inertiae* as not to be able (to use the bookseller's phrase) to *move off*; witness the Life of Old Bowyer, the guttings of old Magazines and Ladies' Diaries, called Miscellanies, the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, editions of trash of every denomination, &c. &c.

" A magazine! a pedlar's, huckster's shop,
 " That harbours brush, and cabbage-net, and mop,
 " Pan, gridir'n, button, buckle, bodkin, bead,
 " Tape, turnip, malkins, nightcaps green and red,
 " Pins, pipkins, garters, oatmeal, jordan, dish,
 " Stale loaves, and rusty nails, and stinking fish;"
 Yet bade I not the world its laughs prepare,
 To meet thy miserable monthly ware:
 Nay, man, I've *prais'd* thee—for example, said,
 " Lo! in his cumbrous magazine display'd
 " Once in a year a verse to raise our wonder,
 " Which proves that JOHN may make a lucky blunder:
 " How like the heavy mountain, on whose side
 " A daisy starts in solitary pride!"
 Lo! from ebriety their sons to save,
 The Greeks oft show'd the lads a drunken slave:
 I thus might thee, O gingling JOHN, display,
 A sad example in the rhyming way
 For printers and their demons to avoid,
 Whose labours might more wisely be employ'd;
 But PITY sweetly whispers in my ear,
 " Expose not childhood that deserves a tear;
 " Set not the roaring lion at a rat,
 " Nor call down thunder to destroy a gnat."

When mad for honours*—softly have I said,
 "What imp could put it in the Printer's head?
 "Oh! may the fates the maniac over-rule,
 "For titles cannot dignify a fool!"
 Complain not that I've wrong'd thy reputation,
 By calling thee the *filliest* in the nation;
 No, John, be comforted—it cannot be;
 I think I know a few that *equal* thee.
 Sweat, swear not that I've said, to wound thy fame,
 That *hirelings* wrote each work which bears thy name;
 How false! I know thou wrotest many a line;
 Lo! all the *blunders* of the books are thine.
 A literary jackdaw thou, god wot!
 Yet by that thievish name I call'd thee not:
 A carrion crow that lives upon the dead,
 Yet hawk-like pounc'd I not upon thy head:
 A daring coiner; lo! I let thee pass,
 Nor once impeach'd thy literary brags!

Speak

* John's ambition to be a Common-council man was violent for a long time; great were the pains used, manifold were the contrivances employed, and prodigious was the interest made for the obtention of this honour.—A vacancy happening in Farringdon Ward, John's more lucky *genius* prevailed, and his wishes were gratified; thus is he in the way of being what I have in an ode prophesied of Mr. Auctioneer Skinner,

"If things go fair,

"Proud London's proud Lord May'r."

Speak—when, enamour'd of thy monthly hash,
 Thou clapp'dst another sixpence on thy trash,
 Once didst thou hear me in a passion roar,
 “ Was ever impudence like this before?”
 Instead of making in th' affair a fuss,
 In mild soliloquy I whisper'd thus:
 “ How blest the fool! he thinks he all things knows!
 “ With joy he wakes, with joy his eyelids close;
 “ Pleas'd through the world to spread his own renown,
 “ With calm contempt he looks on others down;
 “ Self and his own dear works th' eternal theme,
 “ His daily idol, and his nightly dream;
 “ Thrice-envied Being, whom no tongue can wound,
 “ In PRIDE's impenetrable armour bound!
 “ How much in happiness beyond the wise,
 “ Who view the greatest men with pitying eyes;
 “ O'er human imbecillity who groan,
 “ And sigh to think how *little's* to be known!”
 Oh, do not to the Muses hill resort,
 Æsop's dull brute!*— a bumpkin 'midst a court:
 With brother council crack the clumsy joke,
 'Midst beer and brandy, bread and cheese, and smoke;
 Descend the ladder to the clouds below,
 Where ordinary men of twopence go;

* The fable of the Gentleman, the Ass, and the Lapdog.

Where vagrant knives and forks are bound in chains,
And never tablecloth is spoil'd by stains;
Where, in the board's black hole, (superb design!)
Pepper and salt in matrimony join;
And in another hole, with frown and smile,
Much too like marriage, vinegar and oil!—
Where for a towel (economic thought!)
A monstrous mastiff, after dinner brought,
Complacent waits on *Gentlemen's* commands,
And yields his back of shag to wipe their hands—
Such is the scene where thou shouldst ever sit,
Form'd to thy taste, and suited to thy wit.
Deal not in Hist'ry; often have I said
'Twill prove a most unprofitable trade:
Talk not of *PAINTING*, for thou know'st her not;
Such coy acquaintance will not boil thy pot:
Nor make strong love to *MUSIC*; 'tis a Dame
Who smiles not on the souls of earth, but flame.
Push not thy brain to thought—thou canst not think:
From metaphysics should thy genius shrink!
To thee superior, see the *GODDESS* rise,
And hide her lofty head amidst the skies!
Behold eternal mist her beauties shroud,
And 'tis not *thy* weak eye can pierce the cloud.

Curs'd with the common *furor* of inditing,
 Yet if thy head possess the mangle of writing;
 Go with biography and cool thy rage,
 Pen lives that cannot well disgrace thy page;
 Describe whom ev'ry nobler virtue curses,
 A PAIR who *mump*, with millions in their purses,
 If loftier subjects thy ambition call,
 Go sing the staring giants of Guildhall.

*The POET complaineth of the cruelty of AUTHORS,
 AUTHORESSES, and the BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.*

ELEGY TO APOLLO.

GREAT are my enemies in trade, God knows!
 There's not a poet but would stop my note;
 With such a world of spite their venom flows,
 With such good-will the knaves would cut my throat.

Yet how have I offended, PHŒBUS, say,
 To get so much ill-blood, such cursing looks?
 Is it because my more ambitious lay
 Disdains to visit trunk-makers and cooks?

With theirs to visit grocers, and the men
 Who fortune, in that weed tobacco, see;
 From thence come deeply laden back agen,
 With sugar, pigtail, pepper, and rappee?

The man of words, of stilt-supported phrase,
 The glist'ring HAYLEY scorns whate'er I write;
 This Will-o'-wisp of verse disdains my lays;
 Tales, Odes, nor Loufiads, yield the least delight!

So *lofty*, yet in ware so *bumbly* dealing!
 So classically tasteless! big with nought!
 So tender, yet so destitute of feeling!
 So sentimental too, without a thought!

I see the band of BLUE-STOCKINGS arise,
 Historic, critic, and poetic dames!
This lifts her palms, and *that* her marv'ling eyes,
 And squeaks, "The fellow's stuff should feel the
 flames;

"Such is the way his works should come to *light*,"—
 Thus rail those dames of classic erudition;
 Thus, leagu'd with WIT, unmerciful they bite
 Thy fav'rite BARD, O PHŒBUS, and Physician!

And

And now I hear a score in union bawl,—

“ In cold contempt shall poor PIZZI sigh? ”

“ Miss HANNAH MORE into oblivion fall? ”

“ Dear MISTRESS MONTAGUE neglected lie? ”

“ Those rich Corinthian pillars of our club,

“ Sink to the ground so vile, with dust bespread;

“ Whilst *he*, of motley poetry the SCRUB,*

“ Erects, Colossus-like, his brazen head!

“ Oh! let the scullion use his vapid book

“ Instead of dishclouts, when her hands she wipes!

“ Oh! let the kindled leaves assist the cook,

“ And of old washerwomen light the pipes!”

Thus in my condemnation they agree,

The mighty cloud-capp'd PETTICOATED WISE;

Whilst pleas'd (as conscious of the just decree)

In proud disdain their snuff-clad noses rise!

The Misses sad of elegy, my foes,

Say my rude genius wants the genuine fire;

Bald half my rhymes, my verses measur'd prose:

That bears would better touch the Muse's lyre.

C c 4

“ The

* The Poet here most fancifully alludeth to Mr. SCRUB, the servant of all work, in Farquhar's play of the *Beaux Stratagem*.

The riddle and conundrum mongers cry,
 " Pshaw! d-mn his Lyrics, Loufiads—d-mn 'em all:
 " His strength in *fields diarian* dares he try?
 " Soon would the Almanack record his fall!"

Thus with dread voice my enemies exclaim!
 Thus am I doom'd to gulp the bitter pill!
 Themselves, "*fair traders* of the Mount," they name;
 But *me* a *smuggler* on thy sacred hill!

God of us Lyrics, shall I rouse my rhyme,
 Confound the gang, and vindicate my lay;
 Or calmly leave them to devouring TIME,
 Who dineth on such *witlings* every day?

A discontent, mingled with some grumbling, amongst the more enlightened members of the ROYAL SOCIETY, on account of Sir JOSEPH's non-communication of wisdom to the Royal Journals, spurred the Knight on at last (without the help of Balaam's Angel) to open his mouth.—He told an intimate friend that he had made a discovery that would astonish the World, enrich the Journals, and render himself immortal—with the most important confidence and philosophic solemnity, he affirmed that he was upon the very eve of proving what had never entered into the soul of man, viz. that Fleas were Lobsters—that JONAS DRYANDER was ordered to collect fifteen hundred Fleas, and boil them; which, if they changed to the fine crimson of the Lobster, would put the identity of the species beyond the possibility of doubt. At length the beds of the President were ransacked by his Flea-crimp, honest JONAS—fifteen hundred of the hopping inhabitants were caught, and passed the dreadful ordeal of boiling water; with what success, O gentle Reader, the Ode will inform thee.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE BOILED FLEAS.

BLEST be the man who thought upon a college,

The market of all sorts of knowledge,

Th' *emporium*, as we classic people say:

Nay, be upon *societies* who thought,

To learning's stock a deal of treasure brought,

Dragging OBSCURITY so deep to day;

Making

Making the dame turn out her bag,
 Conceal'd beneath her inky cloak;
 Examining the *smallest* rag,
 Blacken'd by TIME's most sacred smoke;

To use a *smile* a little rough,
 Stripping dame NATURE to her very buff;
 Or, to be somewhat more in speech refin'd,
 By dint of pow'rs of eye and mind,
 Enlight'ning what through darkness might escape;
 Embroid'ring thus with silver spangles, crape.

The mention of societies recalls
 Of Somerset* the lofty walls,
 The hive where fam'd Sir JOSEPH reigns Queen Bee;
 Though men, to whom Sir JOSEPH is not known,
 Most certainly must take him for a *drone*;

Whose face, by sloven NATURE's hard decree,
 Seems form'd fair ladies pockets to alarm,
 Rather than steal fair ladies hearts by *charm*.

Well! so much for Sir JOSEPH's face,
 And eke about the hive-like place,

Where fam'd Sir JOSEPH reigns Queen Bee:
 And verily Queen Bee's a proper name;
 For, Reader, know it is a royal dame,
 Who to her subjects issueth decree;

Sendeth

* The Royal Society hold their meetings there.

Sendeth her subjects east and west,
 To pitch on flowers and weeds the best,
 And bring sweet treasure to the hive;
 She keepeth, too, of gentlemen a band,
 To say soft things and flatter, kiss her hand,
 Who eat the honey for such deeds, and thrive.

Sir JOSEPH has his flatt'ers, too, in hand,
 Who say soft things—yea, *very soft* indeed,
 For which the gentle flatt'ring band
 Gain butter'd toast, sweet FLATT'RY's oily meed.

A girl for novelty where'er it lies,
 In mosses, fleas, or cockleshells, or flies,
 Sir JOSEPH ever seeks for something new;
 Of this, whene'er he sits, he gravely talks,
 Or whilst he eats, or drinks, or runs, or walks;
 Amidst his royal and attendant crew.

ONE morning, at his house in Soho-Square,
 As, with a solemn, awe-inspiring air,
 Amidst some royal sycophants he sat;
 Most manfully their masticators using,
 Most pleasantly their greasy mouths amusing
 With coffee, butter'd toast, and birds-nest chat;

In JONAS DRYANDER, the fav'rite, came,
Who manufactures all Sir JOSEPH's fame—

“Whatluck?” Sir JOSEPH bawl'd—“say, Jonas, say.”
“I've boil'd just fifteen hundred,” JONAS whin'd;
“The dev'l a one change colour could I find.”—
Intelligence creating dire difmay!

Then JONAS curs'd, with many a wicked wish,
Then show'd the stubborn fleas within the dish.

“How!” roar'd the President, and backward fell—
“There goes, then, my hypothesis to hell!”—

And now his head in deep despair he shook;
Now clos'd his eyes; and now upon his breast,
He, mutt'ring, dropp'd his fable beard unblest;

Now twirl'd his thumbs, and groan'd with piteous
look.

Dread-struck, fat Aubert, Blagdon, Planta, Woide,
Whose jaw-bones in the mumbling trade employ'd,

Half open'd, gap'd, in sudden *stupor* lost;
Whilst, from the mouth of ev'ry gaping man,
In mazy rill the cream-clad coffee ran,

Supporting dainty bits of butter'd toast.

Now gaining speech, the parasitic crowd

Leap'd up, and roar'd in unison aloud;

“Heav'ns!”

Heav'ns! what's the matter! dear Sir JOSEPH,
pray?"

Dumb to their questions the GREAT MAN remain'd:
The Knight, deep pond'ring, nought vouchsaf'd to say.

Again the *Gentlemen* their voices strain'd:
Sudden the PRESIDENT OF FLIES, so sad,
Strides round the room, with disappointment mad,

Whilst ev'ry eye enlarg'd with wonder rolls;
And now his head against the wainscot leaning,
Since you *must* know, *must* know (he sigh'd) the
meaning,

"Fleas are not lobsters, d-mn their souls."*

* The author would not have so frequently taken the liberty
of putting vulgarisms into the worthy President's mouth, had he
not previously known that Sir Joseph was the most accomplished
wearer of the Royal Society.

Now's! what's the matter! dear Sir Joseph

Thank to our question the Great Man returned:

...the deep bond that ought to be...

Against the Government their voices strain:

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

...the ...

How his heart ached at the window looking out

Since you may know what I know, (in fact) the

100

There are not many of them, but they are not few.

The author would not have to frequently check the library.

It is also known that Sir John was the first recipient of

of the Royal Society.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1941-1942 - from the records of the [illegible]

1. The first of these is the fact that the

ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER;

A

OR, A

POETICAL ANSWER

TO THE

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

OF

MISTER PETER PINDAR.

ALSO THE

MANUSCRIPT ODES, SONGS, LETTERS, &c. &c.

OF

THE ABOVE MISTER PETER PINDAR,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

BY SYLVANUS URBAN.

Sir, you lie!—I scorn your word,
Or any man's that wears a sword.
For all you huff, who cares a t—d?
Or who cares for you!

CATCH.

A
ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER;

OR, A
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OF
THE ABOVE MISTER PETER PINDAR.
NOW FIRST PUBLISHED
BY SYLVANUS URBAN.

Oh, you have not seen your work,
Or any man's like yours a-fair;
For all you have, who care a word,
Or who care for you,
GIVEN.

ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

LITTLE did I think that a man of my mild and peaceable disposition, that would not hurt a cat, should be forced out to battle: but such is the audacity of the times—(*O tempora, ó mores!*) I have ventured forth to attack this Goliath of Ode and Impudence; and I hope, with God's assistance, like little David, to cut off his head. I communicated with my good friend Mr. WILLIAM HAYLEY, who is a constant communicant to my *Gentleman's Magazine*, both in verse and prose, that is to say, in rhyme and criticism; whom I may rightly term one of the great pillars of my *Gentleman's Magazine*, which every Gentleman in the kingdom, I hope, reads; which, if he doth not read, I hope he will read, as it is not only the greatest favourite with our Most Gracious Sovereign, who is the greatest Monarch upon earth, but also with his Nobles, who are men of judgment and learning; also with foreign parts, who translate it constantly into their language: so that, if I may be permitted to versify the praise of my monthly Publication (for indeed I must own I

have a great itch for poetry), I will do it in this poetical distich :

My Magazine all magazines excels ;
And, what's still better too for JOHN, it *sells*.

I asked Mr. HAYLEY, paying him the compliment first, if he would be the champion to encounter this great Mr. PETER PINDAR. To this, Mr. HAYLEY replied, after some hesitation, and pondering, and blowing his nose in his handkerchief, that he did not much admire a public exhibition; that it would wear the aspect of a bruising-match, too much like a set-to of *Jobnson* and *Big Ben*; but added that *I* might do it, if I thought proper. "But," says my good Friend, "I will privately attack him, under a fictitious signature;"—which he did indeed, and gave the audacious fellow many a good thump, in verse and prose: but this was only small-shot, with deference to Mr. HAYLEY; the grand artillery was reserved for *me*.

Kind Reader, wilt thou permit me to say something of myself, in simplicity and candour, before I go to work with this Caliban? When I first took the chair of criticism, I own that I trembled; for I am not ashamed to confess, that so great was my ignorance, that when a correspondent sent me an account

of

of an ancient coin, I did not know a syllable about it—neither the meaning of *reverse*, *exergue*, or *legend*: but now, thank God, I know every thing appertaining to *numismata*, if I may be indulged with a Latin expression. Indeed the legends used to perplex me much, in as much as I exposed myself greatly; for I am not ashamed to confess my ignorance. I thought that AUG. upon a Roman medal, meant the month in which it was struck off; and therefore I deemed it August: and G. P. R. which I now know to be *Genio Populi Romani*, I verily thought to be a coin struck by one George Peter Richardson. The figures of *Romulus* and *Remus* sucking a she-wolf, I took to be two children milking a cow. D. M., for *Diis Manibus*, I took to be David Martin, or Daniel Musgrove. The half-word HEL, signifying *Heliopolis*, I imagined to be no other than the House of Satan. JAN. CLU. that is to say, *Janum clusit*, I took to be the name of a man. LUD. SÆC. F. I verily thought to be downright filthy, and blushed for the Romans: but, lo, I afterwards discovered it to be *Ludos sæculares fecit*. COS. I thought to be Cos Lettuces, which only meaneth *Consul*; M. F. Mr. Ford, which meaneth *Marci Filius*. N. C. (wouldst thou think it, Reader?) I translated Nincompoop; when, lo! it meaneth

Nobilissimus Cesar. P. P. which signifieth *Pater Patriæ*, I thought might mean Peter Pounce, or Philip Pumpkin. R. P. I also thought might mean Robert Penruddock, or Ralph Pigwiggin, or any other name beginning with those initials: but, lo, its true meaning I find to be *Respublica*, signifying, in English, the the Republic. Thus it will appear that I am not ashamed to confess my error, which this enemy of mine dareth not.

TRIB. POT, which only meaneth *Tribunitia Potestate*, I actually imagined meant a tribe of Potatoes, and that the coin was struck on account of a plentiful year of that fruit. S. P. Q. R. which meaneth only *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, unwisely, yet funnily, did I make out to be Sam Paddon, a Queer Rogue; for as much as I was informed that the Romans struck coins on every trifling occasion. SCIP. AS. which signifieth no more than *Scipio Africanus*, I read literally Skip As; but for why, I could not say;—such was my ignorance.

Many were the impositions upon me:—rings for pigs noses were sent me for nose-jewels worn by the Roman Ladies; a piece of oxycroceum, just made in a druggist's-shop, for the pitch that surrounded the
body

body of Julius Cæsar; a large brown jordan, for a lacrymatory; a broken old black sugar-bason, for a druid urn; a piece of a watchman's old lantern, for a Roman lamp. The wig of the famous Boerhave was also sent me as a curiosity; the roguery of which I did not discover till an engraving of the wig was nearly finished, costing me upwards of thirty shillings:—for, lo! Reader, this great man never wore a wig in his life.—In my Obituary, too, I made great mistakes, from imposition; as I gave the deaths of many that were not dead, and others that never existed. Sometimes the wickedness of correspondents were such, that I have perpetuated the death of bulldogs, greyhounds, mastiffs, horses, hogs, &c. in my Obituary, under an idea that they were people of consequence. Indeed I have not stuck to the letter of my assertion at the head of my Obituary, that declares it to be a record of considerable persons; for as much as I have sometimes put a scavenger over a Member of Parliament, a pig-driver over a Bishop, a lamp-lighter over an Alderman, and a chimney-sweeper over a Duke: but as I was desired by the friends of the deceased to do it, (for who is not ambitious?) and as I was paid for it too, (and who can withstand a fee?) I have in some little measure disgraced my

Journal, and forfeited my word.—My present antiquarian knowledge, gratitude maketh me confess that I owe it all to Mr. R. GOUGH, of Enfield, who some years ago was also an ignorant and illiterate gentleman, like myself,—but, by hard study, hath attained to his present perfection, as may be seen in our *Topographia Britannica*, which is not, as that arch-enemy PETER PINDAR hath asserted it to be, the idle production of a couple of fellows that want to make a fortune by a history of cobwalls, old chamberpots, and rusty nails. My friend Mr. GOUGH's zeal for the promotion of antiquarian knowledge cannot be better proved than by his running the risk of being well trounced, for borrowing one of KING EDWARD's fingers, as he lay exposed a few years since, in Westminster Abbey; which finger my friend gently slipped into his pocket; but, unfortunately, he was perceived by the Bishop of Rochester, who, to the disgrace of the antiquarian science, ordered poor Mr. GOUGH to be searched, and to restore the treasure. Had it not been for this impertinent and hawk-eyed attention of the Bishop, Sir JOSEPH AYLOFFE, and other antiquarians present at the opening of the Monarch's coffin,—such was the intrepidity of my antiquarian friend GOUGH, that he would have attempted the
head,

bead, instead of a pitiful finger, as he had on a large watchman's coat for the purpose. Nor must I omit the zeal of my friend Sir JOSEPH BANKS on the occasion; who, on hearing what was going on, and suspecting that King Edward might have been lodged in pickle, galloped off with a gallon jug, in a hackney-coach, in order to fill it with the precious liquor, as a sauce for his future Attic entertainments in Soho-square: but unfortunately no pickle was found.

I confess that an impudent fellow sent me for my Obituary the following, which was really printed off (but cancelled) before I was informed, by a friend, of the fallacy—to wit: “On Sunday night last, died
“ Mrs. MARGERY MOUSER, a widow-lady, beloved
“ in life, and lamented in death; she was the only
“ daughter of ROGER GRIMALKIN, Esq. of *Ratley*.”
—Ignorant, indeed, was I that it was an imposition; for, gentle Reader, it was a dead cat!—Many a good customer have I gained by my Obituary, who liked to see themselves dead in my Magazine—I mean their relations liked to see their deaths displayed in a work of so much respectability as mine. But enough of myself; and now for Master PETER.

In the fullness of my passion, I at first set me down, and said to myself, *Facit indignatio versus*—when, behold! in less than two hours I knocked off the following Poem. Some time after, however, after a deal of deep thought on the subject, it struck me that I might fight this Poet PETER against himself; make him, like some game-cocks, cut his own throat with his own spurs. Accordingly I set about it, and collected, from every quarter, his manuscript verses of every denomination; some written in Cornwall, others in Devon, others in the West-Indies, others in Bath, others in London; as also some of his Letters, particularly those to the KING of the MOSQUITOES, who was sent for by the Governor of Jamaica, soon after that Gentleman arrived at his government. I have also collected some of his Observations, and Sayings, and Speeches:—I may verily say, Observations on men and manners, without any manners at all; or, in plainer phrase, much ill manners. PETER must not complain of my showing him no mercy by this publication, as he is the most merciless Mohawk that ever scalped.

— *Nec lex est justior ulla*

Quam necis artifices arte perire sud.

POETICAL ANSWER

**TO
MISTER PETER PINDAR'S**

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE TO JOHN NICHOLS.

O SON of wicked Satan, with a soul
Hot as his hell, and blacker than his coal!
Thou false, thou foul-mouth'd censurer of the times,
I do not care three straws for all thy rhymes.
Thy wit is blunter, than old worn-out sheers:
I'll make a riddle with thee for thy ears;
Write any sort of verse, thou blust'ring blade!
Egad! I'll say, like KECKSY, "Who's afraid?"—
Thank God, I've talk'd to greater folks than thee:
In that I will not yield to any HE;
No, not to any HE that wears a head—
Again I'll say, like KECKSY, "Who's afraid?"—
Thank God, whene'er I wish like Kings to fare,
I go, unask'd, and dine with my Lord May'r.

But

But thou, who asks thee, varlet! to their houses?
Fear'd by the husbands, dreaded by the spouses,
May God Almighty hear what now I speak!—
Some Aldermen would gladly break thy neck.
Thou tell'st us thou hast struck thy lyre to Kings—
Yes, faith, and sounded very pretty things.
Thou blockhead, *thou* pretend to think thy rhymes
Shall live to see the days of after-times!
Fool, to pretend on subjects great to shine,
Or e'en to Printers Dev'ls to tune the line!
Sir, let me humbly beg you to be civil—
Thou know'st not that I was a Printer's Dev'l:
So, Sir, your satire wants the pow'r to drub,
In thus comparing NICHOLS to a grub.
Whate'er thou say'st, I'm not of vengeance full,
Nor did I ever bellow like a bull:
And grant I am a bull, I sha'n't suppose
A cur like *thee* can nail me by the nose.
Thou liest when thou sayest, like a top,
With anger rais'd, I spinn'd about my shop:
Nor did I ever, madden'd by thy stripes,
Thou prince of liars, kick about my types.
Books have I written; books I still will write,
And give, I hope, to gentlefolks delight:

With

With charming print, and copper-plates so fine,
Whose magazine goes off so well as mine?
Who, pray, like *me*, the page so fond of filling?
Who gives more curious matter for a shilling?
England's first geniuses I keep in pay;
Much prose I buy, and many a poet's lay:
The silk-worm, HAYLEY, spins me heaps of verse;
And GOUGH, antiquities exceeding scarce:
Great HORACE WALPOLE too, with sweet good-will,
Sends me choice anecdotes from Strawb'ry-Hill:
Miss SEWARD, Mistrefs YEARDSLEY, and Miss MORE,
Of lines (dear women!) send me many a score.
These are the nymphs at whom thine envy rails—
Fool! of their gowns not fit to hold the tails—
These are the men, of prose and verse the knights,
With genius flashing, like the northern lights;
These are the men whose works immortal show
The man of literature from top to toe.
But thou'rt a wen—a blue, black, bloated tumour,
Without one single grain of wit or humour:
Thy Muse to all so consequential struts,
As if all Helicon were in her guts;
A fish-drab—a poor, nasty, ragged thing,
Who never dipp'd her muzzle in the spring.

Thou

Thou think'st thyself on Pegasus so steady;
 But, PETER, thou art mounted on a *Neddy*:
 Or, in the London phrase—thou Dev'nshire Monkey,
 Thy Pegasus is nothing but a Donkey.
 I own, my vanity it well may raise,
 To find so many gaping for my praise;
 Who send such flatt'ring things as ne'er were seen,
 To get well varnish'd in my Magazine:
 Indeed I often do indulge the elves,
 And suffer authors to commend *themselves*;
 Wits of *themselves* can write with happiest spirit,
 And men are judges of their proper merit.
 Lumps have I giv'n them too of beef and pudding,
 That helps a hungry genius in its studying;
 And humming porter, when their Muse was dry—
 For this be glory unto God on high!
 And not to *me*, who did not make the pudding,
 Nor beef, assisting genius in its studying.
 To authors, yes, I've giv'n both boil'd and roast,
 And many a time a tankard with a toast—
 But God forbid, indeed, that I should boast!
 And halfpence too, and sixpences, ecod!
 But boast avaunt!—the glory be to God!
 To Bards, good shoes and stockings I have giv'n—
 But not to *me* the glory, but to Heav'n!

Yes, yes, I see how much it swells thy spleen,
That I'm head Master of the Magazine;
Who let no author see the house of FAME,
Before he gets a passport in *my* name.
Art thou a Doctor? Yes, of *thinning* skill;
For thousands have been poison'd by thy pill.
But let my soul be calm:—it sha'n't be said
I fear thee, O thou Monster!—"Who's afraid?"
What though I know small Latin, and less Greek,
Good sterling English I can write and speak:
Yet thousands, who presume to be my betters,
Can't spell their names, and scarcely know their letters.
Belike, the curious world would hear with joy
What trade I was design'd for, when a boy:
"A barber or a taylor," said my mother—
"No," cry'd my father, "neither one nor t'other;
"A soldier, a rough soldier, JOHN shall wander,
"Pull down the French, and fight like ALEXANDER."
But unto *letters* was I always squinting,
So ask'd my daddy's leave to study Printing;
And got myself to uncle BOWYER's shop,
Where, when it pleas'd the Lord that he should drop,
The trade and good-will of the shop was mine;
Where, without vanity, I think I *shine*;

And

And where, thank God, in spite of dull abuse,
 I'm warm, and married, and can boil my goose.
 And had I been to swords and muskets bred,
 P'rhaps I had shin'd a CÆSAR, or the SWEDE:
 Hadst thou a soldier been, thou sorry mummer,
 Thy rank had never rose above a drummer.
 How dar'st thou say, that should His ROYAL HIGHNESS
 (A Prince renown'd for modesty and shyness)
 Be Generalissimo of all our forces,
 A jack-ass's old back, and not a horse's,
 Should carry the good Prince into the field,
 Whose arm a broomstick, for a staff, should wield,
 That very, very broomstick which his wife
 Oft us'd to finish matrimonial strife?
 Why dost not praise the virtues of the *Queen*,
 As great in soul, as noble in her mien,
 Whose virtues make the soul of ENVY sick,
 Strong as her snuff, and as her di'monds thick?—
 But wherefore this to PETER do I say?
 Owls love the dark, and therefore loath the day.
 The K... as wise a man as man can be;
 The Q.... so mild, who cannot kill a flea;
 Brave GLO'STER's Highness, and his sober wife,
 Who lead the softest, sweetest, calmest life;

RICH.

• The Duke of G.

RICHMOND and LEEDS, each Duke a first-rate star,
One fam'd for politics, and one for war;
The open HAWKSB'RY, stranger to all guile,
Who never of a fixpence robb'd our isle;
The modest PITT, the Joseph of the day,
Who never with lewd women went astray;
And many others, that I soon could mention,
Are much oblig'd, indeed, to thy invention!
But where's the oak thar never feels a blast?
Or sun, at times that is not overcast?
Alas! e'en people dress'd in gold and ermine
May feel at times the bites of nasty vermin:
And when thou dar'st great Quality attack,
What art thou but a bug upon their back?
What harm, pray, hath my friend Sir JOSEPH done,
So good, and yet the subject of thy fun?
Just in his ways to women and to men—
Indeed he swears a little now and then.
Behold! his breakfasts shine with reputation!
His dinners are the wonder of the nation!
With these he treats both commoners and quality,
Who praise, where'er they go, his hospitality:
Ev'n from the north and south, and west and east,
Men send him shell, and butterfly, and beast.

Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON sends gods and mugs;
And, for his feast, a sow's most dainty dugs.
And shall such mob as *thou*, not worth a groat,
Dare pick a hole in such a great Man's coat?
Whenever at St. James's he is seen,
Is not he spoke to by the King and Queen?
And don't the Lords at once about him press,
And, like his Sov'reigns, much regard profess?
Tell him they'll come one day to him and dine,
Behold his rarities, and taste his wine?
Such are the honours, to delight the soul,
On which thy longing eyeballs vainly roll:
Such are the honours that his heart must flatter,
On which thy old dog's-mouth in vain may water.
Whether in Dev'nshire thou hast got a house,
I value not three capers of a louse;
Whether in Cornwall thou a hut hast got,
And, at elections only, boil'st thy pot;
Whether a Doctor, Devil, or a Friar,
I know not—but I know thou art a *liar*.
Whene'er I die, I hope that I shall read
This honest epitaph upon my head:—
“ Here lies JOHN's body; but his soul is seen
“ In that fam'd work, the Ge'mman's Magazine:

“ Brave,

" Brave, yet possess'd of all the *softer* feelings;
 " Successful with the Muses in his dealings;
 " Mild, yet in virtue's cause as quick as tinder—
 " Who never car'd one f—ig for PETER PINDAR."

Mr. PETER PINDAR's Apology for the variety of
 entertainment in his pretty Poetical Olio, is the first
 thing I shall present to the Public.

PETER'S APOLOGY.

LADIES, I keep a rhyme-shop—mine's a trade;
 I sell to old and young, to man and maid:

All customers must be oblig'd; and no man
 Wishes more universally to please:

I'd really crawl upon my hands and knees,
 T' oblige—particularly lovely woman.

Yet some, (the devil take such virtuous times!)

Fastidious, pick a quarrel with my rhymes,

And beg I'd only deal in love-sick sonnet—

How easy to bid others cease to feed!

On beauty I can quickly *die* indeed,

But, trust me, can't *live long* upon it.

If there is not a deal of impudent *double-entendre* in this Sonnet, I do not know what purity meaneth—
Sweetly wrapped up indeed, 'Squire PINDAR!

Instead of a formal commentary on *every* composition, I shall make short work with them, by giving them their true character in a few words, as for example:

Impudence, Egotism, and Conceit.

~~THESE ARE THE ONLY~~

The expulsion of a most excellent set of Players from Kingbridge in Devonshire, with the asylum offered them by the Author's Barn in an adjoining parish, is the foundation of the following Ode.

ODE TO MY BARN.

SWEET haunt of solitude and rats,
Mice, tuneful owls, and purring cats;

Who, whilst we mortals sleep, the gloom pervade,
And wish not for the fun's all-seeing eye,
Your mousing mysteries to spy;

Blest, like philosophers, amidst the shade;

When

When PERSECUTION, with an iron hand,
Dar'd drive the moral-menders from the land,
Call'd Players—friendly to the wand'ring crew,
Thine eye with tears survey'd the mighty wrong,
Thine open arms receiv'd the mournful throng—
Kings without shirts, and Queens with half a shoe.

Alas! what dangers gloom'd of late around!
Monarchs and Queens with halters nearly bound—
Duke, Dukeling, Princess, Prince, consign'd to jail!
And, what the very soul of PITY shocks,
The poor old LEAR, was threaten'd with the stocks,
CORDELIA with the cart's unfeeling tail.

Still cherish such rare royalty forlorn—
A GARRICK in thy bosom may be born;
A SIDDONS too, of future fair renown:
For LOVE is not a squeamish God, they say;
As pleas'd to see his rites perform'd on hay,
As on the goose's soft and yielding down.

The same impudence, egotism, and conceit as in the
first Ode.

TO MY BARN.

By Lacedæmon men attack'd,
 When Thebes, in days of yore, was sack'd,
 And nought the fury of the troops could hinder;
 What's true, yet marv'lous to rehearse,
 So well the common soldiers relish'd verse,
 They scorn'd to burn the dwelling-house of **PINDAR**.
 With awe did **ALEXANDER** view
 The house of my great cousin, too,
 And, gazing on the building, thus he sigh'd—
 " General **PARMENIO**, mark that house before ye!
 " That lodging tells a melancholy story!
 " There **PINDAR** liv'd (great Bard!) and there he
 died.
 " The King of Syracuse, all nations know it,
 " Was celebrated by this lofty Poet,
 " And made immortal by his strains:
 " Ah! could I find like *him* a bard, to sing me;
 " Would any man, like *him* a poet bring me;
 " I'd give him a good pension for his pains.

" But

" But, ah! PARMENIO, 'mongst the sons of men,

" This world will never see his like agen;

" The greatest bard that ever breath'd is dead!

" General PARMENIO, what think *you*?"—

" Indeed 'tis true, my liege, 'tis very true,"

PARMENIO cry'd, and, sighing, shook his head:

Then from his pocket took a knife so nice,

With which he chipp'd his cheese and onions,

And from a rafter cut a handsome slice,

To make rare toothpicks for the Macedonians;

Just like the toothpicks which we see

At Stratford made, from 'Shakespear's mulb'ry-tree.

What pity that the 'squire and knight

Knew not to *prophecy* as well as *fight*;

Then had they known the *future* men of metre;

Then had the General and the Monarch spy'd,

In FATE's fair book, our nation's equal pride,

That very PINDAR's cousin PETER!

DAUGHTER of thatch, and stone, and mud,

When I (no longer flesh and blood)

E e 3

Shall

Shall join of lyric bards some half-a-dozen ;
 Meed of high worth, and, 'midst th' Elyfian plains,
 To Horace and Alcæus read my strains,
 Anacreon, Sappho, and my great old cousin ;

On *thee* shall rising generations stare,
 That come to Kingsbridge and to Dodbrook Fair :*

For such thy history, and mine shall learn ;
 Like ALEXANDER shall they ev'ry one
 Heave the deep sigh, and say, " Since PETER's gone,
 " With rev'rence let us look upon his Barn."

* Held annually at those places,

The following Ode of Mr. PINDAR's is what rhetoricians would call ironical. The leading feature seems to be impudence.

ODE TO AFFECTATION.

NYMPH of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
And lisping tongue so soft, and head awry,
And flutt'ring heart, of leaves of aspin made;
Who were thy parents, blushful Virgin! say—
Perchance DAME FOLLY gave thee to the day,
With GAFFER IGNORANCE's aid.

Say, Virgin, where dost thou delight to dwell?
With Maids of Honour, startful Virgin? tell—
For I have heard a deal of each fair Miss;
How wicked LORDS have whisper'd wicked things
Beneath the noses of *good* Queens and Kings,
And sigh'd for pleasures far beyond a *kiss*!

Great is thy delicacy, dainty Maid;
At slightest things, thy cheek with crimson glows:
Say, art thou not asham'd, abash'd, afraid,
Whene'er thou stealest forth to *pluck a rose*?

Or hast thou lost, O Nymph, thy pretty gall;
So never pluckest any rose at all?

I'm told, thou keepest not a single male;
Nothing but females, at thy board to cram;
That no he-lapdog near thee wags his tail,
Nor cat by vulgar people call'd a *ram*.

I've heard too, that if e'er, by dire mishap,
Some ravishers should make thy fav'rites wh—s,
Staring as stricken by a thunder-clap,
Thy modesty hath kick'd them out of doors.

'Tis said, when wag-tails thou behold'st, and doves,
And sparrows busy with their feather'd loves;
Lord! thou hast trembled at their wicked tricks;
And, snatching up thy blush-concealing fan,
As if it were a lady and a man,
Hast only peep'd upon them through the *sticks*.

And yet so variously thou'rt said to act,
That I have heard it utter'd for a fact,

That often on old Thames's funny banks,
Where striplings swim, with wanton pranks,

On bladders some outstretch'd, and some on corks;
Thou squinting, most *indiff'rent* girl, art seen,
In contemplation of each youthful skin,
Admiring God Almighty's handy-works.

I'm told, thou wilt not meddle with *cod's* head;
Nor *giblets* taste, nor innocent *lamb's-fry*—
This is a very strange affair indeed!

I wonder, squeamish MAID, the reason why!

Some men have got *strange names*, that raise thy *blush*!
(Pity a *name* should so disturb thy cheek!)

Then dost thou, simpering, beat about the bush,
When to those men thou art inclin'd to speak.

At length thou biddest SUSAN (with sweet shame)

"Go fetch the fellow with the *filthy name*."

I've heard, that breeches, petticoats, and smock,
Give to thy modest mind a grievous shock;
And that thy brain (so lucky its device)
Christ'neth them *inexpressibles*, so nice!

Prim Maid, thou art no fav'rite with the world:
I hear the direst curses on thee hurl'd!

Sorry

Sorry am I, so ill thy manners suit:
'Tis said, that if a mouse appear to view,
We hear a formidable screech ensue,
As if it were some huge devouring brute;

And if beneath thy petticoat he run,
Thou bellowest as if thou wert undone,
And kickest at a cow-like rate, poor soul!
When, if thou wert to be a little quiet,
And not disturb the nibbler by a riot,
The mouse would go into his *proper* hole.

I've heard it sworn to, Nymph, that in the streets,
When running, dancing, capering at thy side,
Thy Chloe other dogs so brazen meets,
That, wriggling, ask thy bitch to be their bride,
Quick hast thou caught up Chloe in thy arms,
From violation to preserve her charms;

And, bouncing wildly from the view
Of those same saucy canine crew,
Hast op'd so loud and tunefully thy throat,
(Seeming as thou hadst learnt to scream by note)
Loud as the Sabine girls that try'd to 'scape
The speechless horrors of a Roman rape,

No novels readeſt thou, O Nymph, *in ſight*;
And yet again I'm told that ev'ry night,
In *ſecret*, thou art much inclin'd to doat
On rhymes that ROCHESTER ſo warmly wrote.

Oft doſt thou wonder how thy ſex, ſo ſweet,
Can fellows, thoſe great two-legg'd monſters, meet,
And ſwoon not at each Caliban;
And wonder how thy ſex can fancy bliſſes
Contain'd within the black rough-bearded kiſſes
Of ſuch a horrid bear-like thing as man.

Thy morals, virtuous Maiden, are ſo chaſte,
I'm told, that e'en for all the mint
No *man* ſhould ever take thee round the waſt,
And on thy lips a faucy kiſs imprint!

Inform me, is it ſo, moſt dainty maid?
Are thy two lips of kiſſes thus afraid?

'Tis alſo ſaid, that if a flea at night,
Pert rogue, hath dar'd thy luſcious lip to bite,
Or point his ſnout into thy ſnowy breaſt,
At once the houſe hath been alarm'd—the maids
Call'd idle, naſty, good-for-nothing jades;
Who, Eve-like, ruſhing to thy room, undreſt,

Have

Have thought some secret ravisher so dread,
 On LOVE's delicious viands to be fed,
 Had seiz'd thee, to obtain forbidden joys;
 Which had he done, a most audacious thief,
 Of ev'ry maid it was the firm belief
 Thou wouldst not, Nymph, have made a greater noise.

And yet 'tis said, again, O Nymph so bright,
 Thou sleep'st with John the coachman ev'ry night—
 Vile tales! invented to destroy thy fame;
 For, wert thou, fearful Lass, this instant married,
 At night, thy modest cheek would burn with shame,
 Nor wouldst thou *go*, but to the bed be *carried*:

There, when thy STREPHON rush'd, in white array'd,
 To clasp with kisses sweet his white-stol'd maid,
 And riot in the luxury of charms;
 Flat as a flounder, seeing, hearing gone—
 Mute as a fish, and fairly turn'd to stone—
 O Damsel! thou wouldst *die* within his arms,

Have

More

More impudence, with a lick at one of the Ten Commandments. He talks too of his passions as having left him—I do not believe a word on't: all PETER's colt's-teeth are not yet gone—Oh, that I had the drawing them! Oh, that my pincers could get amongst them! the world should then see him make up many a pretty wry face. “*Pretty*,” did I say? not *pretty* neither, for the fellow is as ugly as sin.—Oh, that I had him, like the types for my magazine, in my printing-press! I would give his bones a most glorious squeeze! But he is a liar, and I can prove it, for he *keeps* a girl at this moment; and a *beautiful* girl too, that he makes verses upon—but it is VULCAN and VENUS. The Jack-ass, perhaps, wants a bunch of nettles, I suppose, for his MUSE; something *extraordinary*, to give a fillip to his languid inspirations.

TO FORTUNE.

SAD loit'ring FORTUNE, thou art come too late:

Ah! wherefore give me not thy smiles before;

When all my youthful passions in a roar,

Rare hunters, fearless leap'd each five-bar gate?

Unknown

Unknown by thee, how often did I meet
The loveliest forms of nature in the street,

The fair, the black, and lasting brown !
And, while their charms enraptur'd I survey'd,
This pretty legend on their lips I read—

“ Kisses, O gentle shepherd, for a crown.”

How oft I look'd, and sigh'd, and look'd agen,

Upon the smiling Loves of ev'ry PHILLIS !

How wish'd myself a cock, and her a hen,

To crop at once her roses and her lilies !

Not only *gratis*, but with perfect ease—

Without so much as, “ Madam, if you please.”

“ At Otaheité,” I have said with tears,

“ No gentleman a jail so horrid fears

“ For taking loving liberties with lasses :

“ Soon as they heard how Love in England far'd,

“ The glorious Otaheitans all were scar'd,

“ And call'd us Englishmen a pack of asses.

“ But they, indeed, are heathens—have no souls,

“ But such as must be fried on burning coals ;

“ But

“ But I’m a *Christian*, and abhor a rape:
 “ Yet if a lass would *sell* her lean and fat,
 “ I’m not so great an enemy to *that*—
 “ Though *that* might whelp a little kind of scrape;
 “ Since ’tis believ’d e’en *simple fornication*
 “ May step between a man and his salvation.”

Damn’d FORTUNE! thus to make the Poet groan;
 To offer *now*, forsooth, thy shining pieces;
 For *now* my passions nearly all are flown,
 Departed to my nephews and my nieces!

Here, indignant Reader, is impudence with a vengeance! When *certain sacred parts* of our most glorious ROYAL FAMILY determined in their great wisdoms and anger to quit ungrateful England, what does this foul-mouthed Poet do, but give them a farewell laugh in verse, when it should have been the most lamentable elegy—*flebile carmen*! But PETER PINDAR is a *Caliban*. I do not believe that ever he cried in his life, excepting when he was flogged at school—*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*—I wish

I could

I could add too, *cui lumen ademptum*; for his eyes are hunting for nothing but deformity: let him look in the glass then, and he will spy a sufficient mass; or open his brain-box, and he will there find a rare cargo.

ODE TO MADAM SCHW—G AND CO.

ON THEIR INTENDED VOYAGE TO GERMANY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1789.

WE wish you a good voyage to that shore
Where all your friends are impudent and poor:
Oblige us, Madam—don't again come over—
To use a cant phrase, we've been *finely fobb'd*,
Indeed have very dext'rously been robb'd—
You've liv'd just eight and twenty years in clover.
Pray let us breathe a little—be so good;
We cannot spare such quantities of blood:
At least for some ten years, pray cross the main;
Then, cruel, should ye think upon returning,
To put us Britons all in second mourning,
We may support phlebotomy again.

To you and your lean gang we owe th' Excise:

PITT cannot any other scheme devise,

To pay the nation's debt, and fill your purses.

With great respect I here assure you, Ma'am,

Your name our common people loudly damn;

Genteeler folks attack with silent curses.

Madam, can you speak Latin?—No, not much—

I think you principally spew * High-Dutch:

But did you Latin understand, (God bless it)

I'd offer up the pithiest, prettiest line

Unto your Avarice's sacred shrine—

“ *Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*”

The just translation of which Latin line

Is this—‘ Alas! that maw profound of thine

‘ May like the stomach of a whale be reckon'd:

‘ Throw into it the nation's treasury,

‘ But for a minute it will pleasure ye;

‘ That gullet would be gaping for a second.’

VOL. II.

F f

Madam,

* The author thinks the expression, though a dirty one, more descriptive than any other of the guttural German; and therefore chooses not to sacrifice truth to a little *bienfiance*.

Madam, we wish you a long, long adieu—
Good riddance of the snuff and di'mond crew!

Your absence, all, alone the State relieves;
For, hungry Ladies, as I'm here alive,
A house can never hope to thrive,
That harboureth a nest of thieves.

An insupportable apology for keeping Mistresses,
and a laugh at that most respectable state, Matrimony.

O D E.

THAT I have often been in love, deep love,
A hundred doleful ditties plainly prove.

By marriage never have I been disjointed;
For matrimony deals prodigious blows:

And yet for this same stormy state, God knows,
I've groan'd—and, thank my stars, been disappointed.

With

With LOVE's dear passion will I never war:

Let ev'ry man for ever be in love,
E'en if he beats, in age, old PAR:

'Tis for his chilly veins a good warm glove;
It bids the blood with brisker motion start,
Thawing TIME's icicles around his heart.

WEDLOCK's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate;
LOVE keeps a *modest* distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says ev'ry thing that's fine.

LOVE writes sweet sonnets, deals in tender matter;
MARRIAGE, in epigram so keen, and satire:

LOVE seeketh always to oblige the fair;
Full of kind wishes, and exalted hope:

MARRIAGE desires to see her in the air,
Suspended, at the bottom of a rope.

LOVE wishes, in the vale or on the down,
To give his dear, dear idol a green gown:
MARRIAGE, the brute, so snappish and ill-bred,
Can kick his fighting turtle out of bed;

Turns bluffy from the charms that taste adores,
Then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and snores.

Wedlock at first, indeed, is vastly pleasant;
 A very showy bird, a fine cock-pheasant:
 By time, it changeth to a diff'rent fowl;
 Sometimes a cuckoo, oft'ner a horn-owl.

Wedlock's a lock, however, large and thick,
 Which ev'ry rascal has a key to pick.

O LOVE! for heav'n's sake, never leave my heart:
 No! thou and I will never, never part:
 Go, WEDLOCK, to the men of leaden brains,
 Who hate variety, and sigh for chains.

A bare-faced apology for leaving a loving wife.

TO CHLOE.

AN APOLOGY FOR GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

CHLOE, we must not always be in heav'n,
 For ever toying, ogling, kissing, billing;
 The joys for which I thousands would have giv'n,
 Will presently be scarcely worth a shilling.

Thy

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine snows,
And, sweetly swelling, beats the down of doves;
Thy cheek of health, a rival to the rose;
Thy pouting lips, the throne of all the Loves!
Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expression,
That beauty fadeth by too much possession.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
Much like economy in worldly matter:
We should be prudent, never live too fast;
Profusion will not, cannot always last.

Lovers are really spendthrifts—'tis a shame:
Nothing their thoughtless, wild career can tame,
Till pen'ry stares them in the face;
And when they find an empty purse,
Grown calmer, wiser, how the fault they curse,
And, limping, look with such a sneaking grace!
Job's war-horse fierce, his neck with thunder hung,
Sunk to a humble hack that carries dung.

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant rose—
Smell twenty times—and then, my dear, thy nose
Will tell thee (not so much for scent athirst)
The twentieth drank less flavour than the *first*.

Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows;
 Yet often should the little God retire—
 Absence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows,
 That keeps alive the sacred fire.

In the same impudently ironical style,

ODE TO LAÏS.

O NYMPH with all the luxury of skin,
 Pea-bloom breath, and dimpled chin;
 Rose cheek, and eyes that beat the blackest sloe;
 With flaxen ringlets thy soft bosom shading,
 So white, so plump, so lusciously-persuading;
 And lips that none but mouths of Cherubs know!

Oh, leering; lure me not to Charlotte-street,
 That too, too fair, seducing form to meet;

Warm, unattir'd, and breathing rich delight;
 Where thou wilt practise ev'ry roguish art,
 To bid my spirits all unbridled start,

Run off with me full tilt, and steal my sight.

Then

Then shall I trembling fall, for want of grace,
And die, yes, die perhaps upon my face!

Ah! cease to turn, and look, and leer, and smile,
My too imprudent senses to beguile!

Ah! keep that taper leg so tempting from me,
Ah! form'd to foil a Phidias's art;
So much unlike that leg in ev'ry part

By me abhorr'd indeed, and christen'd *gummy*.

In vain I turn around to run away:
Thine eyes, those basilisks, command my stay:

Whilst through its gauze thy snowy bosom peeping,
Seems to that rogue intrepeter, my eye,
To heave a soft, desponding, tender sigh—

Like gossamer, my thoughts of goodness sweeping.

Pity my dear religion's dread debility,
And hide those orbs of sweet inflammability!
Abound, I say, abound in grace, my feet;
And do not follow her to Charlotte-street,

Alas! alas! you have no grace, I see,
But wish to carry off poor struggling *me*;

Yes, the wild bed of Beauty wish to seek!
Yet, if ye do—to make your two hearts ake,
A sweet, a sweet revenge I mean to take;
For, curse me if you shall not stay a week.

Yet let me not thus pond'ring, gaping, stand;
But, lo! I am not at my own command:
Bed, bosom, kifs, embraces, storm my brains,
And, lawless tyrants, bind my will in chains.
O lovely Laïs! too pow'ful are thy charms,
And fascination dwells within thy arms.

The Passions join the fierce invading host;
And I and VIRTUE are o'erwhelm'd and lost:
Passions that in a martingal should move;
Wild horses, loosen'd by the hands of LOVE.

I'm off—alas! unworthy to be seen—
The BARD, and VIRTUE a poor captive Queen!
O LAïs, should our deeds to *sins* amount,
Just Heav'n will place them all to *thy* account.

The following Stanza, on the death of Lady Mount E——'s favourite Pig CUPID, is verily exceeded by nothing in the annals of impertinence.

A CONSOLATORY STANZA

TO LADY MOUNT E——,

ON THE DEATH OF HER PIG CUPID.

O DRY that tear, so round and big;
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind!
Death only takes a single Pig—
Your Lord and Son are still behind.

Super-

Superlatively impudent, and, I hope, untrue; sent me two days after my publication of my *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*, one of which is now actually in His Majesty's glorious Library at Buckingham-House.

TO MR. J. NICHOLS,

ON HIS

HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

JOHⁿ, though it asks no subtilty of brain
 To write QUEEN BESS's Progress though the land;
 Excuse the freedom, if I dare maintain
 The theme too high for *thee* to take in hand,

ON VANITY's damn'd rock what thousands split!
 Thou shouldst have labour'd on some humbler
 On somewhat on a level with thy wit— [matter;
 For instance—when Her Majesty made w—,

To show that I can be candid, even to people of no candour, I shall conclude this First Part with a few Songs that are not totally destitute of merit.

TO DELIA.

WHILE poets pour their happiest lays,
And call thee ev'ry thing divine;
Not quite so lavish in thy praise,
To *censure* be the province mine,

Though born with talents to surprise,
Thou seldom dost those pow'rs display:
Thus seem they trifling in thine eyes!
Thus heav'n's best gifts are thrown away!

Though rich in charms, thou know'st it not;
Such is thine ignorance profound:
And then such cruelty thy lot,
Thy sweetest smile inflicts a *wound*.

To

TO FORTUNE.

YES, FORTUNE, I have sought thee long,
Invok'd thee oft, in prose and song;
Through half Old England woo'd thee;
Through seas of danger, Indian lands,
Through Afric's howling, burning sands:
But, ah! in vain pursu'd thee!

Now, FORTUNE, thou wouldst fain be kind;
And now I'll plainly speak my mind—
I care not straws about thee:
For DELIA's hand alone I toil'd;
Unbrib'd by wealth, the Nymph has smil'd;
And bliss is ours without thee.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE, a thousand charms are thine,
That give my heart the constant sigh!
Ah! wherefore let thy Poet pine,
Who canst with ease his wants supply?

Oh,

Oh, haste, thy charity display;

With *little* I'll contented be:

The kisses which thou throw'st away

Upon thy *dog*, will do for *me*.

I cannot, however, conclude this First Part of Mr. PETER's lucubrations without a severe reprehension of his want of loyalty, as well as want of respect, for that first of Courts, ST. JAMES's; and, moreover, to prove that disloyalty and disrespect, I give the following Ode, which he, with all his impudence, dares not deny that he wrote. I suppose that it was hatched in the *last* reign, since it is impossible that it should be in the *present*. One word more with him—Should his insolence mean his *present* MAJESTY, he is an *ungrateful*, as well as an *insolent* fellow; as his Majesty has got his books bound in best morocco leather, (Oh, that PETER's own hide had been stripped off, and tanned for the purpose!) which are now in the library at Buckingham-house: nay, more, his Majesty has condescended to *write notes* on the varlet's works!—yes! with *his own* most royal hand! Thus has this most unloyal, most disrespectful, most

ungrateful, and most pitiful rhymers,—a KING FOR A COMMENTATOR!!!—His Majesty is pleased, with a smile, to call him the “*Merry Wight*.” Might I offer an emendation to MAJESTY, it should be the *wicked Wight*.

TO A FRIEND OUT OF PLACE.

SO then, thy SOV'REIGN turns away his face!
Thank God, with all thy soul, for the *disgrace*.

This instant down upon thy knee,
And idolize the man who makes thee free;

No more endeavour FOLLY's hand to kiss!

At first I look'd with pity on thy state;

But now I humbly thank the foot of FATE,

That kindly kicks thee into bliss.

I've been disgrac'd too—felt a Monarch's frown,

And consequently quitted town:

But have my fields refus'd their smiles so sweet?

Say, have my birds grown sulky, with the King?

My thrushes, linnets, larks, refus'd to sing?

My winding brooks, to prattle at my feet?

No!

No! no such matter! Each unclouded day
On dove-like pinions gaily glides away:

In short, all Nature seems dispos'd to please—
Then prithee quit thy qualms; look up and laugh;
The rural pleasures let us largely quaff,
And make our *congé* to the Gods of Ease.

By day, shall NATURE's simple voice
Our walks, and rides of health rejoice,
Far from an empty Court where TUMULT howls;
And should at night, by chance, an hour
Be with *ennui* inclin'd to low'r,
We'll go and listen to our owls;

Birds from whose throats 'tis said that *wisdom* springs—
How very different from the throats of *Kings*!

Not a moment's rest, but on the contrary
 On joy-like pinions daily glides
 In front, all Nature seems disposed to
 These pictures give the painter's look up and
 The rural pleasures for us largely dash
 And make our way to the Gods of Fate.

By day, shall Nature's simple voice
 Our waking, and notes of health rejoice
 Far from an empty Court where Tumult howls
 And should at night, by chance, appear
 Be with calm mind to low.

We'll go and listen to our own
 Thus from whose throats his said that we know things
 How very different from the things of King
 That to our ears is heard I wonder
 That which we hear is still the same

For how can we be so much wiser
 As to know the things we hear
 And yet not know the things we hear
 And yet not know the things we hear
 And yet not know the things we hear

A D V I C E

TO

THE FUTURE LAUREAT:

A N O D E.

Nil nimium studeo, Caesar, tibi velle placere;

Nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo.

CATULLUS.

So little, Caesar's humour claims my care,

I know not if the man be black or fair.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet expresth wonderful curiosity for knowing the future Laureat—reporteth the Candidates for the sublime office of Poetical Trumpeter—recommendeth to his Muse the praises of economy, poultry, cow-pens, pigs, dunghills, &c.—adviseh the mention of his present money-loving Majesty of Naples, also of the great people of Germany.—PETER gendly criticiseth poor THOMAS, and uttereth strange things of Courts—he exclaimeth suddenly, and boasteth of his purity—he returneth sweetly to the unknown Laureat, asketh him pertinent questions, and informeth him what a Laureat should resemble,

PART II.

THE Poet feeleth a most uncommon metamorphose—breaketh out into a kind of poetical delirium—talketh of court-reformation, the arts and sciences; and seemeth to continue mad to the end of the chapter.

ADVICE TO THE FUTURE LAUREAT

A D V I C E
TO
THE FUTURE LAUREAT.

O D E.

WHO shall resume Saint James's fife,
And call ideal virtues into life?
On tiptoe gaping, lo, I stand,
To see the future Laureat of the land!

Dread rivals, splashing through the dirty road;
With thund'ring specimens of Ode,
The lyric bundles on each Poet's back,
Intent to gain the stipend and the Sack,
See MASON, HAYLEY, to the Palace scamper,
Like porters sweating underneath a hamper!

And see the hacks of NICHOLS' Magazine
Rush, loyal, to berhyme a King and Queen;
And see, full speed, to get the tuneful job,
The bellman's heart, with hopes of vict'ry, throb.

O thou, whate'er thy name, thy trade, thy art,
 Who from obscurity art doom'd to start,
 Call'd, by the Royal mandate, to proclaim
 To distant realms a Monarch's feeble fame—
 For fame of Kings, like cripples in the gout,
 Demands a crutch to move about—

Whoe'er thou art, that winn'st the envied prize,
 Oh, if for Royal smile thy bosom sighs,
 Of pig-economy exalt the praise;
 Oh, flatter sheep and bullocks in thy lays!
 To saving wisdom boldly strike the strings,
 And justify the grazier-trade in Kings.

Descant on ducks and geese, and cocks and hens,
 Haystacks and dairies, cowhouses and pens;
 Descant on dunghills, ev'ry sort of kine;
 And on the pretty article of swine,

Inform us, without loss, to twig

The stomach of a feeding calf, or cow;

And tell us, economic, how

To steal a dinner from a fatt'ning pig;

And, Bard, to make us still more blest, declare

How hogs and bullocks may grow fat on *air*.

Sing

Sing how the King of Naples sells his fish,
 And from his stomach cribs the daintiest dish;
 Sing, to his subjects how he sells his game;
 So fierce for dying rich, the Monarch's flame:

Sing of th' economy of German quality;
 Emp'rors, Electors, dead to hospitality;
 Margraves, and miserable Dukes,
 Who squeeze their subjects, and who starve their cooks:
 Such be the burthen of thy birth-day song,
 And, lo, our Court will listen all day long.

Tom prov'd unequal to the Laureat's place;
 Luckless, he warbled with an Attic grace:
 The language was not understood at Court,
 Where bow and curtsy, grin and shrug, resort;
 Sorrow for sickness, joy for health, so civil;
 And love, that wish'd each other to the devil!

Tom was a scholar—luckless wight!

Lodg'd with old manners in a musty college;
 He knew not that a Palace hated knowledge,
 And deem'd it pedantry to spell and write.

TOM heard of royal libraries, indeed,
And, weakly, fancied that the books were *read*;

He knew not that an author's sense
Was, at a Palace, not worth finding;
That what to notice gave a book pretence,
Was solely paper, print, and binding!

Some folks had never known, with all their wit,
Old PINDAR's name, not occupation,
Had not *I* started forth—a lucky hit,
And prov'd myself the Theban Bard's relation.

The names of DRUMMOND, BOLDERO, and HOARE,
Though strangers to APOLLO's tuneful ear,
Are discords that the Palace-folks adore,
Sweet as sincerity, as honour dear;

The name of HOMER, none are found to know it,
So much the Banker soars beyond the Poet;
For Courts prefer, so classically weak,
A Guinea's music to the noise of Greek:
Menin acide Thea, empty sounds,
How mean to—"Pay the bearer fifty pounds!"

Angels,

Angels, and ministers of grace, what's here!
 See suppliant SAL'ar'y to the Bard appear!
 He sighs—upon his knuckles he is down!—
 His Lordship begs I'll take the Poet's crown.

Avaunt, my Lord!—Solicitation, fly!
 I'll not be Zany to a King, not I:
 I'll be no Monarch's humble thrush,
 To whistle from the laurel bush;
 Or, rather, a tame owl, to hoot
 Whene'er it shall my masters suit.

I have no flatt'ries cut and dried—no varnish
 For Royal qualities, so apt to tarnish,
 Expos'd a little to the biting air:
 I've got a soul, and so no lies to spare;
 Besides, too proud to sing for hire,
 I scorn to touch a *venal* lyre.

Avaunt, ye sceptred vulgar—purpled, ermin'd;
 The Muse shall make no mummies, I'm determin'd.
 World, call her prostitute, bawd, dirty b—,
 If meanly *once* she deals in spice and pitch,
 And saves a carcase, by its lyric balm,
 So putrid, which the very worms must damn.

Again to thee I turn, from dear digression;
 To thee, ambitious of the Sack-possession!
 O thou, the future Laureat, yet unknown,
 The nightingale or magpie of a Throne!

Reveal the situation of thy brain.

Or clear, or muddy is its fountain?
 Of molehills can it make a mountain,

So strong the magic of its wizard strain?

Laureats should boast a bushel of invention,
 Or yield up all poetical pretension:

Lo, flatt'ries form a Monarch's first delight!

A solar microscope the Bard should be,
 That to a camel's size can swell a flea,

And give the guts of aldermen to mites.

P A R T II.

MY soul assumes a loftier wing,
 I'm chang'd, I feel myself a King!
 I'm sceptred—on my head the crown descends!
 To purple turn'd my coat of parson's grey,
 Now let my Majesty itself display,
 And show that Kings and glory may be friends.

Yet, though I feel myself a King,
 I hope, untainting, that the crown descends—
 Not on my people's shoulders bids me spring;
 And cry, forgetful of myself and friends,
 "Blood of the Gods within my veins I find;
 "Not the mean puddle of that mob, mankind,"

Low at my feet the spaniel-courtiers cower;
 Curl, wheedle, whine, paw, lick my shoe, for pow'r;
 Prepar'd for ev'ry insult, servile train,
 To take a kicking, and to fawn again!

Of,

Off, **PITT** and **GRENVILLE**! you are not yet men;
Go, children, to your leading-strings agen;

Make not a hobby-horse of this fair Isle:—

Yet, were no danger in the childish sway,

A Kingdom might permit a baby's play,

And at its weaknesses indulge a smile.

Off, then!—once more upon your letters look—

Go, find of politics the lost horn-book.

Off with **EXERCISE** your Imp, with lengthen'd claws,

And fangs deep-rooted in his hydra-jaws;

That monster, damping **FREEDOM**'s sacred joys;

Fed by *your* hands, ye pair of foolish boys!

My soul, to **FREEDOM** wedded, **FREEDOM** loves;

Then blast me, lightnings, when, so coldly cruel,

I to pomatum sacrifice the jewel,

Rouge, pigtail, and a pair of gloves.

Off, **J**——! some demon did create thee:

Oh, form'd to fawn, to kneel, to lie, to flatter!

“Perdition catch my soul, but I do hate thee!

“And when I hate thee not,” I war with **NATURE**.

Such reptiles dare not 'midst my radiance sport—

Curs'd be such snakes that crawl about a Court.

Disgrace

Disgrace not, simp'ring sycophants, my throne!—
 E——, and pigmy V——r, be gone!
 Br——, thou stinkest!—weazel, polecat, fly!
 Thy manners skock, thy form offends my eye.
 As for thy principles—thy're gone long since;
 Lost, when a poor deserter from thy PRINCE.

——, avaunt!—thou'rt cowardly and mean;
 Thy soul is fable, and thy hands unclean.
 Yet to minutiae to descend, what need?
 Enough, that thou art one of Charles's breed.

Out with that SAL'SBURY!—DUNDAS, avaunt!

Off, water-gruel WESTMORELAND, and LEEDS!
 You, verily, are not the men I want—
 My bounty no such folly feeds.

Off, HARCOURT! who wouldst starve my kine,
 Or make them, poor lean devils, dine

On vile horse-chefnuts—'tis a cursed meal—
 Instead of turnips, corn, and hay:
 Thou shalt not, by this avaricious way,
 Into my royal favour steal.

Off, UXBRIDGE!—LEEDS, too, once more get along!
You shall not be Lord-Presidents of song;

You throw poor St. Cecilia into fits:
You've ears, but verily they do not hear,
Just as you've tongues that cannot speak, I fear;
And brains that want their compliment of wits.

Off, WALSINGHAM!—thou putt'st me in a sweat:
I hate a jack-in-office martinet—
For ever something *most important* brewing;
For ever busy, busy, nothing doing.

Thou plague of Post-office, the teaser, fretter;
Informing clerks the way to seal a letter;
Who, full of wisdom, hold'st thyself the broom,
Instructing Susan how to sweep the room;

The letter-man, to hold his bag;
The mail-guard (funk in ignorance forlorn!)
To load his blunderbuss, and blow his horn;

Off, off!—of consequence thou rag!
Go to the fields, and gain a Nation's thanks;
Catch grasshoppers and butterflies for BANKS.

I want not fellows that can only prate;
I want no whirligigs of state;

No jack-a-lanterns, imitating fire,
Skipping, and leading men into the mire.

Thou servile copyist, West, begone!
With nought worth saving of thy own;
Phillis and Chloe, dancing dogs,
PINETTI, and the fortune-telling hogs,
Toymen and conj'rors, from my presence fly!
I have no children to amuse—not I.

Off, Sw—e! thou lean, old, wicked cat;

Restless and spitting, biting, mewling, mean,
Thou shalt not in my chimney-corner squat;
Thou shalt not, harridan, be Queen:

Off, to thy country, by the map forgot,
Where TYRANNY and FAMINE curse the spot!

Yet empty first thy bags of plunder'd gain,
Wages of vile political pollution;
Then vanish, thou OLD FISTULA! a drain
Enervating our glorious Constitution!

Off, HASTINGS' Wife! thy di'monds bode no good;
They shall not taint us—lo, they smell of blood!

Off,

Off, off, old GILBERT's spawn!—now EDGECOMBE's
fury,

In manners coarser than the dames of Drury!

O form'd for Ugliness itself a foil!

Sprung from the Church, the world might well suppose

Thy blood with some few drops of meekness flows—

No, vitriol!—not one particle of oil!

I'll have no Laureat—sacred be the Ode;

Unfalsified let its torrent roll!

Few merits mine, the Muse's wing to load;

Small grace of form, and no sublime of soul;

And yet, whate'er the merits that are mine,

By verse unvarnish'd shall they shine.

The real Virtues dare themselves display,

And need no pedestal to show away:

Each from herself her own importance draws,

And scorns a chatt'ring Poet's mock applause.

Have niggard Nature, and my stars, unkind,

Of sense and virtues stript my desert mind;

My name let SILENCE, with her veil, invade,

And cold OBLIVION pour th' eternal shade.

Oblig'd

Oblig'd not to an author's rhyme,
Important, down the stream of TIME,
O let me sail, or not at all;
Too proud for Bards to take in tow my name,
Just like the Victory,* or Fame,*
That drag along the jollyboat or yawl.

Away, the little sniv'ling spirit!
Away, the hate of rising merit!
Thy heav'n-ward wing, aspiring GENIUS, wave;
I will not, lev'ling with a jaundic'd eye,
The secret blunderbuss let fly,
To give thee, O thou royal bird! a grave.

I'll have no poet-persecution—no!
Proud of its liberty, the verse shall flow;
The mouth of Pegasus shall feel no curb:
If, idly wanton, Poets tax me wrong,
Theirs is the infamy, for theirs the song;
Such blasts shall ne'er my soul's deep calm disturb.

But, should fair TRUTH to SATIRE lend an edge,
Bid with more force descend her thund'ring sledge,

My

* Ships of the line,

My justice dares not break that poet's pipe;
 And, like a school-boy, to the tiger's den,
 Who wanton flings a cat, a cock, or hen,
 I will not give him to *MACDONALD's gripe.

Wife, let me hush of prejudice the storm,
 Disarm him for the future, and reform:

Yes; 'stead of giving him a *law-jobation*,
 Revenge the blow by reformation.

To TEOS, which of yore was reckon'd far,
 HIPPARCHUS really sent a man of war,
 To bring ANACREON, honied bard, to court;
 So PLATO says, a man of good report.

How different, Monarchs of the present day!
 From modern Kings each bee-like minstrel sculks,
 Whose love would clap the bards on board the hulks,
 Or send them out to warble at † THIEVES BAY.

Come, Science, and the Arts, around me bloom;
 Thrice-welcome, half my empire claim:
 The eye of GENIUS shall not wear a gloom,
 Nor BOYDELL dash my cheek with shame.

Historians,

* The Attorney-General.

† Commonly called *Batany-Bay*.

Historians, Poets, Painters, ev'ry merit,
Shall feel King PETER's fost'ring spirit.

Yes, men of genius, be my equals, free—

Imperious consequence ye shall not feel;
For show collected, just to bend the knee,
And grace, like slaves of yore, a chariot-wheel:

Avaunt, the parasitic dedication!

A trap to catch my smile, deceive the Nation,

And make the wide-mouth'd million blest my name.

Ah! let my *deeds* alone, instead of *lies*,

Proclaim me open, gen'rous, good, and wise;

Those manly heralds of a virtuous fame.

Here, from your hovels, sons of science, come:

Oh, haste! and call King PETER's house your home:

Your huts, your solitary mountains, quit,

And make my court a galaxy of wit.

Come, VIRTUE, though a dungeon hide thy face,

(For to thy lot too oft misfortune falls)

Whose angel-form, from jails can blot disgrace,

And cast a sacred splendor o'er the walls.

Thus shall our moments glide on golden wings;

Thus will we triumph with expanded hearts;

At times be merry upon thrifty Kings,

And smile at Majesty that starves the arts.

Ambitious, if with Wisdom thus we wed;

A Farthing shall not blush to bear OUR head!

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

A

COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE

TO

JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.

THE ABYSSINIAN TRAVELLER.

Non Fabula mendax.

WONDERS!!—WONDERS!!—WONDERS!!!

THE ASSASSINIAN TRAVELLER

THE ASSASSINIAN TRAVELLER

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COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE

TO

JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.

THE ASSASSINIAN TRAVELLER

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THE ASSASSINIAN TRAVELLER

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

PERMIT a poor son of Apollo to make an offering of his pamphlet (a sort of widow's mite), for the pleasure received from your five quartos. Aware of the dangers of launching into the foaming sea of usual dedication, in which many an unfortunate author has been drowned, I tremble at my present attempt. Exalted panegyric too frequently incurs the suspicion of a sneer. *Your* dedication, illustrious Sir, to the best of Kings, strikes me as the most perfect model of imitation—it is a column of Attic elegance and simplicity, erected to a deserving Monarch. Pray, Sir, did his august Majesty honour it with a perusal before publication? It truly forms the *ne plus ultra* of human panegyric; and what is marvellous, cannot be suspected of adulation. Pray, Sir, how much might his Majesty give you for it?

What a similarity, illustrious Sir, between yourself and Mr. JAMES BOSWELL! and yet what a distance! Both gloriously ambitious, both great scholars, both intellectually adorned, both popular gentlemen, both dealers in history, and both descended from kings! But Mr. JAMES BOSWELL's ambition was not of so bold a wing as yours. *He* was content with a journey to Scotland, to exhibit Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the lexicographer, to the *literati* of that country: *your* more exalted ideas could only be satisfied with a display of the headquarters of the IMMORTAL NILE, who had puzzled the pursuits of men for seven thousand years. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL entertains only with a breakfast on spal-

dings (*alias* dried whittings), the sublimer BRUCE treats us with a dish of lion. Whilst BOSWELL brings us acquainted with plain Scottish gentlewomen only, the gallant BRUCE charms us with romantic tales of QUEEN SITTINIA, &c. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL presents us only with an anecdote of a flannel night-cap made by Miss M'LEOD, for the Doctor's bald head; the sublimer BRUCE tells us of a piece of fatten, and six handsome crimson and green handkerchiefs, most gallantly transmitted to the beautiful AISCACH, of TEAWA. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL amuses us only with his drunken bout, and consequently a simple emetic scene, the soaring BRUCE greets us with the more important history of a thundering DIARRHÆA. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL prides himself only upon his descent from a Scottish King, the penetrating BRUCE discovers an origin from KING SOLOMON and the QUEEN OF SHEBA; which, under the rose, must be establishing a bastardy in the family, as the Abyssinian Queen could be nothing more than Solomon's concubine, their marriage having never been proved.

Pray, Sir, what may his Majesty intend to do with your invaluable drawings, &c. &c.? Are they to be engraved, *pro bono publico*, at the expence of the royal purse; or kept *cautiously* locked up in a drawer at Buckingham-house, to induce the *dilettanti* to sigh for the publication? Possibly they are destined to be a posthumous work of the greatest of Kings; but not like posthumous works in general, to disgrace the dead.

I am, ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

P. P.

COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE.

SWEET is the tale, however strange its air,
That bids the public eye *astonied* stare!
Sweet is the tale, howe'er uncouth its shape,
That makes the world's wide mouth with wonder gape!
Behold, our infancies in tales delight,
That bolt like hedgehog-quills the hair upright.
Of ghosts how pleas'd is ev'ry child to hear!
To such is Jack the Giant-killer dear!
Dread monsters, issuing from the flame or flood,
Charm, though with horror cloth'd they chill the blood!
What makes a tale so sleepy, languid, dull?
Things as they happen'd—not of marvel full.
What gives a zest, and keeps alive attention?
A tale that wears the visage of invention:
A tale of lions, spectres, shipwreck, thunder;
A wonder, or first cousin to a wonder.

Myſterious conduct ! yet 'tis NATURE's plan
To ſow with wonder's ſeeds the ſoul of man,
That ev'ry where in ſweet profuſion riſe,
And ſprout luxuriant through the mouth and eyes !

What to the *vaſty* deep *SIR JOSEPH gave,
As of the world, the ſport of wind and wave ?
What bade the Knight, amid thoſe ſcenes remote,
Sleep with Queen Oborea in the boat ?
What, unconfounded, leap to Newton's chair ?
What, but to make a world with wonder ſtare ?
What bids a KING on Wimbledon, Blackheath,
So oft rejoice the regiments of death ;
While Britain's mightier bulwark ſlighted lies,
And, vainly groaning, for its Cæſar ſighs ?
What, with the vulgar pigs of Aſcot taken,
Devour on † Aſcot-heath his annual bacon ?
What bade that great, great man, a goodly fight,
Watch his wife's di'mond petticoat all night ;

And

• Sir Joſeph Banks.

† Conſtantly, *yea*, with annual conſtancy, do their *auguſt* *Majeſties* devour the fine fat bacon of Aſcot at the time of the races, and, after deeply loading their royal ſtomachs with this ſavoury meat, in grateful return load Aſcot and the bacon with royal approbation.

And what that wife of great, great, great renown,
 Make her own caps, and darn a thread-bare gown?
 What bade the charming * LADY MARY fly
 MARCHESI's squeeze, for PACCHIEROTTI's sigh?
 What MASTER EDGECUMBE deal in rhiming ware?
 What, but to put all † Cawlsand in a stare?
 Sweet child of verse, who, with importance big,
 Pleas'd its own self, and eterniz'd a pig; ‡
 Whilst, mad an equal weight of praise to share,
 OLD MOUNT plays Punchinello to a hair.
 What makes a girl the shops for novels rove?
 The sweet impossibilities of love;
 Quixotic deeds to catch the flying fair;
 To pant at dangers, and at marvels stare.
 What prompteth Chloe, conscious of the charms
 That crowd the souls of swains with wild alarms,

To

* Lady Mary Duncan.

† A small fishing-town near Mount Edgecumbe.

‡ This pig, Cupid, who many years ago fell in love with the Earl, has a monument erected to his memory, with an inscription on it by Lord Valletort, the Earl's son.—It is said, that his Majesty, when at Mount Edgecumbe, happening to be gravely pondering near his grave, the Queen, who was at some distance, asked him, what he was looking at so seriously. His Majesty, with a great deal of humour, immediately replied, "The family vault, Charly; family vault, family vault."

To give the swelling bosom's milk-white skin
 A veil of gauze so marvelously thin?
 What but a kind intention of the fair
 To treat the eyes of shepherds with a stare?
 Behold! RELIGION's self, celestial dame,
 Founds on the rock of miracle her fame:
 A sacred building, that defies decay,
 That sin's wild waves can never wash away!
 What made* JOHN ROLLE (except for EXON's stare)
 Drill-serjeant to the aldermen and may'r,
 E'er from the hall he led his chosen bands,
 To view the KING OF NATIONS, and kiss hands?
 How rarely man the haunts of wisdom seeks,
 Pleas'd with the life of cabbages and leeks!
 Though form'd to plough the soil, divinely strong,
 'Tis famine goads him, like an ox, along:

But

* Mr. JOHN ROLLE's dread of a failure in the *etiquette* of
 presentment to his Majesty when at Exeter, prevailed on himself
 to take a deal of trouble with gentlemen who were to be intro-
 duced at the *Levee*: but, in spite of all his intellectual powers,
 which, like his corporeal, are of more than ordinary texture,
 much disorder happened; indeed the best of Kings was three or
 four times nearly overturned. Many were the gentlemen that
 Mr. ROLLE was forced to place himself behind, to pull down
 properly on their knees; and many were the gentlemen he was
 obliged to run after, and make face to the right about, who
 uncourteously, though unwittingly, in quitting the presence,
 had turned their unpolished tails on Majesty.

But BRUCE, on CURIOSITY's wild wings,
Darts, hawk-like, where the game of marvel springs.
Let envy kindle with the blush of shame,
That dares to call thee, BRUCE, a thief of fame.
Pleas'd to thy wonder's vortex to be drawn,
A thousand volumes could not make me yawn:
And (O accept a salutary hint)—
The world will read as fast as thou canst print.

Curs'd by the goose's and the critic's quill,
What tortures tear us, and what horrors thrill!
Thus that snail imp, a tooth, a simple bone,
Can make fair ladies and great heroes groan;
Tear hopeless virgins from their happy dream,
And bid for doctors 'stead of sweethearts scream;
In tears the tender tossing infant sleep,
And from its eyelids brush the dews of sleep;
Where, with a cheek in cherub blushes drest,
It seeks, with fruitless cries, its vanish'd rest.
Far different, THOU, erect in conscious pride,
Colossal dar'st the critic host bestride;
Like yelping coward curs canst make them skip,
And tremble at the thunder of thy whip.

How

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And tremble at the thunder of thy whip.

How

How hard that thou, a busy working bee;
 Shouldst range from flow'r to flow'r, from tree to tree;
 Fly loaded home from shrubs of richest prime,
 Egyptian, Nubian, Abyssinian thyme;
 And plund'ring * drones upon thine honey thrive,
 Who never gave an atom to the hive!
 Huge WHALE of marvel-hunters, further say,
 And glad the present and the future day;
 Speak! did no angel, proud to intervene,
 Bear thee, like Habbakuk, from scene to scene?

Lo! moon-ey'd WONDER opes her lap to thee!
 How niggardly, alas! to luckless me!
 Where'er through trackless woods thy luckier way,
 Marvels, like dew-drops, beam on ev'ry spray.
 Blest man! whate'er thou wishest to behold,
 Nature as strongly wishes to unfold;
 Of all her wardrobe offers every rag,
 Of which thy skill hath form'd a conj'ror's bag.
 Thy deeds are giants, covering ours with shame!
 Poor wasted pigmies! I skeletons of fame!
 To thee how kindly hath thy genius giv'n
 The massy keys of yonder star-clad heav'n,

With

* Alluding to an Abridgement of Mr. Bruce's Travels.

With leave, whene'er thou wishest to unlock it,
 To put a few eclipses in thy pocket!
 NATURE, where'er thou tread'st, exalts her form;
 The whisp'ring zephyr swells a howling storm;
 Where pebbles lay, and riv'lets purl'd before,
 Huge promontories rise, and oceans roar.
 Thrice-envy'd man (if truth each volume sings),
 Thy life how happy! hand and glove with kings!
 A simple swain, a stranger to a throne,
 I ne'er sat down with kings to pick a bone!
 For smiles I gap'd not, crouch'd not for assistance;
 But paid my salutations at a distance:
 Yet live, O KINGS, to see a distant date,
 Because I've got a pretty good estate;
 A comely spot near Helicon, that thrives;
 A leasehold though, that hangs upon your lives;
 Set to GEORGE KEARSLEY, at a moderate rent;
 Enough for me, poor swain, it brings content.
 Were heav'n to place a crown upon my head,
 So meek, so modest, I should faint with dread;
 And like some honest bishop, with a sigh,
 "Pity my greatness, Lord!" would be my cry.
 Poets, like spiders, now-a-days must spin,
 E'en from *themselves*, the threads of life so thin.

Nought

Nought pleaseth now the rulers of great nations,
 But books of wonders, and sweet dedications.
 Kings, like the mountains of the moon, indeed,
 Proud of their stature, lift a lofty head;
 Heads, like the mountains also, cold and raw,
 That, ice-envelop'd, seldom feel a thaw.
 Oh, may the worst of ills my soul betide,
 For *me* if ever love-sick lady dy'd!
 If fatal darts from these two eyes of mine,
 Play'd havock with fair ladies hearts, like thine:
 No, no! I ever a hard bargain drove,
 And purchas'd ev'ry atom of my love.
 O BRUCE, I own, all candour, that I look
 With envy, downright envy, on thy book;
 A book like Psalmanazar's, form'd to last,
 That gives th' historic eye a sweet repast;
 A book like Mandeville's, that yields delight,
 And puts poor probability to flight;
 A book that e'en Pontopidan would own;
 A book most humbly offer'd to the Throne;
 A book, how happy, which the King of Isles
 Admires (says rumour), and receiv'd with smiles!

The fool, with equal gape, astonish'd sees,
 Through WONDER's glasses, elephants and fleas;

But thou, in WONDER's school long bred, full grown,
 Art pleas'd indeed with elephants alone:
 Hadst thou been GOD, an insult to thy sight,
 Thy majesty had scorn'd to make a mite.
 Know, where th' Atlantic holds th' unwieldy whale,
 My heart has panted at the monster's tail:
 Had BRUCE been there, th' invincible, the brave,
 How had he dash'd at once beneath the wave!
 Bold with his dirk the mighty fish pursu'd,
 And stain'd whole leagues of ocean with his blood;
 Then rising glorious from the great attack,
 Grac'd with the wat'ry tyrant on his back!

'Mid those fair *isles, the happy isles of old,
 Plains that the ghosts of kings and chiefs patrol'd,
 These eyes have seen; but, let me truth confess,
 No royal spectre came, these eyes to bless:
 To no one chieftain-phantom too, I vow,
 With rev'rence, did I ever make my bow:
 Gone to make room, poor ghosts, so FATE inclines,
 For gangs of lazy Spaniards and their vines.
 But had thy foot, illustrious Trav'ler, trod,
 Like me, the precincts of th' Elyfian sod;

Full

* The Canaries, or the Insulæ Fortunatæ of the Ancients.

Full of enquiry, easy, unconfounded,
 By spectres hadst thou quickly been surrounded;
 Then had we heard thy book of wonder boast,
 How BRUCE the brave shook hands with ev'ry ghost!
 In vain did I phænomena pursue,
 For Wonder waits upon the chosen few.
 Whate'er I saw requir'd no witch's storm—
 Slight deeds, that NATURE could with ease perform!
 Audacious, to purloin my flesh and fish,
 No golden eagles hopp'd into my dish;
 Nor crocodiles, by love of knowledge led,
 To mark my figure, left their oozy bed;
 Nor loaded camels, to provoke my stare,
 Sublimely whirl'd, like straws, amid the air;
 Nor, happy in a stomach form'd of steel,
 On roaring lions have I made a meal.
 Unequal *mine* with lions' bones to cope;
 Thy jaws can only on such viands ope.
 Oh, hadst thou trod, like me, the happy isle,
 Whose * mountain treats all mountains with a smile;
 Bold hadst thou climb'd th' ascent, an easy matter,
 And, nobly daring, fous'd into the crater;
 Then out agen hadst vaulted with a hop,
 Quick as a sweeper from a chimney-top.

Oh,

• Teneriffe,

Oh, had thy curious eye beheld, like mine,
The *isle which glads the heart with richest wine!
Beneath its vines, with common clusters crown'd,
At eye my wand'ring steps a passage found,
Where rose the hut, and, neither rich nor poor,
The wife and husband, seated at the door,
Touch'd, when the labours of the day were done,
The wire of music to the setting sun;
Where, blest, a tender offspring, rang'd around,
Join'd their small voices to the silver sound.
But had *thine* eye this simple scene explor'd,
The man at once had sprung a sceptred lord;
Princes and princesses the *bearns* had been;
The hut a palace, and the wife a queen;
Their golden harps had ravish'd thy two ears,
And beggar'd all the music of the spheres;
So kind is NATURE always pleas'd to be,
When visited by favourites, like *thee*!
Strange! thou hast seen the land, that, to its shame,
Ne'er heard our good -----'s virtues, nor his name!
I've only seen those regions, let me say,
Where his great *virtues* never found their way.

VOL. II.

I i

Alas,

• Madeira.

Alas, I never met with royal scenes!
No vomits gave to Abyssinian queens!
Drew not from royal arms the purple tide,
Nor scotch'd with fleams a sceptred lady's hide;
Nor, in anatomy so very stout,
Ventur'd to turn a princess inside out;
Nor, blushing, stripp'd me to the very skin,
To give a royal blackamoor a grin.
I never saw (with ignorance I own)
Mule-mounted Monarchs seek th' imperial throne;
Which mule the carpet spoil'd—a dirty beast!
First stal'd; then—What?—OBLIVION cloud the rest,
I saw no king, whose subjects form'd a riot,
And, imp-like, howl'd around him for his quiet.
Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas!)
Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass.
Where'er, great Trav'ler, thou art pleas'd to tread,
The teeming skies rain wonders on thy head:
No common birth to greet thine eye appears,
But sacred labours of a thousand years.
Where'er the Nile shall pour the smallest sluice,
The rills shall curl into the name of BRUCE.
And, lo! a universe his praise shall utter,
Who, first of mortals, found the parent gutter;

And, let me add, of gutters too the QUEEN,
Without whose womb the Nile had never been.
Thus many a man, whose deeds have made a pother,
Has had a scurvy father or a mother.
O form'd in art and science to surpass;
To whom e'en VALOUR is an arrant ass;
O BRUCE, most surely TRAVEL's eldest son;
Tell, prithee, all that thou hast seen and done!
I fear thou hidest half thy feats, unkind;
A thousand wonders, ah! remain behind!
Where is the chariot-wheel with PHAROAH's name,
Fish'd from the old Red Sea to swell thy fame?
Where the horse-shoe with PHAROAH's arms, and found
Where wicked PHAROAH and his host were drown'd?
Where of that stone a slice, and fresh account,
Giv'n by the LORD to MOSES on the Mount?
And where a slice of that stone's elder brother,
That, broken, forc'd th' ALL-WISE t' engrave another?
Where of the cradle too, a sacred rush?
Where a true charcoal of the burning bush?
And oh, the jewel, curious gem, disclose,
That dangled from the Queen of Sheba's nose,
When, with hard questions, and two roguish eyes,
She rode to puzzle Solomon the Wise!

Sagacious Terrier in DISCOVERY's mine,
Shall NATURE form no more a nose like thine?
No more display'd the pearls of wonder beam,
When thou, great man, art past the Stygian stream?
To Afric wilt thou never, BRUCE, return?
Howl, Britain! Europe, Abyssinia mourn!
Droop shall DISCOVERY's wing, her bosom sigh,
And MARVEL meet no more the ravish'd eye;
NATURE outstep her modesty no more;
Her cataracts of wonder cease to roar,
Forc'd to a common channel to subside,
And pour no longer an astounding tide?
O bid not yet the lucky labours cease;
Still let the Land of Wonder feel increase:
Thy loads of dung, delightful ordure, yield,
And blossom with fertility the field;
Gates, hedges mend, that IGNORANCE pull'd down,
And bring in triumph back each kidnapp'd town.
Though ENVY damns thy volumes of surprise,
Blest I devour them with unsated eyes!
What though four JOHNSON cry'd, with cynic sneer,
"I deem'd at first, indeed, BRUCE had been there;
"But soon the eye of keen investigation
"Prov'd all the fellow's tale a fabrication."

But

But who, alas! on JOHNSON's word relies,
Who saw the too kind North with jaundic'd eyes;
Who rode to Hawthornden's fair scene by night,
For fear a Scottish tree might wound his sight;
And, bent from decent candour to depart,
Allow'd a Scotchman neither head nor heart?
Grant fiction half thy volumes of surprise,
High in the scale of merit shalt thou rise:
Still to FAME's temple dost thou boast pretension;
For thine the *rara avis* of invention!
And lo! amidst thy work of lab'ring years,
A dignity of egotism appears;
A style that classic authors should pursue;
A style that peerless *KATERFELTO knew!
Thou dear man-mountain of discovery, run;
Again attempt an Abyssinian fun!
Yes, go; a second journey, BRUCE, pursue;
More volumes of rich hist'ry bring to view.
O run, ere TIME the spectred tombs invade;
And seize the crumbling wonders from the shade;
Crowd with fair columns, struck by TIME, thy page,
And snatch the falling grandeur from his rage:
Give that old TIME a vomit too, and draw
More of Egyptian marvels from his maw;

* A late celebrated philosopher and conjuror.

Bid him disgorge (by moderns call'd *a bum*),
Scratch'd by ten thousand trav'lers, Memnon's bum;
And, what all rarities must needs surpass,
The tail, the curious tail of Balaam's ass.
Say, what should stop, O BRUCE, thy grand career;
Of FAME the fav'rite, and no child of FEAR?
DANGER's huge form, so dread to vulgar eyes,
Pants at thy presence, and a coward flies.
Where other trav'lers, fraught with terror, roam,
Lo! BRUCE in Wonder-Land is quite at home;
The same cool eye on NATURE's forms looks down;
Lions and rats, the courtier and the clown.
Whate'er thine action, wonder crowds the tale;
It smells of Brobdignag—it boasts a scale!
Fond of the lofty, BRUCE no pigmy loves—
Who likes a pigmy, that a giant moves?
Again—what pigmy, with a form of lath,
Lost in his shadow, likes the MAN OF GATH?
The bowerly hostess, for a cart-horse fit,
Scorns DAPHNE's reed-like shape, and calls her *chit*;
Whilst on the rough *robustious* lump of Nature,
Contemptuous DAPHNE whispers, "What a creature!"
Pity! pursuits like thine should feel a pause!
More than half-smother'd by fair FAME's applause,

I see

I see thee safe return'd from MARVEL's mine,
 Whose gems in ev'ry rock so precious shine;
 Proud of the product of a world unknown,
 Unloading all thy treasure at the throne;
 While courtiers cry aloud with one accord,
 "Most marv'lous is the reign of George the Third!"
 How like the butchers boys we sometimes meet,
 Stuck round with bladders, in a London street;
 In full-blown majesty who move, and drop
 The bloated burden in an OILMAN's shop;
 While country bumpkins, gazing at the door,
 Cry they "*ne'er seed zo vine a zight bevore!*"

I see old NILE, the king of floods, arise,
 Shake hands, and welcome thee with happy eyes;
 Otters and alligators in his train,
 Made by thy five immortal volumes vain;
 Weasels and polecats, sheregrigs, carrion-crows,
 Seen and smelt only by thine eyes and nose.
 "Son of the Arts, and Cousin of a King,
 "Loud as a kettle-drum whose actions ring,"
 Exclaims the king of floods, "thy books I've read,
 "And, for thy birth-place, envy Brother TWEED."
 O BRUCE, by FAME for ever to be sung;
 Job's war-horse fierce, thy neck with thunder hung:

When envious DEATH shall put thee in his stable,
 Snipp'd life's fine thread, that should have been a cable;
 Lo! to thy mem'ry shall the marble swell,
 Mausoleum huge, and all thy actions tell!
 Here, in fair sculpture, the recording stones
 Shall give thee glorious, cracking lions bones;
 There, which the squeamish souls of Britain flocks,
 Rich steaks devouring from the living ox:
 Here, staring on thee from the realm of water,
 Full many a virtuoso alligator;
 There, BRUCE informing queens, in naked pride,
 The feel and colour of a Scotsman's hide:
 Here of the genealogy a tree,
 Branching from SOLOMON's wife trunk to thee;
 There, with a valour nought could dare withstand,
 BRUCE fighting an hyæna hand to hand;
 Which dread hyæna (what a beast uncouth!)
 Fought with a pound of candles in his mouth:
 Here temples bursting glorious on the view,
 Which HIST'RY, though a gossip, never knew;
 There columns starting from the earth and flood,
 Just like the razor-fish from sand and mud:
 Here a wise Monarch, with voracious looks,
 Receiving all thy drawings and thy books;

Whilst

Whilst FAME behind him all so solemn sings
The lib'ral spirit of the best of Kings.

Man says, O BRUCE, that thou wert hardly us'd;
That our great King at first thy book refus'd;
Indeed look'd grimly 'midst his courtier crew,
Who, gentle courtiers! all look'd *grimly* too!
Thus when in black the lofty SKY looks down,
The sympathizing SEA reflects a frown;
Vale, cattle, reptile, insect, man and maid,
All mope, and seem to sorrow in the shade.

Steep is th' ascent, and narrow is the road,
Ah me! that leads to FAME's divine abode:
Yet thick, (through lanes, like pilgrimaging rats,
Unaw'd by mortals, and unscar'd by cats)
What crawling hosts attempt her sacred fane,
And dizzy, drunk-like, tumble back again;
Fast as the swains, whose arms the damsels fill,
Embrace of elegance! down Greenwich-Hill;
Whilst thou, Briareus like, with dauntless air,
Resolv'd to ravish FAME, immortal Fair,
Just like our London bullies with the w——,
Hast scal'd the cloud-capt height, and forc'd her doors!

O form'd

O form'd the trav'lers of the east to scare,
Although thy pow'rs are mighty, learn to spare;
Dog should not prey on dog, the proverb says:
Allow then brother-trav'lers, crumbs of praise;
Like thee, let others reap applause, and rise
By daring visits to Egyptian skies:
But calmly, lo! thou canst not see them pass;
"This is a rogue or fool, and that's an ass."
Thus on a tree, whene'er the weather's fine,
JACK KETCH, the SPIDER, weaves the fatal line;
Beneath a leaf he hides with watchful eye,
Now darts, and roping hangs the trav'ling FLY.
Again, most tiresome, let me say, Go, go,
Proceed, and *all about it* let us know:
Led safely by thine enterprising star,
Hyænas shall not with thy journey war:
Uneat by tigers, dare the forest's gloom,
To bid the barren field of knowledge bloom:
Wave o'er new pyramids thine eagle wings;
And, hound-like, scent fresh tombs of ancient kings,
Which TIME had buried with the mighty dead,
And cold OBLIVION swallow'd in her shade:
And mind, ('tis HIST'RY's province to *surprise*)
That tales are sweetest, that sound most like lies.

As

As the confessed superiority of MIST^r BRUCE to MIST^r BOSWELL entitles him to a more eminent mark of distinction, I have added an ODE, in my best Manner, to this Complimentary Epistle, which the Congratulatory Epistle to MIST^r BOSWELL cannot boast.

ODE TO JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.

O BRUCE, for this his short and sweet epistle,
Perhaps thou bid'st the gentle bard "go whistle;"

Or somewhat worse, *perchaunce*, that rhymes to *knight*;
That is to say, knights of the blade,
One time so busy in the dubbing trade,

That, like to silver, it was shoulder'd bright.

Pity! by hungry critics thou should'st fall,
So clever, and so form'd to please us all!
Thou too, by royal favour all-surrounded,
As balm so rich, like cloves and nutmegs pounded!
Thus the BAG Fox, (how cruelly, alack!)
Turn'd out with turpentine upon his back,

Amidst

Amidst the war of hounds and hunters flies;
Shews sport; but, luckless, by his fragrance dies!

Safe from the fury of the critic hounds,
O BRUCE, thou treadest Abyssinian grounds;

Nor can our British noses hunt thy foil:
Indeed, thou need'st not dread th' event;
Surrounding clouds destroy the scent,

And mock their most sagacious toil:
Yes, in thy darkness thou shalt leave the dogs;
For hares, the hunters say, run best in fogs.

Of thee and me, two great physicians,
How diff'rent are the dispositions!

Thy soul delights in wonder, pomp, and bustle;
Mine in th' unmarvellous and placid scene,
Plain as the *hut of our good King and Queen;
I imitate the stationary muscle.

Yet, boldly thou, O BRUCE, again proceed;
Of wonder ope the fountain head;

Deluge the land with Abyssinian ware;
Whilst I, a simple son of peace,
The world of *bagatelle* increase,

By love-sick sonnets to the fair:

Now

• A house close by the glorious castle of Windsor.

Now to Sir JOSEPH, now a Duke, now Wren,
Now Robin Red-breast, dedicate the pen;

Now Glow-worw, child of shade and light, not flame;
To whom, of wicked wits the tuneful art,
So very apt, indeed, from truth to start,
Compares the nightly street-meand'ring dame.

Mild INSECT, harmless as myself, I ween;
Thou little planet of the rural scene,
When summer warms the vallies with her rays;
Accept a trifling sonnet to *thy* praise.

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, oh, nightly be thy splendor giv'n!
Oh, could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with lib'ral hand,
With ev'ry sweetest dew of Heav'n!

Say,

Say, dost thou kindly light the Fairy train,
Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moisten'd blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight shade!

Oh! may no feather'd foe disturb thy bow'r,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour!
Oh! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat;
Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee 'midst the humming myriads die!

QUEEN of the insect world, what leaves delight?
Of such these willing hands a bow'r shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet Child of Stillness, 'midst the awful calm
Of pausing NATURE thou art pleas'd to dwell;
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

How

How diff'rent man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life;
Blest when the passions wild the soul invade!
How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease;
To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And, silent, shine in solitude and shade!

END OF VOL. II,

I N D E X

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

A.

	Page
ACADEMICIANS, to the - - - - -	261
Advice to the future Laureat - - - - -	441
Affectation, Ode to - - - - -	415
Apollo, Elegy of - - - - -	389
Apologetic Postscript to Ode upon Ode - - - - -	1
Apology, Peter's - - - - -	409
——— for keeping Mistresses - - - - -	426
——— for going into the Country - - - - -	428
Apple Dumplings and a King - - - - -	10
Archbishop, a late one, allowed Sunday Routs - - - - -	165
Arden Pepper, ordered to look after Peter - - - - -	17

B.

Banks, Sir Joseph, and the Emperor of Morocco - - - - -	187
——— and the Thief-takers - - - - -	283
——— and the Boiled Fleas - - - - -	393
Barn, Peter's, in Devonshire, Ode to - - - - -	410
Benevolent Epistle to John Nichols - - - - -	367
Bienfiance - - - - -	309
Vol. II. K k Birth-	

INDEX.

	Page
Birth-Day Ode	35
Books bound by G——e the Third	79
Brother Peter to Brother Tom	57
Bruce, James, Esq. Epistle to	459
——— Ode to	483
Brudenell, Lord, and the Eunuch	256
———	65

C.

Carpenter, General	62
Cholmondeley, Lord	68
Chloe, to	428, 436
Concerts, Sunday ones	63
Countryman and Sir Joseph Banks	201
Courtiers described	157
Cynthia, a Song to	152

D.

Delia, Song to	282
——— to	435
Devil, an Ode to the	262
Dialogue between Sir Joseph Banks and Peter	108
Dick, Sir John	67

E.

Economy	26
Epistle, complimentary, to James Bruce, Esq.	459
Expōstulatory Odes to a Great Duke and a Little Lord	323

Fortune



I N D E X,

	Page
F.	
Fortune, to	421, 436
Friend, to one out of Place	438

G.	
Gentleman and his Wife	303
German Band take place of the English	68
Glow-worm, Ode to	485

H.	
Hampden, Lord	68
Horace, an Imitation of, on Pitt and Co.	217
Husband, the Tender	270
Hymn to Modesty	154

I.	
Jewels and her Son	297
Instructions to a celebrated Laureat	25
Isis, Triumph of	312

K.	
King, the, reads Peter's Odes	16
King Canute and his Nobles, a Tale	21
King, not hated by Peter	72
King of Spain and the Horse	253
King and Parson Young	175
Kings approved of by Peter	13

INDEX.

L.

	Page
Laura, a Song to	153
Lords, to a Nest of	318

M.

Mendez, a Jew, Ode to his Eight Cats	279
Modesty, a Hymn to	154
——, lost	90

N.

Nathan, Story of	9
Nichols, John, Epistle to	367
——, to	434

O.

Ode for a Birth-Day	35
—— to the Devil	262
—— Eight Cats	279
—— a distress'd Beauty	301
—— Patience	315
—— my Barn	410
—— Affectation	415
—— Madam Shw——g and Co.	424
—— Laïs	430
—— a Future Laureat	441
—— James Bruce, Esq.	483
—— the Glow-worm	485
Odes, Expostulatory	327

Parrots,

I N D E X

P.

	Page
Parrots, a Tale of - - - - -	39
Parson-Dealer - - - - -	306
Parson, 'Squire, and Spaniel, a Tale - - - - -	181
Patience, an Ode to - - - - -	315
Peterborough, Earl of, and the Mob - - - - -	299
Peter's Apology - - - - -	409
——— Prophecy - - - - -	103
——— Pension - - - - -	145
Petit-Maitre and the Man on the Wheel - - - - -	310
Petition to Time - - - - -	295
Pig and Magpie, a Fable - - - - -	364
Pig, on the Death of Lady Mount E———'s - - - - -	433
Plymouth Carpenter and the Coffins - - - - -	97
Poetical Epistle to a falling Minister - - - - -	207
Prince of Wales, his Illness - - - - -	32

R.

Raphael's Cartoons lost - - - - -	94
Reflection, a Moral one - - - - -	178
——— a Serious - - - - -	315
Ridicule described - - - - -	15
Robinson, Mr. frightened - - - - -	169
Roman Priest, a Tale - - - - -	81
Rowland for an Oliver - - - - -	399
Royal Sheep - - - - -	169

S.

Salisbury, Lord and Lady - - - - -	67
Schw——g, Ode to - - - - -	424
Scratches, worn by the Cooks - - - - -	70

I N D E X.

	Page
Simile of the Child and Daify - - - - -	75
----- Hen and Chick - - - - -	75
Skianer, Alderman - - - - -	171
Soldier and Virgin Mary, a Tale - - - - -	275
Solomon and the Mousetrap - - - - -	288
Songs - - - - -	152, 153, 282, 436
Spain, King of, and the Horle - - - - -	253
Subjects for Painters - - - - -	229

T.

Toper and the Flies - - - - -	76
Tray's Epitaph - - - - -	182

V.

Virgin Mary and the Soldier, a Tale - - - - -	275
Virtuoso's Prayer - - - - -	194

W.

Wales, Prince of, his Illness - - - - -	32
Walsingham, Miftrefs - - - - -	65
Watkyn, King - - - - -	66
Whitbread's Brewhouse, visited by their Majesties - - - - -	35
----- Mr. refuses Knighthood - - - - -	50

Y.

Young, Parfon, and K—g - - - - -	175
----------------------------------	-----



